

CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

SENATOR KNOX ATTEMPTS A SURGICAL OPERATION ON THE TREATY

JUST as the cables announce the agreement of the Allied powers on the terms of their final demands upon Germany, the foreign relations committee of the United States Senate reports in favor of a resolution that calls for a reconstruction of the treaty as a condition of its acceptance by the United States. The vote in the committee followed party lines closely, eight Republicans voting for the resolution, one Republican—McCumber—and six Democrats voting against it, and one of each party being absent. The resolution was drafted by Senator Knox, after consultation with Senator Lodge. It is not only an attack upon the League of Nations but upon the general character of the peace treaty—and this before the treaty had been completed for final presentation to Germany. It charges that the treaty contains provisions that "appear calculated to force upon us undesirable and far-reaching covenants inimical to our free institutions," and "contains principles, guarantees and undertakings obliterate of legitimate race and national aspirations, oppressive of weak nations and peoples, and destructive of human progress and liberty." Such a treaty should obviously be made all over. It can not be redeemed by a few verbal changes. If the United States Senate adopts the Knox resolution and stands for its action, it means that the work of the last six months in Paris must be thrown aside and a new treaty drafted or the United States will refuse to be a party to it. The resolution calls for "the making of immediate peace, leaving the question of the establishment of a League of Nations for later determination." It serves notice also that the Senate "will look with disfavor" upon all treaty provisions going beyond those ends for which we entered the war. As these ends, stated in our declaration of war and repeated in the resolution, were simply to compel the Imperial Government of Germany to cease its "acts of war

His Resolution to Eliminate the League Raises a Momentous Issue

against the Government and people of the United States," this notice would mean that we would have nothing to do or to say about the restoration of Belgium and France, the disposal of Alsace and Lorraine, the reduction of Germany's army and navy, the payment of indemnities, the independence of Poland, or any of the other questions involved in the reconstruction of a shattered world.

The Knox Resolution as a Flank Attack on the League.

ALTHO it is evident that the Knox resolution will not actually be adopted by the Senate, it is regarded by the friends of the League of Nations as the most dangerous move yet made against the League. In the first place it is a flank attack. Its supporters can still claim to be favorable to a League of Nations and to be asking simply for a fuller discussion of its terms. In the second place, a support by even one-third of the members of the Senate will create a serious situation for the Peace Conference at Paris, as one-third of the Senate can defeat the ratification of the treaty. Coming up, as it does, at the very close of the Peace Conference, when the Germans are still wavering on the question of signing the treaty and straining every nerve to create a division among the Allies, the resolution is regarded by many as playing into Germany's hands at the most crucial moment in the negotiations. The League to Enforce Peace has promptly started a campaign against the resolution with the slogan, "Don't let Germany win the war through the United States Senate." One of the most influential journals in Senator Knox's own state and party—the Philadelphia *Ledger*—assails not only the resolution but the Senator himself. It says:

"Apart from the major objection that Senator Knox's resolution aimed at the destruction of the League of Nations



IT'S A GIRL!
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

is ill-timed and directly calculated to assist the Germans to attain their object of creating divisions among the Allies, the extraordinary declaration offered by the Pennsylvania Senator is filled with false assumptions and contradictions which ought to condemn it instantly were it not so plainly a partisan maneuver and lacking in the first principles of enlightened statesmanship.

The *Ledger* goes on to express its regret that the Senator should have chosen "such a moment, so carefully calculated to give comfort and encouragement to the enemies of civilization," for his action, asserts that it affords an unpleasant revelation of the mind and character of the Senator, and sets him and the other Senators supporting him down as "wasting the time of the nation in frenzied efforts to make capital out of a fictitious issue" for partisan purposes. The *Brooklyn Eagle*, in an editorial entitled "Playing the German Game," states that the effect of the resolution "would be all that the most earnest advocate of the German cause could desire," for "the darkening of counsel at Paris, the stimulation of differences among the Allied nations, is exactly what Germany seeks in her own interest. If that can be brought about Germany will have new hope of a rewritten treaty that would allow her to escape with greatly lessened burdens."

Editorial Support of the Knox Resolution Lacks "Punch."

THERE is, of course, support for the resolution in a number of journals, but it seems to be, for the most part, at the time of this writing, half-hearted. The *Providence Journal* is usually very forthright in its utterances, but its support of the Knox resolution lacks "punch." It says that there is "an ever-increasing tendency to look askance" at the League provisions, that the resolution "properly" takes the ground that we have attained the object for which we entered the war,

"namely, the overthrow of Germany," and that Article X of the League Covenant "proposes, tho not, of course, in so many words, to transfer our war-making power from the United States Congress to a council of nine sitting three thousand miles away." But the *Journal* fails to enunciate clearly its approval of the Knox resolution, tho it leaves its readers to imply such approval. The same thing may be said of the *Philadelphia Press*, which comments on the resolution in a colorless way, and of the *Baltimore American*, which speaks well of Senator Knox, and says his resolution may form the nucleus of a historic forensic debate, and seems to conclude, without actually saying so, that such a debate is desirable. The *New York Tribune* is still more hesitant in its comment. It questions whether, in the presence of the actual marriage between the League and the Treaty, it is now profitable to discuss the wisdom of the union, and warns Republican Senators that many of the President's friends are secretly praying that the Senate may blunder into giving the President a chance to join issue before the country on the question of League or no League, and thus "revive drooping partisan hope and excuse a third-term candidacy." The *N. Y. Evening Sun* is a little more positive. It says the resolution "will please every one who wishes to see the issue of entering the League decided on a national discussion of its merits. It will displease those who seek to slip the bonds of an unprecedented international obligation upon the country unawares. It will annoy them all the more that they have no good ostensible objection to offer." The most prompt and positive support for the resolution that we have seen comes from the Hearst papers, which never wanted us to send either men, munitions or money abroad. The *N. Y. American* begins a long editorial as follows:

"We feel this way about the Knox resolution:
"First, we rejoice that clear-thinking statesmanship has



WAITING AT THE DOCK
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

found a simple, practical method of untangling the ridiculous—and at the same time tragical—snarl in which sentimental and futile diplomacy has tangled our national interests and the interests of the whole civilized world.

"And, secondly, we regret that the Democratic party could not find such clear-thinking statesmanship among its leaders, and that the country has been forced to turn to the leaders of the Republican party for sane guidance and sensible peace terms."

Giving Aid and Comfort to Junkers the World Over.

ON the other hand, the terms in which the Knox resolution is assailed are as unsparing as the language affords. The *N. Y. Times* calls it "the astonishing and dangerous resolution of instruction and menace to the Peace Conference," "flagrantly improper and impudent," and "shocking in its violation of the customs and proprieties observed by nations in the conduct of foreign affairs." The *N. Y. World* thinks the worst thing about the resolution is not its partisanship, or its defiance of diplomatic usage, or even the comfort it will give to defeated and despairing Junkerism the world over, but the question which it cannot fail to raise in every civilized country, namely: "Have we in the United States a responsible government?" The *World* says:

"When the United States Senate is asked to elbow its way into the Peace Conference in the most critical days of the negotiations, the purpose being to rip all its completed work and block final agreement, it is proposed that it shall figure at Versailles precisely as the threatening malcontents of Germany, Austria and Hungary are figuring and as the various warring factions in Russia will figure when the peacemakers turn their attention to that country.

"Mr. Knox has many explanations of his proposition, but they are not to the point. He is not defending the Constitution. He is not promoting early peace. He is not relieving us of responsibility in Europe. He is not merely playing a peculiarly offensive sort of politics. In truth, he is proclaiming to the world that the United States Government has ceased to function; that it is a house divided against itself, and that its lawfully accredited representa-



—Kirby in New York *World*

tives abroad are to be repudiated at home in the midst of solemn obligations and prodigious labors."

The *N. Y. Evening Post* calls the resolution "sabotage" and denounces it as "an invitation to chaos." It says:

"The Knox resolution is not an attack on the League of Nations. It is an assault against America's effort at the Conference. It is a raid against the whole work of the Conference, which it would throw into confusion seven months after the signing of the armistice. . . . If the Conference should now set to undoing its work it would be a confession of bankruptcy. There might be satisfaction in Berlin. There certainly would be rejoicing in Moscow.

"The Knox resolution is an attempt, whether seriously intended or not we cannot say, to dynamite the Treaty."

One of the staunchest supporters of the Progressive party when there was such a party and of the Progressive element in the Republican party now is the *Chicago Evening Post*. Writing even before the Knox resolution was drafted, its editor declares that the real issue to-day between liberalism and toryism is the League of Nations, and it scores "the so-called Progressive Republicans" in the Senate for being on this issue "as reactionary as Lodge, Knox, Wadsworth, Curtis, or any of the old stand-pat group." "Mr. Johnson," it says, "like Mr. McCormick or Mr. Borah, has jumped off on the wrong foot. He cannot hug to himself the label of progressivism while he is taking the reactionary side of the biggest issue of the day." Dr. Frank Crane, another Progressive, who writes for a syndicate of daily papers, denounces as a crime the efforts to defeat the League of Nations, and his words are surcharged with indignation. He says:

"Careful readers of the newspapers must know that, amid all that has been said against the League, no one has ever suggested any other way except the League of Nations by which future wars can be prevented.

"And yet there is a lively and determined movement on the part of certain men in the United States to defeat the



"LOOKS BLACK TO ME"
—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*

League! In nothing is the utter hideousness of partisan politics more apparent so much as this spectacle of men who, to gain partisan advantage, are willing to bring the human race to ruin.

"Bad as this war is, all scientific thinkers are agreed that it was mild indeed compared to what the next war will be unless by some league of nations it can be obviated.

"Looking at all this, I would deliberately say that I

German leaders who prefer Bolshevism to the peace terms may get both.—*Wall Street Journal*.

IS BOLSHEVISM IN AMERICA BECOMING A REAL PERIL?

HAS Bolshevism and all that it means gained a foothold in America, and is it likely to grow in power and in menace? The New York *World*, which raises the question, makes the comment: "That the Bolsheviks should ever be able to seize the machinery of government in the United States and do what they have done in Russia is of course unthinkable, unless the American people should go crazy." It is not unthinkable, however, the same paper proceeds, soberly, that Bolshevism should become a very real menace to the industrial and economic stability of the United States. This remark is emphasized by a number of recent events traceable to a prevailing spirit of social and industrial unrest. Seattle, Washington; Butte, Montana; Lawrence, Massachusetts; and, later, Winnipeg, across the Canadian border, have all been scenes of intense industrial conflict in which the "Soviet," the "General Strike," "One Big Union," and other battle-cries of the European class-struggle have been flung far and wide. As a "declaration of war" on the part of "fighting Anarchists" against the "capitalist government of America," three terrorist outrages have been planned and in part carried out on a vast scale. The first was in Philadelphia, where judges' homes were blown up. The second was in New York, where an attempt was made to send thirty-six infernal machines by mail to prominent men in different parts of the country. The third was in eight cities on the same day and resulted in the wrecking of several homes, including that of United States Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer in Washington. A nation-wide campaign is going forward at the present time with the object of fomenting a general strike on July 4 as a protest against the continued imprisonment of Thomas J. Mooney, the labor leader, in California. The New York *Times* asserts that "treason, sedition, hatred of the American Government, class hatreds with all their disintegrating and subverting tendencies, are daily being preached to millions of foreign-born persons in this country through the medium of newspapers published in foreign languages."

Report of the Overman Committee.

THE first official United States Government report on Bolshevism is that recently published by the Senate Judiciary Committee, more generally known as the Overman Committee. This report is based on an investigation extending over several months and on the testimony of scores of witnesses. Ambassador Francis, George A. Simons, of the Methodist Church, Col. Raymond Robins, Albert Rhys Williams, John Reed, Louise Bryant and Bessie Beatty are a few of those

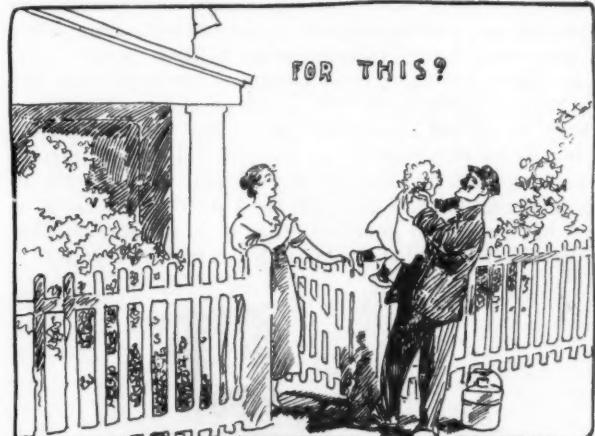
would take my stand with Judas Iscariot, with Abdul the Damned, with the members of that vile court that sentenced Joan of Arc to flames, with John Wilkes Booth, or Charles J. Guiteau, than line up with a purpose so diabolical, so far-reaching in its mischievous effects as that of defeating the League of Nations. For it means to put out the only light that glimmers in the darkness of the world, to wreck the only life-boat laboring to the rescue of humanity."

In speaking of "democratized" Germany the accent should be placed on the second syllable.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

Extent of Our Social Unrest and Suggested Remedies

who appeared before the Committee. The report charges the Bolsheviks in Russia with having inaugurated "a reign of terror unparalleled in the history of modern civilization, in many of its aspects rivaling even the inhuman savagery of the Turk and the terrors of the French Revolution." It proceeds: "The Bolshevik Government is founded upon class hatred, its avowed purpose is the extermination of all elements of society that are opposed to or are capable of opposing the Bolshevik party. 'Merciless suppression' and 'extermination' of all classes except the present governing class are familiar slogans of the Bolsheviks, and confiscation is adopted as an essential instrument in the governmental formula." The report says further:

"The activities of the Bolsheviks constitute a complete repudiation of modern civilization and the promulgation



WHY DID THEY COME TO AMERICA?
—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

of the doctrine that the best attainment of the most backward member of society shall be the level at which mankind shall find its final and victorious goal. The pulling down of the progressive rather than the lifting up of the retrogressive is presented as the doctrine of their new kind of civilization. To carry this message to the uttermost parts of the earth they have appropriated enormous sums of money, and, incidentally, their process of equalization in Russia was promoted by the starvation which the funds thus expended might have been utilized to alleviate. Their messengers and their friends have afflicted this country, and their new civilization has been represented as Utopian in its nature. Many well-disposed persons have been deceived into the belief that they were promoting a social welfare movement in advocating it. They have even given their substance that it might be perpetuated and extended."

Fighting Against Anarchists and Bolsheviks.

EFFORTS to thwart radical social agitation and explosive acts are in evidence on all sides. Attorney-General Palmer has asked Congress for a special appropriation of \$500,000 to carry on the hunt for "Anarchists, bomb-throwers and enemies of law and order." Bills that are described as the most drastic of their kind ever proposed have been introduced in Congress making it a crime to advocate violence or armed revolution, or even to use scurrilous language about our form of government. Secretary of Labor Wilson has taken an active part in the deportation of men of the radical type. Following closely upon the prolonged investigation of Bolshevism by the Overman Committee in Washington has come the appointment by the New York Legislature of a joint legislative committee, under the chairmanship of State Senator Clayton R. Lusk, aimed at seditious activities in New York State. One of the first acts of this committee has been to raid the office of the Russian Soviet Government Bureau in New York City, and to summon its head, Ludwig C. A. Martens, and his associates for inquiry. The recent national convention of the American Federation of Labor, under Samuel Gompers' leadership, has explicitly repudiated Bolshevism and all its works. Laws against the red flag and against "criminal syndicalism" are the order of the day in city councils and state legislatures. Business men have been paying for the insertion of full-page advertisements against Bolshevism in leading newspapers. Papers have been started with the one object of combating Bolshevism. The American Defence Society and the National Security League consider it one of their most important functions to "stamp out Bolshevism." Governors, generals, mayors, and publicists of high and low degree have uttered their solemn warnings. "There is room in this country for but one flag, and that is the American flag," said Major-Gen. Leonard Wood in a recent address at Schenectady, New York. He continued:

"Put down the red flag. It stands for nothing which our Government stands for. It is against everything we have struggled for. It is against the integrity of the family, the state and the nation. It floats only where cowards are in power. It represents everything which we want to avoid.

"These are times of dangerous world psychology. The barriers between ordered government and chaos are down in some nations and trembling in others. Avoid the dangerous doctrines of the hour which are masquerading under the banner of 'liberal ideas and progress.'"

Bolshevism in America Self-Revealed.

THOSE who turn for enlightenment as to Bolshevik doctrines from attacks of the ordinary kind to the publications of the Bolshevik movement in this country are likely to be surprised. First and foremost among these publications is *Soviet Russia*, issued by the Russian Soviet Government Bureau in New York. It describes itself as "a weekly devoted to the spread of truth about Russia," and says that its only aim is "to do away with such prejudice as stands in the way of the establishment of relations between Soviet Russia and the United States." It is quiet and almost academic in tone. Max Eastman's *Liberator*, also published in New York, is a more aggressive and romantic champion of Bolshevism. A characteristic and well-written Bolshevik paper is *The Revolutionary Age* (Boston), edited by Louis C. Fraina, organ of the "Left Wing" Socialists who have lately been expelled from the Socialist party because of their espousal of the Soviet idea and their advocacy of the "Third International" projected by Lenin and Trotzky. It is in *The Revolutionary Age* that Mr. Fraina castigates, with pen of fire, the "moderate" Socialists (such as Morris Hillquit), and that John Reed, the historian of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, declares: "As for the principles of Bolshevism, I hope they will be applied in every country on the face of the globe—workers' control of industry, socialization of land, and the temporary dictatorship of the proletariat necessary to accomplish these things." The veteran leader of the Socialist party, Eugene V. Debs, now in prison in Atlanta, Georgia, is Bolshevik in sympathy and one of three editors of *The Class Struggle* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), a bi-monthly magazine edited in the interest of Bolshevism (the other two editors being Fraina and Ludwig Lore); but the party's daily paper, the *New York Call*, takes the attitude that America is not yet ripe for the drastic changes that Bolshevism proposes. The I. W. W., as revealed in the *Rebel Worker* (New York), and the Socialist Labor Party, in the *Weekly People* (New York), frankly assert their agreement with Bolshevik theories and methods.

Plans to Check Bolshevism by Promoting Industrial Democracy.

A PART from suggestions to suppress, imprison and deport active supporters of Bolshevik doctrines, we find an idea recommended by writers of various political faiths—and by President Wilson himself—as the best antidote for Bolshevism. It is industrial democracy. The remedy for Bolshevism, according to John Spargo, a Socialist who left that party because of its attitude on the war, and who has written an exhaustive analysis of Bolshevism (published by Harper & Brothers), is "a sane and far-reaching program of constructive social-democracy." He says:

"Our American labor-unions are demanding, and steadily gaining, an increasing share in the actual direction of industry. Joint control by boards composed of representatives of employers, employees, and the general public, is, to an ever-increasing extent, determining the condition of employment, wage-standards, work-standards, hours of labor, choice and conduct of foremen, and many other matters of vital importance to the wage-earners."

Substantially the same view is taken by W. Jett Lauck, Secretary of the National War Labor Board, in an



"THE ONLY MOURNERS"
—Opper in *New York American*

interview in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. "The great war," he says, "marks the beginning of a new, if not

Germany's principal complaint seems to be that the Allies have imposed on her the kind of peace she wanted to impose on them.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

THE IMPENDING DEMISE OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

WE have a well-defined plan to contest Prohibition in its various threatening phases." So ran a letter some weeks ago sent from the headquarters, in New York City, of the Association Opposed to National Prohibition. The letter contained a request for five per cent. of the gross receipts of the liquor dealers to whom it was sent to enable the Association to carry out its "plan." "This country is not going dry on July 1st," so the president of the Philadelphia Liquor Dealers' Association is quoted as saying, "despite all the talk to the contrary. We have advised all the liquor-dealers in Philadelphia to make plans to continue right in business." The "plan" has since developed. The act of Congress enjoining Prohibition as a war-time measure after July 1 provides that "no beer, wine or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquor shall be sold for beverage purposes except for export." The brewers have been securing various opinions from doctors and chemists to the effect that beer with 2.75 per cent. of alcohol is not intoxicating. Armed with thirty-seven of these opinions, two attorneys, Elihu Root and W. D. Guthrie, obtained a preliminary injunction from the New York court against the enforcement of the act in the case of breweries manufacturing such beer. This is part of the plan. Even if completely successful, it will save the life of the trade for only six and a half months, when the constitutional amendment goes into force. The other part of the plan is to secure a suspension of the amendment itself on the ground that it has not been

revolutionary, era, in its bearing upon industrial relations and conditions." He is quoted further:

"The significance of the French Revolution was political. It marked the beginnings of political democracy. After a century's experience with political democracy the workers of the world seem to have reached the decision that political democracy without a corresponding measure of economic rights and freedom is a delusion. At any rate, in one way or another they are reaching out for means of adjusting economic institutions of democratic ideals. They are seeking to gain this end by a larger degree of control in the direct management of industry from within and by the coercion and direction of industry through political action. The effect by either method is toward industrial democracy. This is the really significant feature of the labor problem both nationally and internationally at the present time. The international labor problem will hereafter consist in the development and adaptation to our political institutions of industrial constitutionalism and industrial judicialism in the effort to realize industrial democracy."

President Wilson sounded the same note in his last message to Congress. "The object of all reform in this essential matter," he said, "must be the genuine democratization of industry, based upon a full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare or the part they are to play in industry."

The Huns must be a bit puzzled by the Republicans' charge that Mr. Wilson has been making it too easy for Germany.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

The Date of the Funeral Has Been Fixed, but His Friends Still Cling to Hope

properly ratified by three-fourths of the State legislatures. This effort is based on the claim that, in States where a referendum prevails, the term "legislature" comprises the referendum vote. In eleven States the referendum has been invoked. Without these States, the number of legislatures ratifying the amendment is 34, two less than three-fourths. Only one of these eleven States, Ohio, holds an election this year. If the Supreme Court decides that the term "legislatures" in Article V of the Federal Constitution includes the entire voting population in referendum States, John Barleycorn may get a reprieve until November, 1920.

Efforts on Foot to Nullify the Prohibition Amendment.

THAT the fight for a dry nation is by no means won is frankly conceded by the *American Issue*, organ of the Anti-Saloon League. "Those people," it says, "who have been deluding themselves with the idea that the fight is over and the victory won should wake up. There was never in the history of the temperance fight in America greater need that the temperance forces be organized and ready for action." It quotes from a statement made by a member of a distillers' committee that "Congress can interpret the question of intoxicating liquors at every session," as indicating that the fight to nullify the amendment will be carried into each Congressional election. "The avowed purpose of the liquor

forces," says the Philadelphia *North American*, "is to annul war prohibition first, only as a preparatory move to attacking constitutional prohibition; they boast that if they can discredit the one, they will be able to incite bitter hostility, and even outbreaks of disorder, against the other." The whole question of the method of enforcement of the new amendment (it has been proclaimed a part of the Constitution and remains such unless the Supreme Court decides that its ratification is incomplete) is still an open one. The enactment of enforcement legislation devolves upon the present Congress. As the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* observes: "The amendment itself carries no enforcement with it. It provides for no machinery to carry the organic measure into effect. It provides for no penalties. In other words, if there is no legislation on the subject between now and the time the amendment becomes effective (barring, of course, the war-time statutory prohibition measure), the country will be constitutionally dry, but actually it may be as wet as ever." The temper of the present Congress may be inferred from the reception given by it to that part of the President's message calling upon it to "remove the ban"—that is, the wartime Prohibition order—"upon the manufacture and sale of wines and beers," which was to be in force until demobilization is completed. Congress has ignored the request up to this time, and those who have canvassed it on the subject assert that not more than ten votes could be obtained in the Senate for removing the ban. "The only real sentiment against the nation-wide Prohibition law becoming operative July 1," so Senator Sheppard, of Texas, claims, "is in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and San Francisco." Congress, therefore, it may be assumed, will pass the necessary enforcement legislation. The Attorney-General has declared that it

—Kirby in New York *World*

is his duty to see the Prohibition law "enforced like all other laws by the prosecution of such persons as violate it," and the Anti-Saloon League leaders are already organizing the Allied Citizens of America, whose slogan is, "Enforce Prohibition and Uphold the Constitution."

DIREFUL predictions continue to pour forth as to the catastrophe that will overtake us when the country really goes dry. James M. Beck warns us that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment is "the destruction of the principle of Home Rule" and, as such, is "the deadliest menace to the perpetuity of the Republic that has arisen in the last half-century." Samuel Gompers, head of the Federation of Labor, thinks this is no time to deal radically with the evils of drink and says that "we are taking a chance of wrecking the social and economic fabric of the nation." The *N. Y. World*, as the *Wichita Eagle* observes, has been springing "all the old anti-Prohibition arguments that were used in vain in Kansas in the days before Carrie Nation found her hatchet." The *World* sees self-government and security for life, liberty and property ending with the advent of Prohibition. Its words are as follows:

"If the American people calmly submit to this invasion of their rights, whatever their opinion may be about Prohibition, self-government has been extinguished in this country. There can be no security whatever for life, liberty or property in the United States if the American people surrender to the intrigue and moral terrorism of this Prohibition Bolshevism, which is endeavoring to establish the doctrine that the right to govern depends only upon the ability to seize the machinery of government.

"What Prohibition does to-day the I. W. W. will be seeking to do to-morrow, and it, too, in its onslaught against all private property, will pretend to speak in the name of the 'moral forces' which believe that private property is criminal."

All this, the *Wichita Eagle* observes, is "childish hysteria." It adds: "It would be as reasonable and as

—Donahey in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

effectual to strike against the anti-slavery amendment as to strike against the passing of King Alcohol. The smug publicans of the metropolis thought, of course, that national prohibition was an iridescent dream, because it was merely a movement that was popular 'out west.' New York and the *World* never took the movement seriously until that fateful day when some outlandish state called Nebraska cast the deciding vote." "The New York press," says the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, "is making itself ridiculous in the extreme to which it has gone in its opposition to the legislation of Congress and the country in the matter of the prohibition of intoxicating liquors."

Bolshevism in Russia Came
When Prohibition Went.

OVER and over the N. Y. *World* scores the Anti-Saloon League for terrorizing Congress and overriding popular sentiment. This on its editorial page. But in its news columns it has been running a series of articles by a special correspondent, Louis Seibold, who has been traveling over the country to ascertain public sentiment and who sums up his impressions as follows: "The saloon, which has no counterpart in any other country in the world, has entirely lost favor as an American institution, as a result of its odious and selfish record, and the persistent agitation against it. The overwhelming sentiment among the vast majority of the people in the States studied at close range is unalterably opposed to the saloon." The *Springfield Republican* sees in the continued campaign in behalf of the liquor trade "a conspiracy to promote lawlessness and to break down the Constitution." It says:

"What, then, are those who are continuing the campaign against federal prohibition aiming at? The indications in their press are that they seek to arouse such a popular aversion to the law that it will not be possible to enforce it in important sections of the country. Success in such

an undertaking would mean the discrediting of a part of the Constitution of the United States. . . . Much denunciation of the methods used to secure the adoption of the prohibition amendment has been heard. Yet not one of the amendments to the Constitution was ever adopted under conditions more free from secret bargains, corruption or methods unfairly coercive."

The *Houston Post* was opposed to attacking the liquor traffic by way of the Federal Constitution, but it declares that "the efforts of these men whose misdeeds led to the destruction of their business to nullify the Constitution cannot be regarded with indifference by good citizens." They are, it says, not challenging overzealous temperance people, but they are "challenging a government of law," and "of all the elements in this country that will not be permitted to override the Constitution and laws, the liquor element stands first and is most objectionable." The *Baltimore Sun* was never in favor of Prohibition, but it suggests "to all those wets who are now frothing at the mouth over the passage of the Prohibition amendment" that that amendment is now a part of the organic law of the land and "there is no sense in butting one's head against a stone wall." John Spargo, the Socialist leader, writing in the same paper, gives some interesting information as to the relation between drink and Bolshevism in Russia. He writes:

"May I say everybody who has studied the matter knows perfectly well that Bolshevism and its successes would not have been possible but for the rescinding of the Prohibition order established in the latter part of the Czar's régime. With the introduction of Prohibition the morale of the Russian people and the Russian army greatly improved. With the rescinding of that order and the return of vodka-drinking came drunkenness and disorder and the excesses of Bolshevism. One of the greatest generals in the Russian army told me last summer that the Germans had demoralized the Russian army not with guns and armament but with strong drink."

WHY GERMANY HAD TO BE LET DOWN "EASY"

A SUDDEN change of attitude on the part of Scheidemann, whose position in Berlin is that of Prime Minister, and on the part of Haase, who heads the independent Socialist groups, caused the Wilsonian points to drop suddenly out of sight. The Germans, enlightened by Brockdorff-Rantzau, their greatest diplomatist now, have become aware that they embarrass President Wilson by dwelling on the Fourteen Points. That deprives him of all power to come to their aid with a "fourteen-point peace," as the Berlin dailies call it. Mr. Wilson was made to look like a pro-German by the enthusiasm for his policy that prevailed in the circles close to Ebert. Just now the tendency in Berlin is to find fault with Wilson, to represent him as a betrayer of the vanquished. In reality, as the *London News* observes, opinion in Great Britain, with which Lloyd George must reckon, has asserted itself against the "pound of flesh" policy. The Tories, whose organ is still the *London Post*, continue to clamor for a series of indemnities that would leave Germany beggared indefinitely. The situation is still bad enough to the element for which *The Westminster Gazette* speaks.

A European Crisis of Too Grave a Kind Must Have Attended the "Pound of Flesh" Policy

Like the *Manchester Guardian* it denounces a peace of conquest and of violence under cover of devotion to a League of Nations. The seeds of new wars are laid by demanding that large German populations in Posen, West-Prussia, Silesia and the Saar Valley be transferred to hostile rule. Germany is stripped of her colonies. Other provisions are denounced by Britons like G. Lowes Dickinson, who can not be accused of lack of loyalty. In a word, the terms were too severe.

How the Treaty May Be Interpreted.

IN the revisions of the text of the treaty made within the past six weeks, there is more latitude for benevolent interpretation even when the actual demand upon Germany is retained. That seems clear to French and British dailies. Theoretically, she is deprived of some three quarters of her iron and a third of her coal. Discretion is allowed to the commissioners in applying these provisions to concrete cases. It is settled already that Germany will be admitted to the League of Nations

with no such long period of probation as was at first contemplated. This statement is made by the Socialist *Humanité*, and it is confirmed by dispatches to the British newspapers. These concessions were forced by the action of labor leaders in England and by the Socialist groups in the Chamber at Paris. The original terms, according to the Manchester organ of liberalism, were so drastic as to be in excess of anything ever imposed upon a defeated nation since Rome destroyed Carthage. "What was done to France in 1815, after twenty years of aggression, in the course of which she had brought the whole of continental Europe under her domination, was a bagatelle in comparison." Germany was to have been converted into a helot nation, in the opinion of the best Liberal elements in England, and Lloyd George simply had to heed the universal roar of protest. His ministry would have gone down if the first draft had stood, declares the London *News*, and the French press (including papers which wanted the original text to remain) agree that the British were wrought to a high pitch of political excitement by the strait-jacket provided for the beaten foe. A whole series of amendments, therefore, give the interpretation of the terms no less importance than the text, and this fact explains the calmer attitude of the British. The change is a tribute to the power of British labor and French Socialism, explains the Rome *Tribuna*, itself somewhat stunned by the first form of the famous pact.

**Effect of the Domestic German Crisis
on the Treaty Terms.**

WHAT wrung from the reluctant Clemenceau his final assent to the modifications in the treaty, admits the Paris *Temps*, was the prospect of a spread of the German form of Bolshevism to western Europe. The ministry at Paris is under no illusions on this score. No doubt, says the organ of the Quai d'Orsay, the severities of Noske have had their effect in Berlin. The troops of doubtful loyalty have been disarmed. The Spartacist leaders are in prison still. There is order—one might even call it reaction. Nevertheless, the institution of the Soviet in a Teutonized form had to be accorded recognition in the new national constitution. This was effected with the full approval of the higher circles of German society as represented by Brockdorff-Rantzau and Bernstorff, both of whom are in touch with the ultra-radical forces and are said to be using them for purposes yet to be disclosed. The *Temps* says there exist in the new Germany three kinds of Bolshevism. One is mystical and religious. The other is national and patriotic. The most powerful form of all is strictly proletarian. Bolshevism in its mystical form has made progress in the higher grades of the army and in the highest finance, being based upon a horror of war and a belief that it can be escaped through some universal communion. The clergy in Berlin seem often to regard Bolshevism as a necessary expiation for the sins of Germany, if not of all mankind. There is among the Jews a distinct spiritualized agitation in this sense. The cataclysm preached by Daniel and Ezekiel has come. The same state of mind is found among the patriotic factions. These people look to Hungary with hope as the great example to be followed. The argument, as set forth in the *Vossische Zeitung*, is that Bolshevism is the only refuge left to

Germany from the servitude provided by the peace conference at Paris. If Germany, under such provocation, goes over to the soviets and the Lenin program, a universal red flood of communism will sweep western Europe. Every fresh bulletin from Paris gives new strength to this agitation and occasions anxiety to the conservative yet rational leaders of opinion in the Chamber of Deputies. Clemenceau is quoted as saying that this aspect of the international situation must be taken seriously.

**Converts to Bolshevism in
Germany.**

MEN whose names have stood high in the Germany of William II. are affirmed in the Paris press to be preaching the new social revolution as a protest against the terms of the peace. The *Débats* and the *Figaro* point to Dernburg as one of these crusaders, not to mention Eltzbacher, a distinguished publicist whose appeals give vogue to the Berlin *Tag* and are quoted with approval in the provincial papers, and Hans Delbrück, formerly adviser on international affairs to the Wilhelmstrasse, who is proclaiming that if the peace is one of subjection Germany will drag Europe after her into the abyss. It is true that Harden in his *Zukunft*, and some of the more solidly established journals like the *Berliner Tageblatt*, deprecate this as the talk of fanatics, but, says the *Temps*, it must not be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. The German people are in a highly nervous and even morbid state, it thinks, and are capable of almost anything rash in the shape of an accomplished fact with which to confront the western powers. Even the moderate men, of whom the once conservative Count Westarp is a type, talk about soviets and favor a revolution, altho the Count is opposed to the excesses of Bolshevism as exemplified by Trotzky in Russia. However, General Falkenhayn, who played so conspicuous a part in the war, has come out as an extreme Bolshevist and is preaching it as the salvation of Germany from the Anglo-Saxon domination. One could compile quite a list of famous living Germans with a record of conservatism behind them, adds the *Matin*, but all to-day open champions of Lenin and of an alliance with Russia.

**The Proletarian Revolutionary
Spirit in Berlin.**

EVERY man holding any sort of position in Berlin under Ebert is convinced that the present German government must come to terms with proletarian Bolshevism, affirms the correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, and he seems to have made a careful investigation on the spot. French dailies of importance are permitted to dwell upon the peril of a Bolshevik Germany with a freedom that denotes some sort of official sanction. Clemenceau hopes in this fashion to get an excuse for foiling the appetites of those patriotic Frenchmen who hunger and thirst for revenge. If the Germans are permitted to get peace on endurable terms the proletarian form of Bolshevism, with its violence and its barricades, must soon collapse. It is for the most part hunger and the incapacity to work induced by hunger diseases. This is a trump card in the hands of the German delegates at Versailles and they play it with



WORK OR FIGHT?
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

skill, says the *Débats*. President Wilson is said to be profoundly impressed by the state of Germany as a land in which Spartacide revolt may rear its head. There has been a conspiracy to mislead him, the French daily suspects, and the London *Chronicle*, which follows the German situation with care, suspects that the good faith of Mr. Wilson has been imposed upon through the medium of imaginative reports. The Germans after their revolution, according to the London daily, remain a well-drilled nation. The whole revolutionary scare, it feels confident, is a masquerade. The outcries and the objurgations proceed according to a plot carefully hatched at Berlin. Nothing is said or done that has not been foreseen by students of German psychology:

"The old governing classes, whom Count Brockdorff-Rantzau represents on the delegation, have shaped their nation's course of action after the orthodox school of German political tactics. Press, pulpit and platform are to deafen the world with frantic assertions, that never was a great and noble people so harshly used. No exaggeration of language is thought excessive; and the naivest appeals are made to America against the Allies, to Liberal opinion against militarism, to bankers' opinion against 'spoliation,' to labor opinion against 'capitalist governments.'"

Germany Escaped With Few Burdens After All.

EVEN as they stand, the peace terms of the Allies differ fundamentally in temper from the terms which the Germans imposed upon Russia and Rumania, a fact set forth with much explanatory comment by the London *Spectator*. This important organ of moderate liberal opinion in England is afraid that a wave of sentimentality is flowing over the Anglo-Saxon world in Germany's favor. The territorial cessions Ger-

many has to make, it adds, do not infringe the principle of nationality:

"Germany is only asked to restore a French province to France, a Danish district to Denmark, three Polish provinces to Poland and a Lithuanian district to Lithuania. These are not annexations but restitutions. In the special case of the Saar Valley, which is now German tho it was long under French rule before 1815, there is no annexation, but merely a transfer of the coal-mines to France as compensation for the coal-mines of northern France which the Germans wilfully destroyed in order to paralyze French industry. There can be no sort of comparison between



A GENEROUS OFFER
"Let Me Out of Here and I Will Make You My Partner."
—Rogers in New York Herald

these cessions of non-German lands to their rightful owners and the wholesale seizures by Germany and her confederates of non-German territory at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. The Allies, again, only ask Germany to compensate them for their losses in a war caused by German ambition and malice. They do not seek to establish an economic domination over Germany for all time, as Herr Scheidemann pretends. They have been actuated rather by a desire to make the burden of reparation as light as is possible in the circumstances. The demand that Germany shall pay £5,000,000,000 in thirty years towards the cost of undoing the evil that she has wrought is not severe, as the debt might well have borne compound interest. As it is, one-fifth of the sum, payable by 1921, will be free of interest; two-fifths will bear only 2½ per cent. from 1921 till 1926, and afterwards 5 per cent.; and the remainder will bear interest at 5 per cent. The Kaiser in July, 1917, said that when Germany had won the war she would exact an indemnity of £20,000,000,000. The sooner Germany can pay the compensation, the better pleased we shall all be. No serious person in Allied countries wishes to reduce the Germans to 'slavery,' tho the Germans when they had the power actually reduced the Russians and Rumanians to slavery of a most objectionable kind. All that we ask of Germany, when she has made such atonement as is possible for the harm that she has done, is that she should become a good European and forswear the horrible ambitions which have brought her to her present state."

AN IRISH CRISIS IN ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

NO one in high place at London makes any concealment of the fact that Sinn Fein, in the language of the London *Herald*, a labor organ, has scored heavily at Washington. The worst of the new situation is that French statesmen have taken the alarm at the rift within the Anglo-American lute, the *Débats* expressing the general conviction best, perhaps, by saying that the Anglo-Franco-American alliance may collapse under the weight of the Irish strain. The prestige of De Valera stands high, it being admitted that he has outwitted the diplomatists of Downing Street, who did their best, declares the Dublin *Freeman's*, to keep the Irish question from obtruding itself at Versailles. Such are the first fruits of the now famous Irish expedition of the Irish-Americans, Messrs. Dunne, Walsh and Ryan. They were belittled in the London *Times* and scorned in the House of Commons by the government leader, Mr. Bonar Law, but the London *News* observes



HIS PLACE IN THE SUN
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

that they have proved, as politicians, more practical than their critics. The Irish-American visit, notes the Manchester *Guardian*, "nailed the flag of the republic to the mast and enormously strengthened the hands of the Sinn Feiners who are for 'all or nothing.' It is this result that has made the friends of a peaceful adjustment in the near future fall into despair." Unless some unforeseen transformation is effected, this daily adds, the "open sore" will remain, poisoning the domestic life of Ireland and the relations of the British and Irish, "making the active cooperation of the British and American powers in the maintenance of a new international order increasingly more difficult." The liberal organ adds:

"Of course the House of Commons is sorry for these

English Politics a Sea of Trouble in Consequence of the Latest Stroke of Sinn Fein

things. Nobody in the House, any more than out of it, wants Irishmen and Englishmen to be on still worse terms than they are, or wants Americans or Frenchmen to think us humbugs when we speak up for Belgians or Jugo-Slavs. Hardly anybody, again, in any party, can doubt the fact that the present state of things in Ireland is, as a matter of fact, having both these bad effects. English law in Ireland is now regarded equally by both political parties, or at least by the more advanced part of each, with contempt. The Ulstermen's boasts, in 1914, that they were rebels is now the boast of the corresponding extremists on the Nationalist side, the Sinn Feiners. . . .

"There is as little doubt as to the way we are losing caste in the eyes of the Allies and neutrals through the contrast between our preaching at Paris and our practice in Ireland. Sir Horace Plunkett, probably the Irishman most universally respected and believed by Unionists and Nationalists alike, dispelled, some weeks ago, the illusion that the war had changed the American attitude towards Irish Nationalism. He has visited America this year, and reports that 'if upon the main issue American opinion has changed, it is only that it has been driven by the closely watched course of British government in Ireland during the war into sympathy with extreme Irish opinion and its new demand.' In face of such facts it is of no use to strike heroic attitudes and declaim to Americans and the rest of the outer world 'Hands off Ireland,' etc. Americans are not going to put their hands on Ireland, nor is any other foreigner. What we have to deal with is something much more unpleasant than any practical indiscretion of a neighbor's. It is that atmosphere of growing contempt from one's most respected neighbors which makes life unbearable, just as effectually as an actual passage of arms may make it so."

Peculiarities of the Lloyd George Irish Policy.

ONE of the difficulties of the English in dealing with Ireland at present is the fact, according to the London *News*, that the Lloyd George ministry has no



DEHORNED
—Pease in Newark Evening News

Irish policy or if it has the policy is involved in hopeless obscurity. Mr. Macpherson, the Irish secretary, took the ground in the last Irish debate in the Commons that, since Ireland had gone Sinn Fein, the British government could have "no parley" with her. No policy will thus be forthcoming until the Irish agitation returns to constitutional channels and ceases the present cry for an independent republic. "In other words, the government having destroyed the constitutional movement and created Sinn Fein, now insists that the constitutional movement must be reborn before it will recognize Irish opinion." This to the liberal London organ is "mere barristerial trifling" with a grave crisis. Mr. Macpherson knows quite well, it says, that he and his associates in his party delivered the "knock-out blow" to the constitutional movement a year ago when they "torpedoed the convention" that framed a government scheme for Ireland, brought in the double policy of conscription and Home Rule and, under the threats of Sir Edward Carson, dropped Home Rule. After that the orthodox Home Rule party under the late John Redmond practically ceased to exist and Ireland by a vast majority went Sinn Fein:

"It was the greatest of Irish statesmen who said he did not know how to draw up the indictment of a nation. What Burke could not do Mr. Macpherson is not likely to succeed in doing. Facts are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be. We have converted Ireland to Sinn Fein and we shall not convert her from it by the display of tanks and machine-guns and the persuasions of force. That has been tried in the past and has failed, and it will always fail. The circumstances of the world to-day assure its failure more certainly now than ever before. If we pursue that line—and the policy of drift is inevitably a policy of drift into force—there will be tragic results; but in the end the settlement can only come by giving Ireland the freedom we are giving to the Poles, the Czechoslovaks and the Croatians. All sane Irish opinion—the opinion, that is, of the men who love both Ireland and England and desire to see them living in amity, men like Sir Horace Plunkett, Lord MacDonnell and Mr. Erskine Childers—all converges on the Dominion solution, with certain modifications to meet any possibility of danger. It is the only solution that Ireland will take. If it is given now it will solve the problem pacifically and finally. If it is refused now there will be infinite trouble but no solution. That can only come in Ireland as elsewhere through the unequivocal workings of free institutions."

Mr. Wilson Blamed for the New Irish Troubles.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been making the mistake of flunking to President Wilson—"he puts the peace of Ireland and the prestige of his Majesty's government on a tray and humbly presents them to the President." That is how the London *Post*, Tory, anti-Home Rule and anti-Wilson, interprets the latest incidents in the crisis. Mr. Wilson, it thinks, is really responsible for the introduction into Ireland of certain Irish-Americans who went about the country "preaching rebellion and republicanism." These Irish-Americans incited the people to rebel against their government, an impression shared by members of the coalition Lloyd George government, as was stated in the Commons. Just what part was played by President Wilson in the series of episodes that transferred the crisis to Paris and then to Washington, the London *Post* does not know, but "he should have been informed politely but

firmly that the imperial government is responsible for law and order in Ireland and can not make concessions dangerous to the peace of the realm and the lives of loyal subjects." Instead of doing something of this sort Mr. Lloyd George has chosen to fall in with the Wilsonian political philosophy of catchwords, says the Tory organ, and he has used "the most pernicious" of them all—self-determination:

"If he had had any true insight into the motives and methods of the enemies of the British Empire he would have perceived that that phrase was coined to entrap him. No such principle is possible in the British Empire—or for that matter anywhere. When the southern States of America tried to apply the principle of 'self-determination' they were knocked on the head by President Lincoln. And we venture to say that if now any of the southern States were to take President Wilson at his word and declare their independence he would throw aside all these notions of self-determination and force the Separatists to alter their policy. The security of the whole is more important than the desires of the part. And we venture to say that if Ireland were united in demanding separation from the rest of the United Kingdom it would still be necessary to keep Ireland, by force if necessary, a part of our national system. The safety of Great Britain would be imperiled so much by the independence of Ireland that the British people could never assent to it. And it is unreasonable to ask us to assent to it. We cannot afford to entrust our very existence to an Ireland which has always endeavored to open the western gates of these islands to the enemies of England. . . .

"There is no such thing as a settlement of Ireland. It is a false theory of the political enthusiast. The only way of settling Ireland is the old plodding way of working year in, year out, to govern Ireland justly and well, to put down crime with a strong hand, to encourage and reward the loyal and discourage and defeat the disloyal. That is the burden of the British in Ireland."

British Impressions of American Attitude to Ireland.

A CONCERTED effort has been made to impress Englishmen with the notion that Americans generally are on the side of the Irish in the contest with the government at London. Those Englishmen who are opposed to Home Rule do not believe such representations. The London *Spectator* speaks for these factions. It is not at all impressed by recent resolutions in our Congress at Washington. A resolution of that kind, it explains, "may be useful to politicians in Irish-American districts." It is aware that a Sinn Fein delegate has been "hanging about the back door of the peace conference with the object of advertising Ireland's claim to 'self-determination.'" Now, under the Covenant of the League of Nations, the London *Spectator* proceeds, "America and the Allies guarantee the 'territorial integrity' of the British Empire and therefore rule out Irish independence under the banner of Sinn Fein." A great effort is being made to persuade the British public that America takes the Irish agitation "very seriously," but after looking into the matter for itself, *The Spectator* asserts that such ideas are mistaken.

"On the contrary, the war, which has been a great educator, has taught Americans much about Ireland as well as about the rest of Europe, and as they have learned the truth their sympathies have cooled to freezing-point. We do not suppose that the average American ever thought

much about Ireland, except as the former home of the Irish-American politicians who plagued him by their corrupt ways. But he probably accepted the stories that he was told of British 'oppression,' and wondered vaguely why the Irish endured their miserable lot. When the war began America was evidently puzzled by the refusal of the Irish Nationalists to join in the crusade on behalf of Belgium and Serbia against the military empires. As soon as America herself entered the war and American sailors and soldiers came to Ireland, America was swiftly disillusioned. When American sailors were mobbed in Cork because they were fighting against Germany, it became clear that the Irish Nationalist spirit had been misunderstood in America, and that Great Britain's refusal to yield to Nationalist demands was not so unjustifiable as it had seemed."

Ireland in the Inner Councils of Great Britain.

WHEN the Quai d'Orsay interested itself in the presence at Versailles of certain Irishmen with mysterious credentials and still more mysterious objects, the British ambassador was authorized to say that under no circumstances would the British government concede that Ireland's claims be laid before the peace conference. It would be unthinkable in any British govern-

ment to grant passports to De Valera or Arthur Griffith for an errand to Paris of the kind desired by the Sinn Feiners. These decisions or announcements were set forth at the time in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris). Nevertheless, there were men in the immediate circle of Mr. Wilson who were saying that the demands of the Irish republicans, preposterous as they seemed from a constitutional point of view, were within measurable distance of realization. The fact is, observes the French daily, the Irish question has entered so intimately into the whole international situation that nothing in the way of an expedient to be rid of it is unthinkable. There are Irish journalists in Paris who say that there will be an independent Irish republic under Anglo-American protection. There are others who assert that there will be a Dominion solution. One thing only is made a point of agreement among the newspapers of Europe which concern themselves with the crisis—there is to occur within the summer a sensational transformation of the face of the situation. Something of the utmost importance has occurred behind the scenes, the French dailies understand, and everything is staged for a dramatic Irish climax. A conspicuous part in the piece, the Paris *Humanité* predicts, will be played by President Wilson.

Such nations as contemplate recognizing the Bolshevik government in Russia had better hurry up while it is still capable of being recognized.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

Once the Russian patriot's ambition was to bomb all the rulers. Now he faces the task of finding a way to rule all the bombers.—Indianapolis *Times*.

PLIGHT OF THE ALLIES BETWEEN LENIN AND KOLTCHAK

KOLTCHAK has not yet succeeded in convincing the governments of the West that his conception of democracy will meet the proscribed tests. He is unwilling or unable, if the impressions of the *Matin* be sound, to give the Allies assurances that the government of which he is the master spirit will not turn reactionary. He seems disposed to ask a conqueror's license towards the soviet government. There is no intention on the part of the big four at Paris to assume an attitude of hostility to the republic of the soviets. The soviets must show that they can enter into a treaty with foreign powers and live up to its terms. They were approached from that standpoint by representatives of the western powers, the *Humanité* understands. It was thought at one time that these negotiations had entered a final phase. What caused the collapse of the scheme is unknown, but there are suspicions that the partisans of the Koltchak system put a spoke in the wheel. The latest plan is to give both Koltchak and the soviets a kind of recognition, but no terms can be drawn up that are not an affront to Russian patriotism. Neither Koltchak nor the soviet republic will face Russia after agreeing to a division of the country. There seems no way out of the deadlock and perhaps these rival "governments" will have to come to a final clash in the field. The thing seems inevitable to the *Débats* and other leading organs of French opinion. At last accounts all factions in Russia were making military preparations of an energetic kind, the exact nature of which can not be ascertained with

The "Recognition" Bestowed Upon the Siberian Dictator May Not Be Real, After All

certainty. The conference at Paris is trying to avert this Russian civil war.

The Objection to Koltchak Serious in Russia.

ANY policy having for its object a bestowal of unconditional support upon Koltchak would be fatal to Russia and to the cause of the Allies, it seems from what is communicated to the Manchester *Guardian* by disinterested observers. The stroke effected by Koltchak a few months ago, this same authority says, made the majority of the Russian people suspicious of the Allied intentions. This feeling of suspicion is sure to become ineradicable if the Allies do not pledge themselves to certain "essential principles." Immediately after the overthrow of the Bolsheviks, if and when that happens, the constituent assembly must be convoked. No steps must be taken to wrest from the peasants the land allotted to them by Lenin and his associates. The policy of regeneration must not be allowed to degenerate and become one of revenge. If these three ideas are not lost sight of, the peace conference can come to some sort of terms with the forces now striving for the mastery in Russia. The mind of President Wilson has long been open to these suggestions, admits the Manchester *Guardian*, but it sees reason to infer that his good faith has once more been imposed upon and that a game is being played behind his back in Russia of which he has no hint. A settlement is always



HIS MASTER'S VOICE
—Bronstrup in San Francisco *Chronicle*

blocked at the last moment, even when every obstacle is thought to be out of the way.

Contradictory Accounts of the Month's Events in Russia.

THE usual series of mutual conflicting dispatches emanated from Russia all last month, especially with reference to the military situation. Stories of Bolshevik victories in the field were followed by tales of Bolshevik armies flying in all directions from the forces bearing down upon them from the north and the east. It is the familiar bewilderment caused by the fact that first one faction gets control of the cables and then another, the wireless, says the Paris *Figaro*, contributing its share to the confusion. It is deemed significant that both the *Pravda* and the *Izvestia* have conceded of late the existence of much administrative confusion in the public service. "The honest and responsible elements of the Bolshevik government," to quote the Manchester daily's authority, "realize very clearly the horrible state of affairs, but they are too timid to draw the right conclusions from it and to admit their failure. They prefer, like the ostrich, to hide their heads in the sand and to indulge in florid talk." The masses of the people, both peasants and workers, are too worn out physically to venture upon any act of open opposition. The only solution of the Russian problem, as the Russians themselves agree, must come from outside. Nevertheless, first Koltchak and then the soviets are found impossible as negotiators. President Wilson is said in the Paris *Temps* to be at his wits' end after many ingenious propositions and experiments.

Incompatibility of Democracy with Koltchak.

KERENSKY, who was so conspicuous a figure in the revolutionary history of Russia two years ago, has been hunted up by the liberal dailies abroad and asked

for his opinion of the Koltchak expedient. A Koltchak government, he says, according to the Manchester daily already quoted, would simply mean the substitution of a white terror for the red terror. Koltchak is pronounced by Kerensky no man of affairs. "He is the instrument of sinister forces which stand not for democratic institutions but for dictatorship, the restoration of the old Russia with the labels a little altered. Koltchak has established unqualified dictatorship in Siberia, and his program is to extend it to all Russia for an indefinite period." Those behind him, and notably Denikin, "who is a byword for reaction," may be trusted to bring to nothing the ultimate hope he holds out of the summoning of a constituent assembly. This judgment of Kerensky's fits in so plainly with the facts, thinks the Manchester *Guardian*, that it can hardly be disregarded by any serious statesman in the councils of the Allies. Throughout the war, it says, almost every act of the Allies in regard to Russia turned out a blunder. "It is almost inconceivable that they can now be contemplating the supreme blunder of all," for that is what the suggested overthrow of the Russian revolution would amount to if accompanied by any recognition of Koltchak. This is an important point to European liberals—the overthrow of the revolution in Russia, which is a separate and distinct issue from the overthrow of Bolshevik rule. President Wilson is believed to grasp this point clearly but to have difficulty in making it obvious to Clemenceau and the British. As for the mysterious negotiations between the Koltchak government and Japan, the English newspaper notes:

"Has Japan made a separate arrangement with Koltchak under which he pays something in return for recognition? There have been numerous hints of such a transaction. Whatever may have been the military significance of Japan's intervention in Siberia, it put her in possession of certain very valuable points. Has Koltchak promised Japan that remaining Russian section of the Manchurian Railway or that predominant position in the exploitation of eastern Siberia which she is known to be hankering after? Again, has Koltchak transferred to Japan that suzerainty over



"LET US PUNISH HIM!"
—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*

Mongolia which Russia took from China as a consequence of the first Chinese revolution? Of that, too, there have been numerous hints. The Koltchak government has pretensions to being a patriotic and Imperial Government which will recover for Russia her lost territories, but such professions do not exclude a practical policy of buying help in the East by the surrender of Russian rights and territory. This is not a matter merely between Russia and Japan. It manifestly involves China, who may find the

The continued whines of the late Crown Prince indicate that he is the only true Prince of Wails.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

THE CHECK TO DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN

UNIVERSAL suffrage remains a dream of the proletariat in Japan, to quote the announcement of the Tokyo *Chuwo*, and Prime Minister Hara must remain content with a moderate enlargement of the franchise. The Elder Statesmen are opposed to the whole democratic agitation, which makes administration along traditional Japanese lines more and more difficult. The franchise bill has been worked half way through the diet and represents a series of compromises. It will increase the number of voters to something less than three millions. Mr. Hara wanted to enfranchise every male above the age of twenty-five. The ministry contains too powerful a conservative element to make such a revolution possible. The program for the moment is to bring about a gradual extension of the suffrage until the empire is a democracy in the western sense. The compromise is very distasteful to the proletarian element. There have been demonstrations in Tokyo and in the more important urban centers of the interior. The press remains under a rigid censorship which extends to foreign as well as domestic questions. Hence it is not easy to determine what truth there may be in statements that Japan is at present under the sway of the bayonet. There have been strikes in large factories. Police have invaded editorial offices to make sure that no journalistic indiscretions take place. In summing the situation up, the London *Post* feels bound to admit that something like reaction has set in, owing to the alarm of the trading and financial interests. They are at present in a combination with the Clansmen to drive the Hara ministry from office, but the great democratic leader is holding on to power, altho with increasing difficulty.

Imperialism in the Saddle at Tokyo.

ONE of the misfortunes of the Hara ministry is its impotence in the sphere of international relations. The *Temps* of Paris understands that the Elder Statesmen hold sway in diplomacy above the head of the Prime Minister and the deputies behind him in the House of Representatives. The Marquis Saion-ji would not dream of taking orders from Mr. Hara, and it is the Marquis who speaks the decisive word at Paris. Mr. Hara has had the mortification of discovering that the Elder Statesmen have a set of envoys of their own knocking about the world, especially in China. The diplomatist who nominally held the post of minister to China was a cipher compared with a mysterious envoy speaking for the clans. There has thus been a sort of

whole of the North circled around by Japanese railways and Japanese spheres of influence. But not only China is involved; every great commercial nation is affected. China and Siberia are two of the vastest markets in the world. The transaction over Shantung and the transactions with Koltchak, the rumors of which fill the air, threaten to give Japan something like a monopoly in those enormous markets. Moderate men see here the roots of much bitterness, and perhaps of very grave events."

The Germans seem to be stuck on President Wilson's fourteen points.—Long Island City *Star*.

Prime Minister Hara Finds It Difficult to Convert the Clansmen to Liberal Ideas

duplex Japanese government. Mr. Hara went into power determined to put an end to this state of affairs, but the European press is suspicious of the announcement that he has now succeeded. There are still too many ins and outs in Japanese diplomacy to satisfy liberal and radical papers abroad. The Manchester



"WE'LL NEVER SIGN IT!"
—Kirby in New York *World*

Guardian is frankly distrustful of many recent Japanese official announcements. The Korean question affords an example. There is a Japanese reign of terror in that distracted land, we are told, altho the foreign office at Tokyo announces a complete pacification.

Alleged Japanese Policy to Crush Korea.

JAPAN is accused in the liberal European press of systematically reducing the Koreans to the level of serfs, following the vocation of the agricultural laborer and the mechanic. The work of administration is in the hands of Japanese immigrants. The land is passing out of the hands of the natives into the possession of Japanese, who are favored by tricky tax laws and a system of usurious loan banks. The only friends of

the natives are the missionaries from America, who are discredited by false charges. This is the gist of the indictment of Japan, as conveyed by the *London News*. Even the *London Post*, which is conservative, inclines to indict Japan. The Elder Statesmen are in league with clansmen and powerful financial interests to mislead American and European opinion, to give one more count in the indictment. A prominent American on a tour of investigation is taken in tow by polite interpreters and shrewd agents of the foreign office at Tokyo disguised as disinterested publicists. American opinion is poisoned by these devices. No native Korean would dare to sell the truth on his native heath. He must take refuge in a Chinese port and join some society for the establishment of Korean independence before he can make himself heard. One of these organizations recently laid before Doctor Paul Reinsch, American minister at Peking, a memorial reciting the grievances of Korea. What Doctor Reinsch did about the matter does not yet appear, but the foreign office at Tokyo sent its agents into the newspaper offices to see that no hint of this event found mention in the next morning's dailies.

**Nature of the Charges Against
Japan in Korea.**

KOREANS who have taken refuge in China are said to be behind a campaign in the Chinese vernacular press which exploits the charges against Japan to the utmost. Thus it is alleged that Korean Christians are

singled out for especial persecution by the Japanese. Japan encourages immorality in Korea, especially promoting the sale of Korean prostitutes in Chinese cities. Most of these girls are from fourteen to fifteen years old. This is the Japanese expedient to insure race extermination. Japan encourages the sale of opium in Korea as well as the cultivation of the poppy. Opium is secretly shipped from Korea to China. Japan will not allow a Korean to secure a higher education. These are but a few of the major grievances upon which stress is laid in the press of China. The whole Korean case was to have been laid before the deputies at Tokyo with the approval of Prime Minister Hara, but at the last moment a despatch from Baron Makino, who is in Paris to look out for his country's interests during the peace conference, caused an adjournment of the debate, or so the *Paris Matin* reports. The Baron and his associates in the Japanese delegation are affirmed to be having a great deal of trouble with the Korean issue. There is a Korean junta in Paris made up of refugees who have been trying to get the ear of President Wilson for weeks, but they have been referred to the experts of the conference instead. This slight concession caused a protest to be made by Baron Makino, a step not endorsed, the liberal English dailies understand, by Mr. Hara. The complaint in the Japanese diet is that the Japanese delegates in Paris pay no attention at all to the Prime Minister of Japan and act on their own responsibility in disregard of the Prime Minister and as if he did not exist.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF WOODROW WILSON

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Special Correspondent at Paris and Versailles for the *London Standard*

To exclamations such as "Who cares what Europe thinks?" "What right has a British publicist to trespass on American domestic politics?" "What does he know, anyway, about what Europe thinks?" the author of this plain-spoken article answers that he has no concern with American politics beyond being interested as a spectator of the rivalries of the Democratic and Republican parties. It has been his special business to travel the countries of Europe from Calais to Constantinople and from Moscow to Madrid. During the last few months in Paris he has seen the opening of the Peace Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, witnessed the League of Nations approved by the Allies and their associates and was present in Versailles when Count Rantzau and his fellow Germans were presented with the terms of peace.

EVERY nation in Europe, old and new-born, ramshackle and stalwart, has had representatives at Versailles since the beginning of the year. I have conversed with them. Such are my credentials. And I can only suggest that no one should read into the words that follow anything more than an impartial attempt to convey to the American public a current historical account of what the European publics think of the President of the United States. First be it remembered that vast millions of people in Europe do not know whether Mr. Wilson is a Republican or a Democrat. If they were told they would not know the difference and would probably ask how a man could be a Republican without being a Democrat? Those of us, however, who are fortunate in having many American friends know that to one party in the United States President Wilson is a saint and that to the other party he is well down in another category.

To Europe in the mass, Woodrow Wilson is considered solely as President of a mighty Republic. He is accepted as the chosen spokesman of over one hundred million people and Europeans pay him the respect due to the head of a nation. At the Peace Conference he was the one delegate who sat in a pink satin and gold-decked chair: other delegates had ordinary chairs.

DURING the earlier years of the war not only was I well acquainted with sentiment in Great Britain, but my travels in France, Russia, Belgium and the Balkans gave me opportunity to find out the sentiments of those lands. There was never any resentment against the United States for keeping out of the war for nearly three years; but there was a good deal of disappointment that America, regarded as the home of high ideals, did not more quickly realize the great causes that were at stake and imperiled. Few Europeans compre-

hended the diverse nature of the United States population or understood that precipitate action might have caused internal trouble or that the United States was almost obliged to wait until a direct affront to itself consolidated the whole American people and provided a strenuousness of purpose which was at once heartening to the Allies and a marvel to the world.

Of course we made jokes about Mr. Wilson's note-writing, and some of his most poignant phrases were jocularly shuttle-cocked on our vaudeville stages. But when, at the most precious and perilous moment, America put her strength into the conflict and President Wilson delivered his momentous speeches, not only was America hailed as a magnificent champion but he was elevated to the rank of the Messiah of struggling and bleeding humanity.

Great tho the esteem was in which Mr. Wilson was held in his own country, I am not in error, I think, in saying that he was held in greater esteem in Europe, for there they knew nothing about him as the head of a political party, with many people antagonistic to him, but only recognized him as the chief of the American people. When he crossed the Atlantic, France and Italy and Great Britain gave him welcomes which in magnificence could not have been outdone had he been an emperor. France remembered the old, fond ties which bound it to America and was exuberant in joyousness. Italy was almost hysterical with happiness. Great Britain, knowing the failings of her own statesmen, aware of the mistakes they had made, weary and worn with war, and all the time abundantly confident in America's swift capabilities, saw in Mr. Wilson not only the power which would make victory decisive but the high-minded idealist who would lead the world's democracies into something akin to universal brotherhood. I would be lapsing from my rôle of contemporary historian, however, if I recorded that Mr. Wilson departs from Europe with the same general feelings toward him as were shown when he first came to us nearly six months ago.

BUT the somewhat extraordinary and certainly regrettable fact is that all the big men who have been meeting in M. Pichon's room at the French Foreign Office do not stand where they did in popular estimation. For a long time, Mr. Lloyd George was subjected to a good deal of Parisian newspaper criticism because the story went the rounds that he favored leaving France without help to withstand the next blow from a defeated and vindictive Germany. M. Clemenceau—whose virility and swiftness of decision at the plenary sessions of the Conference always filled me with admiration—lost much authority with his own people because he made a mistake on the first of May by prohibiting labor demonstrations in Paris instead of cleverly turning the occasion into one of national rejoicing over the heroic part played by the gallant sons of France during four long years of agony.

From some of the American newspapers I gather that all citizens of the United States are not exactly unanimous over what your President has accomplished during his sojourn abroad. Besides this, there has been not a little international pin-pricking. I came across abundant evidences of it in Paris, which caused me to sit down and wonder why it was that after so much bravery shown by the soldiers of Italy, France, the United States and Great Britain, there should be

an aftermath of unappreciation of what others have done—not carping criticism by all, but by a sufficient number to bring uneasiness and unhappiness to those of us who wished and have striven to make the end of the war the starting place for genuine international friendly understanding.

Dealing particularly with Mr. Wilson's position in Europe various interlinked explanations are to be made. Mr. Wilson came to us with a lofty idealism which appealed directly to the hearts of all European nationalities. Among the smaller nations I am confident in saying that regard for his mission still remains—indeed, among vast sections of the people of the Great Powers he is more honored than ever. But it would not be correct to say that to-day—the esteem for him is sincere—he stands on the same pinnacle he did some six months ago.

NOTHING is so difficult as to explain the vagaries of popularity. So far as Britain is concerned, it was some time before people began to notice that tho, from the King downwards, the most generous things were said of what America had accomplished and her sons had done in the war, Mr. Wilson was peculiarly reticent in using any phrase which might be interpreted as meaning that Britain had done anything worth mentioning in the war. Indeed, there is a belief among the majority of the people of England that the only reference the President made to Britain was that a number of American soldiers had lost their lives while being taken across the Atlantic on a British transport. The English are not addicted to self-praise—not because they are modest, but because they consider it "bad form" to talk about their own achievements—but they did begin to feel some soreness that Mr. Wilson accepted admiration of America but gave none to Great Britain.

It was very much the same in France. France began to feel that Mr. Wilson, with his cold and detached lookout upon life, failed to understand how France was situated after the terrible struggle. It was currently but inaccurately reported that Mr. Wilson was the only stumbling-block to the extension of French territory right up to the Rhine. Impressionable Frenchmen were hurt deeply by the fact that with the exception of one hurried motor drive in the neighborhood of Rheims one snowy Sunday afternoon he never found time to make a tour of the devastated areas, to make himself personally acquainted with the sorrow which had come to France. Often French people said to me: "If only he would go and see he would understand our point of view better than he does."

I have heard Belgians with tears in their eyes refer to the fact that Mr. Wilson never visited Belgium. There was a gasp of hot anger from the Italians when the President issued his manifesto in regard to Fiume. On this point Mr. Wilson was right and I am afraid the Italians were wrong. But here I do not argue the point; I only describe the consequence of his action.

Further, there gradually evolved the opinion, not among those who knew, but among the masses, that the American President was not so much the champion of the Allies as the umpire between the Allies and Germany. This idea was accentuated by telegraphed extracts from the Berlin newspapers appreciative of Mr. Wilson's famous Fourteen Points, by German reiteration that he was relied upon to guard them from the

savagery of the Allies, by the report that he was antagonistic to annexation of German territory and by the constant statement that he was averse to claiming indemnities. The correctness or error of these assertions were not weighed. The public mind slowly but firmly framed the idea Mr. Wilson was, by resistance to the Allied claims, intentionally or unintentionally playing the enemy's game.

ONCE this flame started it was not long before questions were asked: Who was Mr. Wilson that he should pose as dictator? What had America suffered in comparison with other countries to justify its President balking the desires of the Allies? The problems to be settled were mainly European and what had an American, who repudiated the right of Europeans concerning themselves in American affairs, to do with the settlement? And so on. Meanwhile Mr. Wilson was living practically the life of a recluse in his closely-guarded residence in Paris and said no word to remove the cloud of misunderstanding.

In fairness I would ask Americans to believe that this state of things had not its birth in any enmity toward the United States. It was not due to any personal dislike toward Mr. Wilson. In some small degree it was because Europeans had an exalted conception of the power of the President—a power which no human being could live up to.

To discover the full reason, however, for this attitude toward him, one must delve deeper. I think it was because Mr. Wilson came to Europe imbued with a scholastic conception of universality which the older countries accepted in theory but which broke down when in contact with hard fact. He surveyed the world as an entity, visioned a society of nations keeping friendly watch on each other for the peace of the world. He and his people had been far removed from the prolonged tragedies of the war and by that very reason were able to take a wider and freer range of requirements if the earth was to be safeguarded from such another horror of war. But France and Great Britain and Belgium and other wounded lands were too near to the enemy, had felt too often the cut of his saber, had their millions of dead, realized what would have been their fate if the conflict had terminated in a triumph for Germany, to take so broad a view of world necessities.

Great Britain unhesitatingly supported the League of Nations; but France was shy for a long time. The national rather than the international spirit became dominant and they thought more of Britain and France and Italy than they did of the world. And this nationality revealed itself in the case of the United States also as was evidenced by the demand made by public opinion on your side of the Atlantic that the fundamental principle of the Monroe Doctrine should by no title be abrogated under the authority of the League of Nations.

I WAS in Paris during most of the time the Peace Conference was sitting. I was in the Quai d'Orsay when President Poincaré gave greeting to the delegates. I heard Mr. Wilson introduce the League of Nations and I witnessed the covenant receive approval. I was in the Trianon Palace Hotel at Versailles and heard Count Rantzau deliver his challenge when the terms of peace were laid before him. I had opportunities of

knowing a little of what was going on behind the scenes, and as an ardent believer in the League of Nations, I saw that the main trouble was—requiring compromise and concession to reach agreement—that all the peace delegates, under the spur of public opinion in their own countries, approached the issue from a national and therefore narrowed the natural standpoint, rather than from the more generous but more difficult international standpoint.

And it was because the President of the United States kept the international aspect most in mind, yielding at times and probably reluctantly, desiring to maintain unity among the delegates, which counted a great deal for the changed attitude of so many people in France and England. I think it must be recognized that but for his resistance the inclination of the European victors would have been toward slicing up Europe among themselves and having no disposition to respect the national areas of Germany, but, acting under the passion of punishing an enemy now down and in no position to remain arrogant, remembering Bismarck's dictum, "The vanquished should be left with nothing but their eyes to weep with."

I cannot say, and do not believe, that the Allies would have proceeded as far as that. Yet knowing something of European affairs, I am convinced that but for the stubbornness of Mr. Wilson—antagonistic to the claims of the larger European countries—more of the spoils would have gone to the victors and there would not have been the setting up and recognition of so many smaller nationalities. Whether these will prove an unmixed blessing is a question only time can settle, tho those who have close knowledge of the Slavic regions of Europe are inclined to be skeptical.

ANYWAY, the European attitude toward Woodrow Wilson in the main can be traced, first, to his chiliness in appreciating what the men of other countries than America have done and, second, because, with national desires for annexation undoubtedly dominant, he was the man who did more than anyone to check the realization of those ambitions. On the other hand, Americans must not level criticism at countries like France, for instance; for Americans have not suffered as the French have and very few Americans can possibly know the feeling of a nation, thrown to the dust nearly fifty years ago, living alongside an offensive neighbor and then having borne the noblest burden of all in the titanic strife, suddenly finding itself with a chance to pay the bully back in some of his own coin.

Mr. Wilson kept as tight to his principles as circumstances would allow at a Conference where there could be no decision, without unanimity, which is the fruit of concession. He brought what Europe accepted as the American point of view. This did not fit in with the European method of doing things. It is a matter for illuminating debate as to which is the better. I only point to the consequences. But, assuming that all turns out well—and that we must assume, unless the world is to be plunged into red ruin—I am of the opinion that when the mists of present apprehension float away Mr. Wilson will not regain his personal popularity, but the value of his purpose will be recognized and his sturdiness of attitude will be admitted to have directed the thoughts of European statesmen to a wider international method for settling the inevitable conflicts on earth.

Persons in the Foreground

MONDELL, THE NEW HOUSE LEADER, DEMANDS "SAFETY FIRST" FOR AMERICA

SAFETY first" might appropriately be adopted as its slogan by the Sixty-sixth Congress now in session, and the term has a no more fitting exponent than the new Republican floor leader of the House of Representatives. Frank Wheeler Mondell, of Wyoming, calls himself "a progressive up to the speed limit." As a biographer writes in the *Evening Post Magazine* (New York), we have in this successor to Claude Kitchin "a careful, deliberate, highly experienced man who has a deep sense of the world's entanglement and of the extraordinary ministrations necessary to bridge the period of rehabilitation and reconstruction—

inherent qualities that brought him where he is to-day, backed by a long and continuous record in Congress."

Mondell is a Westerner who, we read, has kept close to the ground. There is no blatancy or hoop-la of the cow-boys in his conversation. He does not speak of the Bad Lands and the Arizona desert as God-forsaken places perpetually appealing to eastern sympathy. The West is to him—well, he worked it and camped in it; he built railroads from hill to mountain and swung bridges over roaring cañons. His companions were the border Mexicans at one construction camp and the hardy pioneers of Missouri and Kansas at another. He worked himself

A Western Statesman Who Promises to Hold a Tight Rein Over Congress

into this from an isolated farm in Iowa and out of it to Congress while yet in the prime of life.

Born in St. Louis fifty-nine years ago, according to the Congressional Directory, his father was a captain in the Union Army who died at the close of the Civil War from wounds received, leaving an orphan son. This son, destined for Congressional honors, drifted into Iowa with some distant relatives when he was six years old, and was finally taken into the family of an itinerant Congregational minister. At eighteen Mondell had amassed enough money to pay his way to Chicago, where he was employed for a length of time in various capacities. The fever "to go west" gripped Mondell and landed him while under voting age in a Colorado railroad construction camp.

"He studied nights around the log fires, and took on a teacher from the engineers on the job wherever possible. He went to night school when he could. For the next eight years he traversed the country in engineering construction work, rising in position steadily until he had acquired experience in all capacities in his line. He began to build bridges such as he had only handled the designs for, and to lay out and superintend the tunnels that had been in his imagination since the beginning. He had risen from mule-skinner to manager, and had gained a personal acquaintance with every western state and with many in the south and north—from New Mexico to Oregon. Few men come out of the West at all to stay, they say, and fewer still without having been stirred by the things of the earth that fill men with the unquenchable thirst for exploration and discovery. The sight of elemental majesty from range to prairie only whets human curiosity for more, for reasons and causes and results. The young engineer had been no exception—it never occurred to him even after his wide travels that he had seen it all. In 1887 he set out for a new and undeveloped section in the northeastern part of Wyoming to do some prospecting for oil and coal. The search was successful, and the prospector settled down for a while, having charge of the development of large coal mine and oil operations. It was while he was acting as manager here that he was elected mayor of the small town of Newcastle, Wyo., which is his home to-day when he is not in Washington."



THE NEW FLOOR LEADER OF CONGRESS IS "A PROGRESSIVE UP TO THE SPEED LIMIT"

Yet there will be no reckless or radical legislation enacted by the Sixty-sixth Congress if Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming can prevent it.

With this political beginning he went to the State Legislature of Wyoming and became president of the Senate. In 1894 he was elected to Congress, and has continued to represent Wyoming in the House ever since, with the single exception of the free-silver year of 1896. In that interim he remained at Washington, however, acting as assistant commissioner in the United States General Land Office of the Department of the Interior.

As a Republican, we are told, he has been for a thoro-going protective tariff and, being a Westerner, has always taken an active interest in land matters—has been, in fact, the author and promoter of much of the land and homestead legislation in Congress dur-

ing the past two decades. River and harbor legislation also has had his support, altho he comes from one of the few states that are not directly benefited or affected by it. During his early terms in Congress he was a member of the Committee on Military Affairs, aiding the passage of the so-called reorganization legislation under Secretary Root, establishing the general staff and enlarging the army. However, in military and naval matters generally he has taken the middle ground between the larger and smaller programs proposed. More recently Representative Mondell has voted for bills restricting immigration, and the indications are that in this session of Congress he will give serious consid-

eration to the immigration question, with a view to moving slowly in opening the gates for foreign influx, especially from southeastern Europe and Russia. Among other things progressive, he has favored the popular election of United States Senators and, when a Senator in Wyoming, he urged the adoption of the direct primary system.

It is not surprising to read that the new House Leader is a great horseback rider, the not such a Wild-West circus-performer as he is made to appear in newspaper caricature. His friends say that he used to be a mighty hunter of big game, but that Congressional duties have weaned him away from that pastime, also.

BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU: THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN GERMANY

AS spokesman for Germany, the impression created at the peace conference by Count Ulrich Karl Christian von Brockdorff-Rantzaus was unfortunate. He revealed in his whole deportment that pride of birth and of caste which has become, the Paris *Débats* says, his second nature. He is in the professional sense a typical product of the old imperial German diplomacy, which he served for years without coming into the first rank. He was consul-general at various capitals of Europe and achieved importance only when sent as minister to the Danish court. He is more a Dane than anything else in origin; but in his mode of life, his outlook upon the world, his manner and his speech, he is the most typical specimen imaginable of the breed beloved by the Wilhelmstrasse in the great days of the former Chancellor Bülow. No one could be better groomed than the Count, who does not look his fifty years and who has managed to escape the pronounced obesity of so many men left over from the ancient days. His figure is described in the *Temps* as supple and his character reflects the trait, for, despite his proud origin and aristocratic connections, he is a radical Socialist in these stormy times, with every prospect of becoming a Chancellor—of wearing Bismarck's shoes and applying the gospel of Karl Marx, as the *Humanité* says. In his attire he is just as impeccable as he looked at the Danish court and he affects a heavy cane, which he swings like a sportsman. He is deferential in manner, with no touch of humility, avers the *Illustration*, and his gravity is not too solemn or owl-like. It is well-bred self-effacement. His face is always pale, except when a flush reveals some

temper, and the features are pronounced and boldly stamped notwithstanding the impression of delicacy conveyed by the countenance as a whole. He suggests, with his carefully combed hair, his little mustache and his creased trousers, to say nothing of the touch of fashion all about him, the elegant Paul Deschanel or the correct Paul Hervieu. The German in him emerges through the strong chin, surmounting the high collar, through the glare of the steely eyes, one of which is larger than the other, both being at times hidden behind large spectacles put on occasionally to read a document or scan a map. His Socialism was rather sudden, but the Count was not called upon before in his career, never distinguished until now, to make a parade of any set of opinions.

Apart from his personal aspect—that of the cosmopolitan dandy—the Count is conspicuous through his cigarettes and his nervousness. He extracts his cigaret with elegance from a silver box. There is something histrionic in his style of striking the match. He inhales the smoke deeply and punctuates his words with exhalations. He looks about him with half-veiled eyelids, leaning elegantly upon that cane. He is distant, polite, sparing of his words, all too obviously a man playing a part but playing it, the *Figaro* concedes, brilliantly. The man is a histrionic genius of the highest order, or the French daily is a flatterer. The nervousness betrays itself through the quiver of the lip, the fury with which he breaks the paper knife on the table silently, the crushing of the slip of paper in the exquisite hand, the tap, tap, tap of the foot upon the floor.

There is a military touch in his deportment, acquired in his youth as an officer of the foot guards, a crack regi-

An Aristocrat Who Talks Bolshevism and Has Pride of Birth and Caste

ment, which he left twenty-five years ago for diplomacy. He attracted no especial attention while going the rounds of the capitals as attaché, secretary, consul. When he had advanced to the relatively inconspicuous post of minister to Denmark, it was alleged against him that he, a Dane by origin, had repudiated his ancestors to become a thoro Prussian. The Brockdorffs, as well as the Rantzaus, notes the *Débats*, belong to the Holstein nobility. The Count's father was a Rantzaus and his mother a Brockdorff. Hence his title, granted by an imperial edict at Kiel in order that he might inherit the estates of Annettehöh in Schleswig. The two families perpetuated by the Count's title rallied to the King of Prussia at the period of the annexation, but the Brockdorffs were of more ancient lineage and the diplomatist destined to head the foreign office at Berlin did not forget that fact. He has not dropped the hereditary distinction nor has he given up the Danish estates, notwithstanding his revolutionary principles. On the other hand, the Rantzaus were great and did much to affect the course of dynastic history in Denmark. They were courtiers about that King whose misadventure provided Shakespeare with his *mélancholy* prince. Another ancestor of Count von Brockdorff-Rantzaus was celebrated as a patron of literature, as a writer on astrology and as a poet. The romanticism which is at the foundation of the Count's character is thus, the French paper reminds us, honestly come by. The French branch of the family stood by Louis XIII. in his dark days. A portrait of his ancestor adorns the very gallery at Versailles in which the present Brockdorff-Rantzaus had to confess the humiliation of his former sovereign and the defeat of his country.

The importance of the Count in the present crisis is ascribed by the *Figaro* to two qualities which he possesses in a supreme degree, first, a rare knowledge of human nature not only in the higher walks of life but in the humbler, and, secondly, a genius for combination, for reconciling all points of view upon a concerted plan of action. He has himself disclaimed an intention to play the part of Talleyrand, but the French dailies suspect that he has studied the career of that great diplomatist to some purpose. For one so accustomed to the life led at great courts in the past, Brockdorff-Rantzau has been a close student of history, of archives, of international law. For some reason not clearly understood, he affects to speak the French language badly when, as a matter of fact, he is notoriously an excellent linguist, his proficiency

extending to Hungarian and the Scandinavian tongues. He took pains at Copenhagen to ingratiate himself with the learned world, to drop in now and then at the sessions of archeological societies, to discuss linguistics with college pundits and to convey the impression that he was an "intellectual." At the same time he kept up his fencing, took long walks, practiced the art of swimming and cultivated athletics generally, even punching bags in the gymnasium. He is thus a strong man physically as well as mentally.

An unexpected trait in the Count is a passion for going to church. He never misses a service when at home, and in his career as a diplomatist he was indefatigable in attending services held in memory of departed sovereigns and statesmen. When Berchtold was at the head of the Ballplatz in Vienna,

according to an anecdote in the *Journal* (Geneva), he was struck by the clarity and exactness with which Brockdorff-Rantzau summarized the sermon, criticized the bearing of the preacher and noted anything heterodox in his drift. The Count was also famed for his accurate impressions of the men he met in his official wanderings, his just estimates of persons like Aehrenthal, Karolyi, Ferdinand of Bulgaria or Goluchowski. Among his few intimates, Brockdorff-Rantzau lays aside his habitual reserve, illustrates his conversations about notables with anecdotes, invariably doing justice to his subject. He is free from all ill nature, says a writer in the *Neue Freie Presse*, a Vienna daily which seems to enjoy his confidence, and he makes it a rule never to accuse anyone of falsehood, no matter what the provocation.

A KANSAS STATESMAN WITH A "DRY" SENSE OF HUMOR

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the editor and publisher of the Topeka (Kansas) *Capital* needed a reporter. An important news story was "breaking" and there was not a man available to cover it. The editor went to the composing-room and asked if any of the printers would volunteer to get the story. A young typesetter lately arrived from a neighboring Kansas town hung his apron over the case and went out to begin a journalistic career that seldom has been equaled in the Middle West or elsewhere. A short time ago the former typesetter, Arthur Capper, was sworn in as United States Senator from Kansas, having been elected by the largest majority ever given a senatorial candidate in that State of which he had just concluded his second term as governor. To-day he not only owns and publishes the newspaper on which he began work as a typesetter, but owns ten other publications with a combined circulation of nearly two millions and giving employment to more than seven hundred people. Approximately one in every ten persons in the United States, states the *National Printer and Journalist*, reads some one or other of the Capper publications which include the *Household Magazine*, *Missouri Valley Farmer*, *Nebraska Farm Journal*, *Missouri Ruralist* and the *Capital*. They circulate not only in and around Kansas but in every State in the Union, with some twenty thousand readers in far-away Maine; one hundred and sixty thousand in California; thirty thousand in Florida; two hundred thousand in Washington and as many in Minnesota; while down in Texas and Oklahoma are nearly seven hundred thousand per-

sons in homes where the Capper papers go.

How has he done it? A life-long acquaintance, reviewing the career of Senator Capper, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is reminded of the man who set out to lift a steer and began by lifting the newly-born calf. Daily he lifted the calf, which was growing steadily, and kept lifting it without noticing the increased weight until he had lifted the two-thousand-pound steer without trouble. Capper, we read, began lifting his publishing business "when it was seven pounds lighter than a straw hat," and now that it has developed into a gigantic institution, he handles it along with his Senatorial duties, "as easily as he did his first little publication whose circulation could be tucked into a bushel basket." Says the writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

The impressive thing about Capper is that he has come along without any fuss, without any horntooting. He grew along with the business—sometimes faster—and now there isn't a detail with which he is not familiar, or any part of it all of which he is not master. Yet he is never in a hurry, never in a fret, never worried, but always calm, happy, imperturbable—but busy. Every man and every woman of the seven hundred who work for him swears by him. Everything he turns out is clean, decent and worth while. And personally he is modest and unassuming, but full of force and energy, tho not a man of imposing presence. His figure is spare. It would be difficult to find a more unassuming man. There is nothing outwardly assertive in his personality. You wouldn't pick him out for the boss of the big publishing house he owns. His most striking physical feature is his eyes, which are those of an idealist, and are the key to his actions. He pays little attention to dress. He doesn't talk much.

Senator Arthur Capper, a Big Editor and Publisher, Promises to Be an Equally Big U. S. Senator

But he has an absorbing interest in the progress and welfare of the people of the West which he is doing so much to promote in his papers. And he is the personal friend of thousands of western boys and girls who have come to know him through the corn clubs, the pig clubs, the flower-raising and gardening clubs, and similar organizations, he is never too busy to plan and finance for them."

As befits a Senator from a pioneer "dry" State, Senator Capper, we are assured, neither drinks, smokes nor swears, but has a "dry" sense of humor. Sometimes "his devoted employees do a bit of swearing for him, but are ashamed to be caught at it by their soft-spoken boss."

It is characteristic of Capper that he seldom gives an order. "If you have room," he will say to his editors, "I should like to have you print this." Or—"I think we should publish this." One day a distinguished visitor to Topeka, on being shown through the big publishing plant by its proprietor, asked incredulously, "Are all these people working for you?"

"Well, yes," replied Capper after some hesitation—then with a chuckle—"I think half of them are." Incidentally, the Capper building is said to be the finest commercial structure in Kansas, and when strangers in Topeka ask who the owner might be, there is no hesitancy, but a world of pity for the questioner, in the reply, "Why, Arthur Capper, of course!"

Since he became Governor in 1911—the first native-born Kansan to hold the office—Capper, we read, has turned over the greater part of his work as a publisher to his employees, with instructions to "employ no one who drinks liquor or gambles," and with these mottoes to be observed: To do

the right thing at the right time in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to be honest and square in all our dealings; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for the love of the work; to recognize no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than from rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.

As to his political creed and record, Senator Capper joined with the Progressives in Kansas when the movement to defeat what was known as the railroad machine began and he has stood steadily for the Kansas idea of state and national government ever since, fighting the Old Guard systematically and effectively. He stands, says the *Post*, for the lowest taxes consistent with public efficiency, for war on all forms of graft with special emphasis on profiteering, for a non-partizan administration of all state institutions, strict regulation of public utilities, fair and equitable transportation rates, reasonable supervision of corporations and for the enforcement of the laws—especially the liquor laws. The government, he states in *Reconstruction*, should "have the power to put a fair limit on profits, and, if necessary, to take any business, or the branch house of any business vital to the people, out of unworthy hands and put it in charge of better and more conscientious business men. . . . The gambler who, by his manipulations, contributes to the increased cost of foodstuffs and other necessities to the consumer, is a criminal and should be dealt with as we deal with other criminals."

Senator Capper is a tireless advocate of nation-wide prohibition and is credited with having in a single speech



A FRIEND OF PROHIBITION AND FOE OF PROFITEERS
Senator Capper, of Kansas, is also an original Progressive and owns eleven publications which he edits on the side.

done more than any other one thing to make a prohibition State of Nebraska. Kansas knows him as perhaps the best Governor it ever had and believes he

will be an equally good Senator. It is just beginning to realize that he has been its most useful citizen. It hasn't yet discovered that he is a genius.

A COMING YOUTH: THE PRINCE OF WALES

CANADA will make the impending visit of the Prince of Wales to the Dominion a glorification of "the victory," and if, as is intimated, the heir to the British throne intends to run down to Washington for a day or two at the White House he will merely renew impressions of men already familiar to him. He is twenty-five and unmarried, altho vague reports of his engagement are put about. He may be summed up as the average son of an English country gentleman. At least, that is the idea of him disseminated in all the character sketches in London gazets. He was educated with an eye to the production of a normal Briton, neither very clever nor very well informed,

and with no touch of genius whatever. If he were to produce a great sonnet there would be uneasiness in the mind of the British public, and if he turned out a wit there would be genuine regret.

If we ask what the British know about their future ruler, the answer must be that they know very little, says the London *Times*, "that they like what they know and that they like there being no more to know." He is, it says, very shy. The British are themselves a shy people, who like shyness in the form of it that means modesty, consideration for others and a touch of wholesome reserve. Hence, says our contemporary, Englishmen like the simple shyness of this youth with the open

countenance and the steady, rather dreamy eyes.

The childhood of this Prince of Wales, who was born twenty-five years ago at White Lodge, Sheen, is unknown to the newspapers. At the age of thirteen he went, "like any other gentleman's son," to Osborne, and then, when he was not quite fifteen, to Dartmouth, where it is recorded that he caught the measles. He was rated a midshipman on his father's coronation day and a few weeks later was appointed to the *Hindustan*. Two years before the outbreak of the war he went to Paris and there, in the household of the Marquis de Breteuil, he was not Prince of Wales at all, but the Earl of Chester, a young English nobleman,

Personal Impressions of a Royalty Who May Be With Us Soon

studying not only French but France. The French, with their tact, understood the case as they had understood the visits of the Prince's grandfather to Paris. They respectfully ignored the heir to the throne of Great Britain.

Then, to follow the chronicle of the London *Times*, came Oxford. There he was at Magdalen, but not in the secluded pomp that was arranged for King Edward in the same situation. The present Prince of Wales led the life of an ordinary undergraduate—"with a tutor and an equerry somewhere in the background." The Prince attended the ordinary lectures, wore the ordinary gown, joined in the ordinary sports, entertained his friends in the ordinary way. In the training corps he performed the duties of an ordinary private. The *Times* even records that one college resented with buckets of water the impertinence of a crowd that gathered about her gates to see the Prince on his way to a lecture.

He worked very nearly as hard as did the average undergraduate—that is, three hours a day. The Prince did not go to Oxford, explains the London *News*, to work. He was there for the same reason that hundreds of young Englishmen were there—to learn something of men and things and to enjoy himself. He went to a few lectures on history and political economy and other subjects and he wrote an essay for the president of the college every week and he worked a little in his room on modern languages, including Russian. As soon as the morning was over and his three hours were done, he was free to enjoy himself in the manner of the ordinary undergraduate. Perhaps a game of golf had been arranged. The car would be waiting outside at two and the Prince would drive his opponent up to the links. Perhaps he would be playing in a football match—not in the first eleven, for he was not good enough for that, but in the second eleven, for which he was just good enough. There was hunting, too, with the south Oxfordshire, or beagling—the Prince is a good runner—or perhaps Magdalen was doing something on the river and then the Prince would run along the bank. Afterwards came tea with other undergraduates in his rooms, remarkable chiefly for the windows being curtained, and later visits to his friends, or a cigaret with a casual caller, followed by dinner in hall, and coffee or something else somewhere or perhaps the theater. It will be seen that no such elaboration of training was attempted as made the youth of the late Edward VII. one long martyrdom. The Prince of Wales whom we know got little learning, but his business was to find out what men are like. His aim is to familiarize himself with the workings of human nature. He had difficulty in getting

his B.A., and tradition says that he came away without it at last. He was not shown how to write Latin verse and in Greek he got as far as the first six books of Homer only. He was treated with no special respect. If he left his seat between the acts at a play, it would promptly be taken by some other person in the audience. He took his turn at everything and had pot luck only.

Precisely the same attitude was adopted towards the Prince of Wales when, at the outbreak of war, he went to France with his regiment, ranking as a lieutenant. He had to pass a preliminary period of training in the guards, and the late Lord Kitchener noted, with unsparing judgment, that Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, pos-

sessed "the qualifications of an intelligent and loyal officer," but "is not apparently equipped by temperament or abilities for sole responsibility in the field." That put an end to any hope that he might get the command of a division, but the Prince was a familiar figure in the trenches for a whole spring; he served as a messenger bearing despatches, and he was most unromantically wounded slightly in the arm by a flying splinter miles behind the firing-line. Nothing was done to push him forward or to get him conspicuously before the public, the photographs of the period revealing him in a lieutenant's uniform that had no mercy upon his slim form and somewhat lank features. He had trouble with his gas mask once near Amiens and was sick for a day in consequence. Now and then in some soldier's letter, says the London *News*, the public got glimpses of the lithe young figure of the Prince moving unconcerned among the watchers in the front line trenches. He often gave a lift in his car to an unsuspecting private. He was unable to pass one examination for a higher grade and he was rejected as a candidate for a commission in the flying service. Indeed, he had to wait for some weeks before being gazetted to Sir John French's staff. He got no promotion from Sir Douglas Haig because, as was candidly explained, the Prince lacks the faculty for passing examinations with brilliance.

The personality of the Prince of Wales is, thus, difficult to sketch because, as the London *News* says, he has no pronounced individuality. He is an amiable, spirited and very normal young man, with no ideas of originality and few "views." He talks of the small things and he has a liking for the genial, light side of existence, involving no mental exertion. He is free from eccentricity and his outlook resembles that of the average Englishman. He enjoys a laugh. He is without the thing called by the English "side," which seems to mean airs. He is not in the least inclined to be serious even if he is shy. He has shown that his friendships are not affected by social position. His taste in reading is admittedly bad, for he prefers trashy fiction to the masterpieces of literature and his favorite poetical compositions are doggerel. He is quoted as having said while at Oxford that poetry gives him a headache—even Shakespeare's.

Those who know the Prince of Wales predict that he will have a social career exclusively, like that of his grandfather. He has a remarkably sound instinct for people who are nice, who have social gifts, who can devise methods for passing the time agreeably.



A REMARKABLY SHY YOUTH

The Prince of Wales, here shown in the attire he affects on the London streets, is not at all demonstrative, is inclined to silence and shows no traits that could be called terrible or extraordinary.

MUSIC and DRAMA

"JOHN FERGUSON"—AN IMPRESSIVE TRAGEDY OF IRONICAL CHANCE

WITH its second offering, the newly organized Theater Guild of New York achieved one of the finest and most impressive productions of the New York dramatic season which has just come to a close. Sincerity, intensity and simplicity are the informing characteristics of St. John G. Ervine's tragedy of Irish life, "John Ferguson."* The performance at the Garrick Theater by the young idealists of the theater was given in this same spirit. Originally announced for a run of one week, the play made so deep an impression upon the discriminating public, even at the fag-end of the season, that its run was extended indefinitely.

The scene of this tragedy, in which chance, irony and character portrayal are so skilfully mixed with intimate realism, is placed in North Ireland among the Protestant peasantry. The time is the 1880's. The place is the kitchen of John Ferguson's farmhouse. Beginning with what at first seems a hackneyed theatrical theme—the foreclosure of the mortgage on the farm by the hard-hearted Henry Witherow, the play leads us swiftly into Sophoclean irony. The struggle of old John Ferguson is the struggle of Job. "Man is still the victim of blind chance," writes the *Nation* reviewer of this play, "his salvation is not God but himself—this is the simple humanistic belief to which Hannah and Andrew are driven beneath the stinging blows of life."

The first act takes place one afternoon in late summer. In the kitchen we find John Ferguson and his wife Sarah, waiting for their children—Hannah, a beautiful girl of 20, and Andrew, a lad of 19. Witherow is to foreclose the mortgage. He is ruthless and cruel. The Fergusons are awaiting a letter from a brother and uncle in America, containing the amount necessary to pay off the mortgage. But the postman passes without bringing it to them.

John Ferguson, who is devoutly religious, seeks consolation in the Bible.

* *JOHN FERGUSON*. A Play in Four Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. New York. The Macmillan Company.

"I can't see God's purpose," he declares, "but I know well there is one. His hand never makes a mistake." When Hannah protests he further elucidates his conviction:

JOHN FERGUSON. Daughter, dear, you're a young slip of a girl, or you'd never talk that way. (*Sternly*) Do you think God doesn't know how to look after His own world? Everything that happens is made to happen, and everything in the world, the commonest wee fly in the bushes before the door there, has a purpose and a meaning. There's things hid from you and me because we're not fit to know them, but the more we fill ourselves with the glory of God, the better we get to understand the world. It's people that's full of sin, Hannah, that can't see or understand. That's sin—not knowing or understanding! Ignorance is sin. Keeping your mind shut is sin. Not letting the sun and the air and the warmth of God into your heart—that's sin, Hannah!

The postman failing them, the only other hope for the salvation of the farm and the family lies in Jimmy Caesar, a mean-looking but prosperous man, who is in love with Hannah. But he is a weakling, with his own

The Theater Guild Proves that Sincerity and Dignity are Worth While in the Theater

petty and selfish passions. He will help them out of their difficulties only if Hannah consents to marry him. The girl decides to do this—seeing no other way out. Hearing of this proposed sacrifice, her younger brother Andrew declares that she is not marrying James Caesar for her own sake but theirs. As they are discussing the problem, the girl returns from an unpleasant encounter with her fiancé, "Clutie" John, a half-wit vagabond, who has been given refuge in the home of the Fergusons, also adds to the dramatic effect. The first act ends:

JOHN FERGUSON. Do you not want to marry Jimmy?

HANNAH FERGUSON. (*Sobbing anew*) I can't thole him, da! . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. Very well, daughter! That'll be all right! Don't annoy yourself no more about him, dear. It'll be all right.

HANNAH FERGUSON. I tried hard to want him, da, but I couldn't, and when he bid me good-night and tried to kiss me out in the "loanie," I near died! . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. I know, daughter.

SARAH FERGUSON. (*Starting up in fear and anger*) But you promised him, Han-



WHEN THE MAIL WAS LATE

Helen Westley, Rollo Peters, and Dudley Digges play the parts of Sarah Ferguson, the mother; Andrew, her son; and James Caesar, the cowardly sweetheart of the daughter, in St. John G. Ervine's ironical tragedy of chance, produced by the new Theater Guild.

nah! John, you're never going to let her break her word to the man? . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. Wheesht, woman!

SARAH FERGUSON. (To her son.) Andrew! . . . (She sees that Andrew's sympathies are with Hannah.) Hannah, think shame of yourself!

HANNAH FERGUSON. I can't take him, ma, I can't!

SARAH FERGUSON. Do you want to see your da turned out of the home he was born in, and him old and sick and not able to help himself?

JOHN FERGUSON. (Angrily.) Quit it, woman, when I tell you!

SARAH FERGUSON. What's wrong with the man that she won't take him? There isn't a decent, quieter fellow in the place, and him never took drink nor played devil's cards in his life. There's plenty of girls would give the two eyes out of their head to have the chance of him. Martha McClurg and Ann Close and Maggie McConkey, the whole lot of them, would jump with joy if he was to give a word to them (she turns on Hannah), and what call have you to be setting yourself up when a decent, quiet man offers for you, and you knowing all that depends on it?

ANDREW FERGUSON. Ma, that's no way to talk to her!

SARAH FERGUSON. I'll say what I want to say.

ANDREW FERGUSON. You'll say no more. If I hear you speaking another word to her like that, I'll walk out of the door and never come back again.

SARAH FERGUSON. (Sitting down and weeping helplessly.) Oh, you're all again' me, your da and Hannah and you! I'll have to quit the house I was brought to when I was a young girl, and mebbe live in a wee house in the town or go into the Union!

JOHN FERGUSON. (Putting Hannah into his chair.) Sit down, daughter, and quieten yourself. (To his wife.) If we have to go into the Poorhouse, Sarah, we'll have to go. (To his son.) Put on your top-coat, Andrew, and go up to Witherow's and tell him he can take the farm . . .

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Recovering herself slightly.) No, da, no. I'm all right again. I'll marry Jimmy! I'm ashamed of the way I went on just now. My ma was right. It was just the upset that made me like it.

SARAH FERGUSON. Ay, daughter, that was it.

JOHN FERGUSON. Wheesht, Sarah. Go on, Andrew.

ANDREW FERGUSON. All right, da.

SARAH FERGUSON. (Angrily.) Let her go herself and finish her work! The lad's wore out with tiredness . . .

ANDREW FERGUSON. I'm not that tired, ma.

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Firmly.) I'll go, Andrew. It'll quieten me down to have the walk. (To her father.) Jimmy doesn't know yet, da. I didn't tell him, and he's coming up here the night after he shuts his shop. Mebbe you'll tell him before I come back? . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. All right, daughter, I will. (To Andrew.) Hannah'll go, Andrew. She doesn't want to be here when Jimmy comes. (To Hannah.) Put a

shawl over your head, daughter, and wrap yourself well from the night-air.

HANNAH FERGUSON. Ay, da! (She goes upstairs to make herself ready to go out. "Clutie" John makes a faint sound on his whistle.)

JOHN FERGUSON. Ah, are you still there? "Clutie" John? I'd near forgot about you.

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Will I play "Willie Reilly and his Colleen Bawn" to you?

JOHN FERGUSON. No, boy, not the night. Just keep quiet there in the heat of the fire.

"CLUTIE" JOHN. It's a brave warm fire. It's well to be them that has a good fire whenever they want it.

(Hannah, wearing a shawl over her head, comes down-stairs and goes across the kitchen to the door.)

JOHN FERGUSON. You'll not be long, Hannah?

HANNAH FERGUSON. No, da. (She opens the door and goes out, closing it behind her.)

JOHN FERGUSON. I wonder will Witherow let the farm to some one else or will he till it himself?

ANDREW FERGUSON. He'll mebbe till it himself.

SARAH FERGUSON. I'd better be laying the supper for you all. Is "Clutie" John to have his here?

JOHN FERGUSON. Ay, let him have a bite to eat. We'll mebbe not be able to. . . (He breaks off suddenly and turns to his son.) Light the lamp, Andrew, and draw the blinds. (He seats himself again in his chair.)

ANDREW FERGUSON. Draw the blinds, "Clutie." (He lights the lamp while "Clutie" draws the blinds and Mrs. Ferguson lays the table for supper.)

ANDREW FERGUSON. I wonder what time Jimmy'll come.

JOHN FERGUSON. I hope he'll come soon so that he won't be here when Hannah comes back.

ANDREW FERGUSON. Ay. Will I set the lamp near your elbow, da?

JOHN FERGUSON. Ay, son, and reach the Bible to me, if you please. (Andrew hands the Bible to him.) Thank you, son.

The second act plunges us almost immediately into the tragic atmosphere. As the Fergusons are finishing their supper, Hannah returns in a state of terrible agitation. She pauses wildly for a moment, glancing around the room for a moment without seeing anything. Then she goes quickly to her father and throws herself against his knees. For a time she is unable to tell what has happened to her. Then her lover, James Caesar, surmises that Henry Witherow has done her some harm. Finally Hannah brings herself to tell.

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Making an effort to control herself, now and then she speaks brokenly.) I went up to Witherow's farm, the way you told me, and there were two people waiting to talk to him.

JOHN FERGUSON. Ay.

HANNAH FERGUSON. He kept me waiting till after he had done with them. I told him we couldn't pay the money and

he was to foreclose, and then he began laughing at me and making a mock of . . . of Jimmy . . . (She looks up and sees Caesar and hesitates to finish her sentence.)

JAMES CAESAR. Was it me he made a mock of? (To John Ferguson.) Ah, didn't I tell you what he would do? Didn't I, now? (He turns to the others.) Didn't I, Mrs. Ferguson? . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. Go on, daughter!

HANNAH FERGUSON. He said he supposed it couldn't be helped, and I was just coming away when he said he would walk the length of the "loanie" with me, and I waited for him. (Her voice grows feeble.) We were walking along, talking about one thing and another . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. (Nervously.) Ay, ay, ay!

HANNAH FERGUSON. And he began telling me what a fine girl I am, and wishing he could kiss me! . . .

JAMES CAESAR. God starve him!

HANNAH FERGUSON. And then he tried to kiss me, but I wouldn't let him. We were going over Musgrave's meadow together, and all of a sudden he put his arms round me and threw me down! . . . Oh, da, da! (Her grief overcomes her again, and she buries her head against his breast and is unable to speak further.)

JAMES CAESAR. What did she say, John? What was it she said?

JOHN FERGUSON. (Brokenly.) I can't speak, Jimmy—I can't speak. Hannah, dear! (He tries to comfort her.)

JAMES CAESAR. Did he wrong her? That's what I want to know?

SARAH FERGUSON. Oh, will we never have comfort in the world! John, does she mean that he harmed her . . . harmed her? (Wildly to the others.) One of you do something! Andrew! Jimmy!!

JAMES CAESAR. I've swore many's a time to have his life and never done it. I was a poor, trembling creature, but I'll tremble no more! (He goes to the door.) Good-night to you all!

JOHN FERGUSON. Where are you going, Jimmy?

JAMES CAESAR. I'm going—somewhere!

JOHN FERGUSON. Sit down, Jimmy . . .

JAMES CAESAR. It's no good you talking to me, John! (He opens the door violently and goes out.)

Andrew Ferguson is satisfied with Caesar's action. But John Ferguson, infirm and ill, asks Andrew to stop Johnny from committing murder. He explains his attitude:

JOHN FERGUSON. That's not the spirit that lives now, son! That's the spirit that was destroyed on the Cross. If a man does an injury to you, and you injure him back, you're as bad as he is. You have your own work to do in the world, and you must leave God to do His; it's His work to judge, not ours! (His utterance exhausts him a little, and he staggers back into his chair. His voice changes to a pleading note.) Ah, Andrew, son, don't never talk that way again! I meant you for the ministry, to teach people how to live for God! You can't go into the ministry now, son, but you can teach people just the same. Just the same! I would



Photo by Bruguière

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

In the rôle of Hannah Ferguson, Helen Freeman is said to offer one of the finest bits of emotional acting seen on the New York stage in several seasons. When Hannah returns to the farm of her father (played by Augustin Duncan) as the victim of Fate's blindness and a man's bestiality, Miss Freeman brilliantly depicts the hysteria of the young girl.

rather you were dead nor hear you speak about Jimmy Caesar the way you're doing. . . . (He gets up from his chair and goes to his son, taking him by the shoulder.) Will you not go out and look for him, son? He has suffered enough, poor man, without him damning his soul!

But Andrew refuses to go out after Jimmy Caesar. John Ferguson is forced himself to go. "Clutie" John, in whose madness there is no little method, and whose intuitions are keen, brings young Andrew to see that Caesar is a true coward, that he can never bring himself to wreak his revenge upon Witherow. The second act ends with Andrew's realization that he himself must avenge the wrong done to Hannah:

"CLUTIE" JOHN. And telling people about it! Ay, telling people about it! You can see him with his great jaw hanging down and him roaring with laughter and telling them all in Jefferson's public-house on the fair-day!

ANDREW FERGUSON. Ay, indeed, that's what he'd do!

"CLUTIE" JOHN. That's what he done over the head of Martha Foley that had the child to him. Didn't I hear him myself, telling them all about it, and them splitting their sides and calling him the great lad and the gallous boy and the terrible man for women? . . . And ther mebbe him to be telling them how your da, that's near his death, went out to try and stop Jimmy from killing him, and all the while your da was tumbling over the dark fields Jimmy was lying trembling with fright in his bed, afraid to move . . .

ANDREW FERGUSON. He'd never be

such a collie as that, "Clutie." He couldn't for shame.

"CLUTIE" JOHN. (Coming nearer to him.) If I was Hannah's brother I'd make sure!

ANDREW FERGUSON. Make sure! What do you mean?

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Ah, what do I mean? Sure I don't know what I'm saying half my time! I'm all throughther. I don't know what I mean, Andrew; I don't know. God reward you, and I'll bid you good-night. I'll go up to the loft and play a while to myself. Sure, I'll disturb no one there but the cows mebbe in the byre, and God knows the poor beasts'll not complain if a poor fellow like myself has a small diversion. And when I lie down and stretch myself in the hay, I can be thinking, mebbe Jimmy Caesar is lying in a fine warm bed, and be pitying your da that's out looking for him, and be cursing Henry Witherow that's mebbe laughing now and making up great stories to be telling on the fair-day . . .

ANDREW FERGUSON. Are you trying to drive me demented?

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Wheesht, wheesht! (Mrs. Ferguson comes down the stairs.)

SARAH FERGUSON. Will you not keep quiet, the pair of you? I'm trying hard to get Hannah asleep, but the clatter you're making would wake the dead! Is your da not back yet, Andrew?

ANDREW FERGUSON. No, ma, not yet!

SARAH FERGUSON. (Picking up Jimmy Caesar's coat.) Dear bless us, Jimmy left his coat behind him. He'll be sure to get his death of cold, for he always had a delicate chest. (She puts the coat aside.) I wish you'd go and find you da, Andrew, and bring him home. It's no time of the night for him to be wandering about in

the cold air. Hannah'll never rest without him near her. Will you not go now and find him, son?

ANDREW FERGUSON. All right, ma!

SARAH FERGUSON. That's a good son. Tell him to come home as quick as he can. "Clutie" John'll stay here while you look for him. (She listens for a moment.) That's Hannah crying again! I can't leave her for a minute but she begins lamenting . . . (She goes hurriedly up-stairs again. Andrew goes to the door and looks out. He is followed by "Clutie" John.)

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Look, Andrew, there's a light in Witherow's window. Do you see it over there on the side of the hill? It shines down the valley a long way. Do you see it, Andrew?

ANDREW FERGUSON. Ay.

"CLUTIE" JOHN. It doesn't look as if Jimmy'd got there, does it? The light's still shining.

ANDREW FERGUSON. He might be there for all that.

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Mebbe! Ay, mebbe! Well, I'll away on now to my bed. The night's turned sharp, and I feel tired and sleepy. (He stands in the doorway, gazing up at the sky.) There's a lot of wee stars out the night, Andrew, but no moon.

ANDREW FERGUSON. Ay.

"CLUTIE" JOHN. I oftentimes think it must be quare and lonely up in the sky. Good-night to you, Andrew!

ANDREW FERGUSON. Good-night, "Clutie." (Clutie John goes out. Andrew Ferguson stands still, watching the light in Witherow's window. Then a great anger goes over him. He mutters something to himself, and turns suddenly into the kitchen. He takes down the gun and,

after examining it to see if it is loaded, he goes out.)

Early in the morning, the next day, James Caesar returns to the Ferguson farm. His assurance is completely gone and with it some of his look of meanness. He has to confess that he has been too cowardly to kill Henry Witherow. Nevertheless he still wishes to marry Hannah. The girl turns away from him in disgust, when "Clutie" John, the half-wit, arrives with the news that Witherow has been killed. Suspicion has of course been turned toward Caesar:

"CLUTIE" JOHN. He's dead, Mr. Ferguson!

JOHN FERGUSON. Dead!

SARAH FERGUSON. Who's dead?

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Henry Witherow!

JOHN FERGUSON. My God!

"CLUTIE" JOHN. He was found this morning in the farmyard shot through the heart.

JOHN FERGUSON. Shot!

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Ay, shot he was! The peelers is up at the farm now. Sergeant Kernaghan and two constables is there . . .

SARAH FERGUSON. Aw, it's not true, it's not true! The poor creature's demented and doesn't know what he's saying!

HANNAH FERGUSON. "Clutie," are you sure? . . .

"CLUTIE" JOHN. Ay, Hannah, I am. Certain sure! (To Mrs. Ferguson.) It is true. It is indeed, and 'deed and doubles! I wouldn't tell you a lie for the world. I saw his corpse myself, stretched out in the yard. It was quare to think of him lying there, and me could hit him if I liked and him couldn't hit back!

JAMES CAESAR. But . . . but who killed him? (John Ferguson turns to look at him, and James Caesar sees accusation in his eyes.) I didn't do it, John! It wasn't me that killed him! I swear to God it wasn't me! I'll take my oath on the Bible! . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. Jimmy! . . .

JAMES CAESAR. I tell you I didn't do it. How do you know he's dead? You only have "Clutie's" word for it, and you know rightly he's away in the mind!

HANNAH FERGUSON. Oh, he's dead, thank God, he's dead!

JAMES CAESAR. (Turning to her.) It's mebbe not true, Hannah . . .

"CLUTIE" JOHN. It's as true as death, Hannah! I tell you I saw him myself, and the peelers were asking a wheen of questions . . .

JAMES CAESAR. (In a panic.) Did they ask anything about me, "Clutie"? (He does not wait for an answer, but sitting down at the table buries his face in his hands.) Oh, my God, they'll be blaming me for it, and I never did it at all! (He gets up and goes to John Ferguson, plucking his arm.) John, listen to me! You know the sort I am, don't you? You know rightly I couldn't have done it myself! I came here this morning and told you I was afraid to do it! Oh, my God, won't you believe me?

HANNAH FERGUSON. Jimmy!

JAMES CAESAR. (Miserably.) Ay, Hannah.

HANNAH FERGUSON. Don't deny it if you did it.

JAMES CAESAR. I wouldn't deny it! (He goes to Hannah.) Hannah, make your da believe me! Tell him you don't think I did it. You don't, do you?

HANNAH FERGUSON. You say you didn't, Jimmy!

JAMES CAESAR. But you think I did do it! I know you do! I can see it in your eyes!

HANNAH FERGUSON. I'd be proud if you had done it, Jimmy!

JIMMY CAESAR. (Miserably.) Every one 'll think I did it, the peelers and every one!

Sergeant Kernaghan and the constables come to the farm to arrest Jimmy Caesar. The crowd surges around them as he is led away. Hannah closes the door behind them and sits down on the sofa beside her mother, who is weeping. Andrew stands staring in front of him, gazing after the crowd retreating down the lane. But he gives no sign of telling what he knows about the death of Henry Witherow.

The last act takes place a fortnight later. John Ferguson has grown feebler in the meantime, but even more deeply religious. We learn that Jimmy Caesar has not yet been cleared of the charge of murder.

And then the letter arrives from America — that long-expected letter, containing the money order to pay the mortgage. Sarah Ferguson holds the order in her fingers and gazes stupidly at it for a few moments. They are all silent for a while:

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Bitterly.) God's late, da!

JOHN FERGUSON. (Feeling the blow to his faith.) Don't, daughter, don't!

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Getting up and going to the window.) Oh, it's wicked, it's wicked!

SARAH FERGUSON. If it had only come by the last mail!

JOHN FERGUSON. There must be some meaning in it. There must be! God doesn't make mistakes.

SARAH FERGUSON. Will I read the letter to you, John? —

JOHN FERGUSON. Ay! Ay, do!

SARAH FERGUSON. (Sitting down at the table.) There's not much in it. (She peers at the letter.) I can't understand his writing without my specs!

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Coming to her and taking the letter from her.) I'll read it, ma! (She, too, sits down at the table, and she reads the letter aloud.) "Dear Brother, I received your letter safe, and am sorry to hear about your trouble, but am glad to see that you are better in yourself and that Sarah and Andrew and Hannah are keeping their health as I am, too, thank God. It is a great deal of money to send, and I have had a lot of bother to raise it, but I could not let the farm go out of the family without making an effort, so I send the money to you with this letter. If I am well-spared I will mebbe come home and see you all. I am getting tired of America. It is no place for an old man that wasn't born here. Remember me to all my friends

and acquaintances, and with my best love and respect to all at home, I am, your affectionate brother, Andrew. P. S.—Write soon." (She turns the letter over.) There's a piece on the other side. "P. S.—I am sorry I missed the mail yesterday. I made a mistake in the day, but I daresay this will reach you in time.—Andrew." (She puts the letter down. They sit in silence. Then Hannah begins to laugh hysterically.)

HANNAH FERGUSON. Isn't it quare and funny, da? Isn't it funny? . . .

SARAH FERGUSON. (Going to her and shaking her.) Hannah, Hannah, for dear sake, control yourself!

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Lapsing from laughter to tears.) Where's the right in it, da? Where's the right in it? It's not just! It's not fair!

SARAH FERGUSON. Ah, quit, Hannah!

HANNAH FERGUSON. There would have been none of this if he hadn't forgotten the right day, none of it. . . . Oh, da, da! (Andrew Ferguson enters.)

ANDREW FERGUSON. Is anything the matter?

HANNAH FERGUSON. No, no, Andrew! Nothing's the matter! Nothing! Your uncle Andrew forgot the mail-day, that's all! . . .

ANDREW FERGUSON. (To his father.) What's up, da?

JOHN FERGUSON. (Feebly.) It's . . . it's your uncle . . . (He becomes incoherent.)

SARAH FERGUSON. Your uncle Andrew's sent the money to pay the mortgage, son. He forgot the mail-day, and just missed it. If he hadn't forgot, the money would have been here before . . . before Jimmy killed Witherow!

HANNAH FERGUSON. Ay! Ay! Before Jimmy killed Witherow! And then my da says it was all planned! . . .

ANDREW FERGUSON. (With a queer wrinkled smile on his face, as he takes up the letter and fingers it.) Huh! Uncle Andrew never had a good memory, had he? (No one speaks.) Well, the farm's safe, anyway.

HANNAH FERGUSON. Ay, the farm's safe!

JOHN FERGUSON. We can't understand everything. It's no good trying to puzzle it all out. We must just have faith . . . that's all! Just have faith!

HANNAH FERGUSON. One man's dead and another's in jail in danger of his life because my uncle Andrew forgot the mail-day. . . .

Then, to the amazement of his father and mother, Andrew Ferguson confesses that he slew Witherow:

JOHN FERGUSON. (Releasing his grip and staggering back a little.) Oh, my God, my God!

SARAH FERGUSON. It's not true, John, it's not true. The poor lad's mind is turned with trouble.

ANDREW FERGUSON. It is true. I knew that Jimmy wouldn't kill him, so I made up my mind I'd kill him myself. . . .

JOHN FERGUSON. (Wildly.) Quit, quit, quit! I must think . . . I must think! (He goes back to his chair and sinks into it. As he does so, his hand touches his Bible. He pushes it away from him.)

HANNAH FERGUSON. (Going to her

brother and putting her arms about him.) Andrew, dear!

ANDREW FERGUSON. I'm not sorry I killed him, Hannah!

HANNAH FERGUSON. No, Andrew, I know you're not.

ANDREW FERGUSON. But I'm ashamed to think I let Jimmy bear the blame for it. That's as bad as him hiding under the whin-bush when he should have been killing Witherow himself. It's been on my mind ever since the peelers took him up. That's the only thing that disturbs me. I lie awake at night, and I say to myself, "You took Jimmy's place of your own free will, but you made him take your place against his will!" Mind you, I felt no more remorse when I killed Witherow nor a terrier feels when it kills a rat.

HANNAH FERGUSON. No, Andrew, why would you?

ANDREW FERGUSON. I went up to his farm, and when I got there the dog began to bark, and Witherow came to the door. "Is that you, Jimmy Caesar?" he shouted. "Have you come to kill me?" He let a big coarse laugh out of him when he said that, and I could feel my heart jumping mad inside me. "It's not Jimmy Caesar!" I shouted back at him; "it's me!" I could see him straining to look at me, and his features was puzzled. Then I put my gun up to my shoulder, and I took aim at him. "Away home out of that!" he shouted. And then I pulled the trigger, and he let a yell out of him and fell in a lump on the ground. The dog was barking and straining at its chain...

HANNAH FERGUSON. Poor beast!

ANDREW FERGUSON. But I didn't mind that. I shouted at it to lie down, and then I come straight home. I mind when I was half-way home, I said to myself, "Mebbe you've not killed him," and I was near turning back to make sure. But I just didn't... There was no one in the kitchen when I come in, and I put the gun back where I found it, and no one knew... except me. It never entered no one's mind that it was me killed him. I was safe enough, and at first I didn't care whether Jimmy got hung or not. I said to myself it would serve him right

if he was hung for being a collie. And then I tried to comfort myself by saying he wouldn't be hung at all when the people knew the way he'd been provoked. But it wasn't any good. I got more and more ashamed, and I couldn't sit still in the house with you all, and my da saying Jimmy ought to confess. I couldn't rest nowhere. The only consolation I had was to go into the fields and listen to "Clutie" playing his whistle. He knew it was me done it for all he didn't say anything...

Andrew decides to give himself up as the slayer of Witherow. He asks Hannah to go along to the barracks with him. "I'll... I'll mebbe see you again... some day!" murmurs the boy as he leaves the house. The father does not reply. Hannah opens the door and Andrew goes out. The play ends:

HANNAH FERGUSON. (To her father.) I'll be back as soon as I can, da! (She goes out, closing the door behind her. The sound rouses Mrs. Ferguson, who sits up and gazes dazedly about her.)

SARAH FERGUSON. Where are they? They're not gone?

JOHN FERGUSON. Ay, they've gone. Sit down, wife.

SARAH FERGUSON. Oh, why did you let them go? I can't let him go, John, I can't let him go!

JOHN FERGUSON. You must, Sarah. God has some purpose with us, and there's no use in holding out against God, for He knows, and we don't.

SARAH FERGUSON. I won't let him go! (She goes to the door and opens it.) I'll bring him back! (She goes out, shouting "Andrew! Andrew!" and leaves the door open. John Ferguson sits brooding before the fire for a few moments. Then he gets up, moving feebly, and goes across the room and shuts the door. When he has done so he stands for a moment or two gazing helplessly about the room. Then he goes back to his seat. As he sits down, his hand comes in contact with the open Bible. Almost mechanically he picks it up and begins to read where he left off when the Act began. His lips move as he reads to himself. Then he slowly reads aloud.)

JOHN FERGUSON. "And the king said

unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? . . ." (The door opens, and Mrs. Ferguson, weeping, enters.)

SARAH FERGUSON. They've gone! They wouldn't come back! It's not right to be sending him away like that! He's my only son, and I'm an old woman. You had no call to be sending him away.

JOHN FERGUSON. Isn't he the only son I have too? Is it any easier for a father to give up his son nor it is for a mother? Has a man no pride in his child, and no grief when it dies or does wrong? Is it women only that can feel hurt? Woman, woman, your sorrow is no more nor mine, and mine is no more nor yours. We're just stricken together. Come here, Sarah! (She comes to him.) Sit down, woman, here by the side of me, and give me a hold of your hand. (She sits down on the stool beside him.) We've been married a long while, Sarah, and shared our good fortune and our bad. We've had our pride and our humiliation. God's been good to us and He's been bitter hard. But whatever it was we've bore it together, haven't we?

SARAH FERGUSON. Ay, John.

JOHN FERGUSON. And we'll bear this together too, woman, won't we?

SARAH FERGUSON. It's a hard thing for any one to bear. Your own son to be taken from you...

JOHN FERGUSON. Ay, wife, it is, but we must just bear it, for God knows better nor we do what's right to be done. (He takes up the Bible again.) Listen to God's Word, Sarah, and that'll strengthen you. (He continues his reading.) "And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went (his voice begins to break as he reads the following passages), thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son... my son." (His voice ends in a sob. The Bible falls from his hands on to his lap. He sits staring into the fire. There is a low moan from his wife.)

LAUGHTER AND COLOR IN THE NEW ITALIAN DRAMA

LAUGHTER seems to have usurped the dominant place in the new Italian drama that is springing into life since the war. The somber poetic plays of D'Annunzio and Sem Benelli have been forced, for the time being at least, into the background. The problem plays of Bracco and Butti and Giacosa do not appeal these days as much as the production of the new *teatro grotesco*. There is even in Italy at the present moment a rising popularity for the plays of Bernard Shaw, as alien in spirit to the Latin temperament as that Puritan playwright is. But the laughter of the newer Italian comedies would

not appeal to Anglo-Saxon audiences, as the recent production in New York of Lopez's "Il Terzo Marito" ("Three for Diana") adequately demonstrated. This new laughter includes subtleties that are perhaps too intellectual or cerebral for us.

One writer finds it strange, to follow the account of Isaac Goldberg in the *Boston Transcript*, that such a yearning for laughter and humor should manifest itself during the days of a world conflict. But the yearning for laughter was common to all war-time audiences. In a recent number of *L'Italia Che Scrive*, Silvio d'Amico points out that the public in Italy to-

The New Drama of the Grotesque and The New Theater of Color

day is seeking for laughing purposes the same themes it formerly received with tears and deep respect. But just as Shaw's humor scintillates with something more durable than passing guffaws, so too those Italian dramatists like Luigi Pirandello, Fausto Mario Martini, and the young gentlemen of the "grotesque theater" saturate their work with satire and cerebralism. Signor Martini's striking little one-act drama "Ridi, Pagliacco" is instanced by Mr. Goldberg as an illustration of this:

"Its very title, that of the well-known aria from Leoncavallo's opera, at once strikes the macabre note. We are intro-

duced to the waiting-room of a very modern nerve specialist. Several patients are awaiting their turn, and with that companionship which the discussion and exchange of symptoms so often develops in sufferers of more or less imaginary ailments they converse about their pet maladies, much to the perturbation of Federico, Professor Gambella's assistant. That worthy, who has picked up a scrap here and there of neuropathological knowledge, is certain that this verbal contagion of nervous symptoms is bad for the patients; they must tell their troubles to the doctor alone. Among the patients is one who is sunk into a chair, as if on the verge of complete collapse. Another, the Cavaliere Strappa, begins a windy relation of his particular mania to a woman patient at his side. He cannot resist the temptation to laugh at everything; no matter what he beholds he is at once seized with an uncontrollable impulse to shriek with mirth: he beholds everything through grotesque spectacles. He has come to Professor Gambella in the hope that this torturing malady may be alleviated.

"The patient who hitherto has listened in silence approaches the couple; he begs their pardon; he has been attracted by the nature of their discussion, which under the circumstances he could not help overhearing. Signor Strappa's malady interests him exceedingly; all the more so, indeed, because it is the very reverse of his own. He, poor fellow, has lost his powers of laughter; whatever he gazes upon at once is transformed into a source of tears."

When the distinguished psychiatrist analyses the ailment of this patient, he decides he is a man of leisure, since hard-working folk cannot afford the luxury of mental ailments. In prescribing a remedy, the doctor suggests that he see two clowns in a music hall, Flick and Flock. Of course the patient is Flick himself, and the suggested remedy renders him only more pale and nervous. The grotesquerie becomes macabre. Gambella, the doctor, questions him. To follow Mr. Goldberg's translation:

GAMBELLA. But you are ill. What's the matter? Another nervous attack?

SCHEFFI. (Utterly dejected.) Ah! This is too much! Too much!

GAMBELLA. But what's the trouble?

SCHEFFI. The trouble is that I shall never again be able to look upon that fellow, Flick, who gave you such pleasure last night. Because that clown, dear professor—I am that clown, I myself. . . .

(Gambella is stunned at the news. The two men look at each other. The professor regains his composure.)

GAMBELLA. You? You? I am thunderstruck. I must admit that, as a man of science, this time I committed a silly blunder.

SCHEFFI. (Weeping.) Now you understand that I couldn't have told you, because if I had, I would have run the risk of not being taken seriously.

(There is a knock at the door. Federico enters.)

FEDERICO. Professor! Professor! Ma-

dame Giabutti has had one of her regular epileptic attacks. Will you see her now?

GAMBELLA. Prepare some Valerian.

(Gambella follows Federico; Schefli is left alone upon the stage, still weeping.)

SCHEFFI. (Raising his face, which is bathed with tears.) This, then . . . (He strides with his accustomed bounding step toward the large hall mirror at the rear, and greedily begins to evoke his image there. It seems that he finds it difficult to recognize himself. He sits down, then suddenly jumps up, kicks the chair, which is overturned, and begins to execute before the looking-glass the twists and turns that he has regularly performed at his café. In the meantime, il Cavaliere Strappa enters through the door at the left, and seeing that the doctor is occupied with Madame Giabutti, he exclaims:)

STRAPPA. I can't get to see him to-day. I'll return to-morrow. (He crosses the room, and surprises Schefli in his clown-like performance, and while Schefli, with his nose thrust against the surface of the mirror, cries: Flick, Flick, I alone will be unable to look you in the face. (Strappa nods as if he understands, walks to the door at the right and says to himself:)

STRAPPA. He's not a hypochondriac. That man's crazy!

Luigi Pirandello, we learn, is a genuine artist and thinker. A man of education, he has been influenced not only by Roberto Bracco, but by Bernard Shaw as well. He loves a paradox dearly, and is an adept intellectual buffoon. He is too large a man to be cooped up within the dogma of any school. Mr. Goldberg traces the later stages of his career:

"The latter type of play is in the three full-sized works grouped under the title of 'Maschere Nude.' These plays belong properly in the grotesque series, always remembering our broader interpretation of the term. Only one of the three need here detain us—"Così E (Se Vi Pare)"—'It's So (If You Think It Is).' Behind the bustle of the action, which concerns the discovery of a certain woman's identity, lies a hilarious yet thoroly intellectual treatment of mankind's mad search for truth. Is there such a thing as truth? At least such a thing as a sole truth? Are there not as many truths as there are genuine beliefs in it? Hence the title of the play, which is more closely related to the author's fictional methods than to his previous dramaturgic efforts. Despite this 'cerebralism' (and how our contemporary Italian youths do love their 'isms') Pirandello is gifted with genuine stageworthy qualities; his bitter humor evokes an equally grim appreciation in his audiences; as usual with playwrights of this style, he makes capital reading, and perhaps he has himself been surprised with the success of his latest pieces upon the stage. Now that Benavente's Spanish comedy of 'Los Intereses Creados' (The Bonds of Interest) has reached Broadway in an English version, it is to be hoped that similar spirits may see their way toward producing such work as this play by Pirandello, which possesses just enough of the *commedia dell'arte* vein to suggest comparison with the Spanish masterpiece."

Besides this new laughter in the Italian theater there has recently been a rebirth of estheticism, particularly in the new "theater of color" advocated at least theoretically by Achille Ricciardi as early as 1906. It has now come to the stage of actual test. As summarized in the *Transcript*:

"He is well satisfied, and quite readily convinces the reader, that the possibilities of color as employed in dramatic representations have been only scratched upon the surface. We have too long been content to use color merely as a decorative element, overlooking the fact that, so to speak, it has a life of its own, a rich treasury of emotive connotations, and may be employed as a distinctly psychological factor, with gradations, combinations and climaxes all its own. In a fairly long preliminary discussion he enters into an abridged history of color-values, carefully distinguishing previous attempts from his own. He insists that his innovation possesses primary esthetic significance. 'Even the color of the clothes determines the psychology of the dramatic person. . . . In the development of the drama the color of the costumes follows the ascent of the emotions. Every event takes place in a special atmosphere, with its individual color. . . .'

"Ricciardi believes that the proper sphere for the application of this theory is in plays of a fantastic character. There is no doubt that it may be applied, in modified form, to any play of worth. Only one serious objection (and not at all an insurmountable one, as far as practical production is concerned) may be suggested. Do colors affect all persons the same way? And granted this, do colors affect all persons in the same way at the same time? If not, how can full use of the colors as a psychological factor be made? It should be remembered that Ricciardi is not concerned primarily with color as decoration or as symbol, but as a vital factor such as sound is in music. The innovator seems to feel the validity of this objection, for toward the close of his exposition he asserts that certain values of color—he calls them moral—are widespread, such as red and blue for happy moods, and white for purity. Moreover, color in motion, production of contrasts, and so on, possess psychological effects of their own, and doubtless the words of the piece could suggest subtly the influences intended. Color, then, is here not the equivalent of other sensations; 'but it modifies their tone and thus creates something *sui generis*.'

"Ricciardi seems to establish very firmly this position as the genuine innovator in this regard. By this time his experiments, intended to be made in France, may have already taken place. It is of interest to note how constant is the deference of both Scardaoni and Ricciardi (as well as more than one other of the innovators) to Greek models and ancient procedure. Behind all the agitation is a yearning for freedom. To Ricciardi, as to Scardaoni, there is something of the rite in drama; the former would even seek his ideal stage upon the Mediterranean, thus returning to the open air of the ancients. What better stage, indeed, for a pageantry of color!"

MR. GRIFFITH'S NEWEST MOVIE MASTERPIECE

ONCE again has David Wark Griffith delved into his seemingly inexhaustible bag of trick and brought out another novelty in the way of a film to intrigue the public and amaze his rivals. This time it is a film version of one of Thomas Burke's sophomorically gresome tales of London's Limehouse district. It is called "Broken Blossoms" and is what might be termed a bit of intensive cultivation of film possibilities. Shown at the George M. Cohan Theater, which has been garnished and saturated with "atmosphere," the new Griffith picture attracts crowds of sophisticated New Yorkers who are only too willing to pay \$2.50 a seat (and the additional war tax) for the privilege of judging the latest achievement of the greatest master of "movie" showmanship.

The picture itself inauguates what one might term the fully elaborated short story of the screen. It consumes about eighty minutes. It abounds in pictorial and so-called "artistic" effects of photography—artistic in the sense of that dimming and blurring and unfocussing of the negative so that a photograph may look like anything but a photograph. Perhaps Mr. Griffith will soon catch up with the real photographers who are not ashamed of being photographic. However that may be, there can be no doubt that Mr. Griffith possesses the power of making critics and public take his work seriously. Thus we find the conservative critic of the *N. Y. Evening Post* noting:

"If there are more to come like it discriminating devotees of the film have something to look forward to. For whatever that much-abused word art may have come to mean or come not to mean by much application, "Broken Blossoms" has certainly a strong claim on it in its prime significance. First, because of the delicacy and directness with which the pathetic, horrible, exquisite story has been adapted for the screen; second, for the acting of Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess; third, for the photography, which has caught a beautiful effect throughout the whole piece."

THE ANTIQUITY OF "NEW DEPARTURES" IN DRAMA

THESE blithe young men of the "insurgent" little theaters seldom realize the rights of the middle-aged. So wrote William Archer recently concerning the enthusiasms of the new English champions of the little theater movement. The middle-aged and the

"The picture has been taken from 'The Chink and the Child,' the first of the 'Limehouse Nights' stories by Thomas Burke. Its scenes are laid in the dim-lit alleys of the London 'Chinatown,' where the girl, 'lil Lucia, twelve years old, having been beaten almost to death by her father, the prize-fighter, Battling Burrows, is taken in and cared for by Cheng Haun, a young Chinaman. Sheng has watched her sufferings silently for a long time. His little room over his shop he

"Broken Blossoms" the Re- sult of Intensive Cultivation in the Field of the Films

"Mr. Griffith chose a tragic story of impossible love, love impossible in this world of passions and prejudices and brutal forces; he absorbed it in its full meaning, recast it in his mind pictorially, translated it from the written words of the author into the scenes and action of a photoplay, added what was needed to make it live in pictures, left out what pictures could not have adequately expressed—and 'Broken Blossoms' came to the screen, a masterpiece in moving pictures.



A LIMEHOUSE ROSE

In "Broken Blossoms" Lillian Gish is seen as little Lucy, the Dickensian daughter of a new Bill Sykes. The film is based upon Thomas Burke's class of "Limehouse Nights" entitled "The Chink and the Child."

fits up with silks and satins in honor of her coming. For three days he nurses her back to health, tending her as his princess. Then the prize-fighting father gets wind of where the child has disappeared, and the tragedy follows quickly. Not, however, before some bits of almost lyric loveliness had penetrated through the sordid atmosphere of the tale."

A movie tragedy—not a movie melodrama, is how the newest Griffith opus is described by the *Times*—"a sincere human tragedy."

"Bare narration of the story cannot hope even to suggest the power and truth of the tragedy that Mr. Griffith has pictured. All of his mastery of picture-making, the technique that is preeminently his by invention and control, the skill and subtlety with which he can unfold a story—all of the Griffith ability has gone into the making of 'Broken Blossoms.' Many of the pictures surpass anything hitherto seen on the screen in beauty and dramatic force. The whole is a photoplay that cannot fail to impress anyone who looks at it in any mood short of the most resolute hostility."

William Archer Represents Middle Age Knocking at the Doors of Youth's Theater

"When we are told that we are 'about to witness an entirely new departure in theatrical art,' that the Everyman Theater is going to 'begin at the beginning,' and lay the foundations of an entirely new drama, it seems the part of wisdom to guard against the disappointment which may possibly ensue if we take too literally these much-promising annunciations. A

'new departure' we shall doubtless see—probably an interesting and possibly a momentous one. But 'new departures' are no new things. We have all of us, except the very young, seen so many of them. Almost all have been noteworthy, one or two have been epoch-marking; but all have been absorbed into the great theatrical movement, which goes on, unhaunting, unresting, in spite of a thousand obstacles and drawbacks. That is where I part company from Mr. Macdermott, or rather from my friend, M. Jacques Copeau, to whom he turns for 'a clear definition of what is to be attempted.' M. Copeau, it appears, has been denouncing in the following terms, to an American

hankered after what was noblest or rarest in dramatic or any other art, and that the conditions of the theater are such as to bring into exceptional prominence the puerile matter ministered to puerile tastes:

"All side-show theaters are simply minority organizations for endowing the forms of art which it pleases a certain group of people to produce and to witness. They all set out to renew the drama, 'to build afresh from new foundations.' The watchword of the earlier ones was naturalism. Then came a period when symbolism was the only wear. Now one is glad to hear that joy and

coterie-masterpiece; for no coterie is enduring, and each new coterie swears by a new formula."

No matter what talents the young men and ladies of the little theaters have, so to speak, up their sleeves, Mr. Archer is of the opinion that mere talent will not make a revolution. Nor will mere originality in methods of production and decoration. "These things are good enough as far as they go, but it is by its literature that such a theater must justify its existence."

"About fifteen years ago, I remember, an insurgent of those days, supposing (erroneously) that I regarded the methods of Ibsen as the last word of conceivable perfection, assured me that 'We have gone far beyond Ibsen in technique.' I asked at the time 'Who are *we*?' I begged to be shown some of the plays in which Ibsen's technique was outdone. But I begged in vain. I am still in the dark as to the collectivity denoted by the pronoun 'we'; and the gentleman who announced and purported to belong to it, tho an active man of letters, has as yet produced no plays. I trust that Mr. Macdermott's band of insurgents may outdo Ibsen, Chekov, Hauptmann, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barker, Synge, and all the other phantoms of the non-existent modern theater; but in order to do so they must produce great plays, not merely talk about them."

Both Gilbert Cannan and Norman Macdermott reply to Mr. Archer's criticism in the columns of the *Nation*. Mr. Macdermott, who is director of the new Everyman Theater, established along the lines set down by the American little theater, goes on to say:

"To be young and enthusiastic, I hope, is not necessarily to be absurd, and so far from promising an Ibsen, a Shaw, or a Shakespeare I have always insisted that we were unpretentious and modest. I felt my parallel with the American Little Theater Movement would prevent any misconception on this point. But I am sure that if we produce good plays in an interesting manner, in an appropriate playhouse, we shall indeed be a valuable 'new departure.' Mr. Archer would be the first to admit that, as in everything else, so in the theater, if one waited till the 'stable was full of dark horses' there would be little chance of progress. He might have completed his quotation from M. Copeau with the sentence: 'There have been three or four great dramatic epochs in human history, the modern epoch has not produced its form,' and if we should be nothing more than the first step toward that form then we may justly claim to be a new departure, for it will not be disputed that the West-End theater holds no such promise."

"Mr. Archer asserts that we shall inevitably be absorbed in the great stream of dramatic art. I hope so. Then like all other rivers receiving the fresh waters of some healthy tributary, the main stream will once again become wider, deeper, and more profitable to the community."

"Mr. Archer says: 'All side-show thea-



LOVE IN LIMEHOUSE

Limehouse contains the Chinatown of London. It is a romantic and sentimental spot, vibrant with the color of many races, as readers of Thomas Burke know so well. Richard Barthelmess as Cheng Huan, the Chinese hero of "Broken Blossoms," is the real star of the new Griffith film.

audience, the decadence, the nullity, of the modern theater: 'I dare to say it—in the life of the modern theater, there is nothing living, nothing true, nothing authentic. I dare to say that, as yet, there is no such thing as the modern theater, for everything there is false, vicious, lying. From top to bottom, it is an affectation pure and simple.'

"Now I, on the other hand, dare to say that the modern European theater, with all its vices, with all its vulgarities, with all its idiocies, is a remarkably vital institution. I dare to say that, in England at any rate, the war itself has only retarded, not stopped, a movement of which the Everyman Theater is merely one manifestation. I dare to say that M. Copeau and Mr. Macdermott, in declaring that 'there is no such thing as the modern theater,' are like the cyclist scouts of an advancing host, who should ride through the villages shouting: 'There is no army behind us! We are the army!'

Let us recognize the fact so often forgotten by those champions of the New, declares Mr. Archer, that at no time have the masses of mankind

imagination are to have their turn. All the earlier movements have done good service. They have all formed freshening, life-giving tributaries to the great stream of the modern drama. But their 'insurgence' has never been more than a passing phase. The great stream has always absorbed and assimilated them. And it always will.

"This last phrase is, I know, a hazardous one. It is constantly in the mouths of fools. But in the present instance it merely asserts a natural and inevitable tendency in things. In so far as the insurgent theater, the vanguard theater, produces anything of permanent worth, it is bound to pass into the common stock of dramatic literature; and its permanent worth is tested by its power of appeal—not, indeed, to the multitude—but to the more intelligent section of the ordinary theatrical public. For the drama is nothing if not an art of wide appeal. Great dramatic literature consists exclusively of works which have proved themselves capable of interesting and moving large numbers of men and women, assembled in an ordinary, not a 'little' theater. There is no such thing as an enduring

ters are simply minority organizations,' suggesting some accompanying lack of virtue. But I do not think that his own work or that of Mr. Granville Barker was any less valuable because it was for a somewhat specialized audience. Any departure from pattern must at first be supported by such an audience, but I believe that London is much more alert to-day than it was when Mr. Archer did his pioneer work. I believe there exists a wide demand for a theater free from the 'vices, vulgarities, and idiocies' of the West-End theater, which, if it is a remarkably vital institution as Mr. Archer

believes, has surely a most perverted vitality."

Mr. Cannan suggests that all the great masterpieces of modern drama were first welcomed only in the insurgent theaters. This is, he emphasizes, especially of the great dramatists mentioned by William Archer:

"Synge was able to write his plays because there was an insurgent theater to welcome him. Similarly, Chekov's plays were written when there was an insurgent theater in Moscow to welcome him: the

'Sea-Gull' in the routine theater at Petrograd was a failure. Shaw's best plays were written when the Court was an insurgent theater to welcome him, and the routine theater in London is in a far worse state now than it was when Shaw, Barker, and Galsworthy were doing their best work, and I would ask Mr. Archer if he seriously expects to find in London within a measurable space of time the plays of any of the men he enumerates produced regularly and as a matter of course. And without insurrection how does he expect this desirable result to be brought about?"

THE APPALACHIAN TREASURE "POCKET" OF AMERICAN FOLK-SONG AND DANCE

ONDON music critics are enthusiastic concerning Cecil Sharp's latest discoveries of English-American folk-songs of the Appalachians. There is a certain insoluble mystery in these old folk-songs unearthed by Mr. Sharp. Last month in Aeolian Hall, London, this enthusiastic collector presented not only the English-American folk-songs but the dances as well. He had just returned from his third season among our uneducated but highly "cultured" (so says the London *Nation*) mountaineers. The rich "pocket" discovered by Mr. Sharp revealed no end of old songs and dances, inherited by tradition from English north-country settlers of at least 200 years ago. He has collected them under the title of "American-English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians" (G. Schirmer, New York).

Altogether Mr. Sharp and his associates have collected no less than 600 songs and ballads, with 1,700 tunes, folk-songs, chanteys and singing games. These were noted down from the lips of the actual singers. The London *Nation* describes these selected for the recent London recital:

"Some of his finds are new, some variants of familiar old words and tunes, and it is strange how beautiful the versions are. Everyone knows the ballad of 'Edward, Edward,' but the Appalachian version is more beautiful than any I have heard. And here is a verse from the song called 'The False Young Man':

'When your heart was mine, my old true love,

And your head lay on my breast,
You could make me believe by the falling
of your arm

That the sun rose up in the West.'

"Mr. Sharp, with seven other dancers, also showed us 'The Kentucky Running Set,' a connected series of very old English dances, still bearing such suggestive names as 'Shoot the Owl,' 'Chase the Squirrel,' 'Wild Goose Chase,' 'Cage the Bird,' 'Old Shut-Basket,' and 'Wind up the Ball-Yarn,' the last of which he has just found surviving also in a national dance of the Russian Ballet."

The *Musical Courier* declares that Mr. Sharp's Appalachian collection has a permanent value in musical history. It will become more and more interesting to historians and antiquarians as the years pass. Mr. Sharp himself would interest all musicians, composers and interpreters alike in the musical value of these folk-songs whose vitality

Cecil Sharp Amazes London by Discovering Old English Songs Still Alive in America

seems so impervious to the passage of time. On his preface he writes:

"In submitting these songs and ballads to the consideration of musicians, professional and amateur, there is no need to plead for any special indulgence, nor to attempt to disarm criticism, or to temper it, on the ground that they are the product of unlettered, unskilled musicians. Whatever their origin, they stand and must be judged upon their intrinsic merits. That the tunes present to the eye no unusual features, that they lack tonal modulation and, structurally, are built on simple lines; that the literary expression is direct, without circumlocution, the vocabulary confined to the use of ordinary words in every-day use—has no bearing whatever upon the question at issue. Music, poetry—and, for the matter of that, all art—is good or bad, not because it is unsophisticated or ingenious, simple or complex, but because it is, or is not, the true, sincere, ideal expression of human feeling and imagination.

"Genuine peasant songs, taking them in the mass, will always survive this test simply because they are the product of an intuitive, unselfconscious effort to satisfy an insistent human demand for self-expression. And it is only of the very best and highest human achievements in the sphere of consciously conceived art that this, with like assurance, can be said."

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE "BIG FOUR" OF THE FILMS

ARTISTIC immortality seems assured to the great personalities of the "movies," according to the ideas recently expressed in the *New France*, by the distinguished French actor Charles Dullin. M. Dullin was for some time a member of the troupe of the Vieux Colombier, and during his sojourn in this country was afforded the opportunity for close and continuous study of the great stars of the films. The immortality denied to the art even of the greatest actor of the spoken stage may be possible, declares Charles Dullin, to those artists of the

screen. Comparing the difference between the spoken stage and the film drama, M. Dullin writes:

"Certainly the motion-picture has not given all that it can give—all that it will give. It still uses constantly the old principles of the theater, and of a poor theater. It is only by breaking entirely away from the theater and trusting to its own resources, that the motion-picture will attain real perfection.

"The screen-player has this superiority over the actor on the stage, that, in the first place, he is not troubled by a text to learn, and in the second, he is able to see himself at work, to criticize and correct himself. One is greatly surprised to

A Great French Actor Pays An Intelligent Tribute to American "Movie" Stars

see an intelligent actor, who a few minutes before has given an admirable theory of the art of the theater, do exactly the contrary as soon as he is on the stage. On the screen, far from being blinded by vanity, the actor is obliged to recognize his faults, and if he loves his art he will do his utmost to correct them.

"Whereas the actor on the speaking stage wears himself out for negative results, and the most celebrated leaves but a name soon forgotten; the screen-player of the future will leave after him a recorded work.

"This is why the names of William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford will certainly live."

Science and Discovery

TRIUMPHS OF THE NUCLEUS TYPE OF ATOM

ABULETIN of the great Cavendish Laboratory in England announces the appointment of Sir Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S., to the professorship of experimental physics in Cambridge University in succession to Sir J. J. Thompson, Master of Trinity. Sir Ernest will without delay take up the work in physics which promises results for the immediate future no less remarkable than those attained during the last twelve years at Manchester. Since 1907, when Sir Ernest Rutherford left McGill University in Montreal, where he held the chair of physics, to take up his researches in Manchester, the work in the laboratory of the university there has been concerned chiefly with general problems of radium and radio-activity and of the constitution of atoms and elements. So remarkable were the results obtained that in the last few years before the outbreak of the war every country in Europe, along with America and Australasia, had representatives working in the department under Sir Ernest's direction. The work of the eminent physicist in his new environment promises, according to the Cambridge bulletin, which we quote from the Manchester *Guardian*, to be no less sensational than that which has gone before. The layman may derive some idea of the practical importance of such researches by the simple statement that they may solve such problems as that of heat and fuel. It may be that before a generation has passed the diminution of the oil supply of the world will be of no consequence. The automobile motor may be superseded. Engineering as we know it may become a superannuated science. The very imperfect appreciation of all this by the lay public is ascribable to the fundamental nature of the researches imposed by the conditions under which the science of radio-activity must be prosecuted. Its equipment is unusual and unfamiliar. Its investigations are specialized and its experts have a technical training. The application of its principles is an introduction to a new world as literally as the expression may be applied to the discovery of America by Columbus. If the discoveries of Rutherford and of his staff during the

next twelve years keep pace with the achievements of the past twelve years we may expect a revolution in the condition of the human race far more thoroughgoing, in the opinion of the London scientific organ, than anything talked about in Soviet circles or mooted among parliaments.

It is easy to indicate the general lines followed in these investigations, altho, of course, prophecy ought to be made with caution. One of Sir Ernest's first investigations, made in cooperation with Doctor Geiger, a young scientist, resulted in the development of an electrical method of counting single alpha particles projected from radium. It was the first time that an atom in motion had been detected. By its means it was possible to determine the number of the particles shot out from a known quantity of radium and to give convincing proof of the correctness of the atomic theory of matter:

"A few years after his arrival in Manchester Professor Rutherford was fortunate in obtaining the loan of about half a gram of radium through the kindness of the Vienna Academy of Science, and a great deal of the work done in the laboratory was only possible by the use of it, tho some important radio-active residues were loaned by the Royal Society for special investigations. The arrival of the radium led to a systematic investigation of the properties of the radium emanation—the heavy radio-active gas which radium continuously emits. Professor Rutherford and those working under him determined the volume of the emanation, its spectrum and its condensation point. Simultaneously Professor Boltwood, who had come over from Yale University to work with them, determined accurately the rate of the production of helium from radium, and showed that it was in close concord with the amount predicted. Others busied themselves with systematic investigations of the different elements evolved by the transformation of uranium, radium, thorium and actinium. Several new products were found, and direct evidence was obtained of the production in small quantities of what may be called branch elements."

When the alpha particle from radium passes through a thin volume of matter it is deflected from a straight-line course. This deviation was investigated very closely by Doctor Geiger and Professor Marsden, and the deviation

How Rutherford Has Made Radio-Activity the Most Progressive Department of Physics

was found to be much greater than was expected from the ideas formed hitherto of atomic structure. To explain the results Professor Rutherford suggested a type of atom now called the nucleus atom, in which the main mass of the atom is concentrated in a very small volume of nucleus and carries a positive charge of electricity. Numerous investigations have been made to verify the correctness of this hypothesis, and to-day it is generally accepted.

The death of Henry G. J. Moseley, at the age of 27, in the fighting at Suvla Bay, robbed the world of science of one of its most brilliant younger men. For two years he was a lecturer and demonstrator in Manchester under Professor Rutherford. He devised a simple but powerful method of measuring the rate of decay of products which have too short a life to be detected by ordinary means. It consisted in depositing the active matter on a rapidly rotating disc and measuring its activity at short angular intervals. One product in the emanations of thorium and actinium, discovered by Dr. Geiger, was found by Moseley and Dr. Fajans to have an average life of only 1-300th part of a second.

When Professor Laue, of Munich, furnished proof that X-rays are diffracted, systematic investigations were at once begun by Moseley and C. J. Darwin—a grandson of Charles Darwin—into the spectrum of X-rays emitted by several substances in a vacuum tube on the passing of an electric charge through it. These experiments, together with the results of similar investigations at the laboratory in Leeds by Professor Bragg—which were confirmed by Moseley and Darwin—were of a fundamental character and laid the foundations of the science of X-ray spectroscopy. This science will undoubtedly assume even greater importance through the labors Sir Ernest Rutherford is about to undertake at the Cavendish laboratory. This new science, as Rutherford points out in an account of Moseley's work recently issued by the Royal Society, has already had most important consequences in two main directions. In the hands of Professor Bragg and his son the diffraction of X-rays by crystals has been

employed with great success to unravel the mysteries of crystalline structure. In the hands of Moseley and his successors the methods have been employed to determine the fundamental modes of vibration of the atoms and to throw light on the constitution and the mutual relations of the elements.

On the theoretical side of the work of the department Dr. Bohr, who was Reader in mathematical physics in the department and now holds a professorship in the University of Copenhagen, utilized the idea of the nucleus atom to explain the structure of the simple elements and to predict their spectra.

This was the first definite attempt to show the detailed constitution of atoms of matter, and has had a large measure of success. Indeed, the theories of Bohr have exercised a wide influence not only on workers in this country but throughout the world generally, and particularly in Germany.

RACE PATRIOTISM AS A BIOLOGICAL FALLACY

THE so-called race patriotism of the smaller European nations is a biological fallacy which the eminent physiologist, Professor G. F. Nicolai, considers an obstacle to the progress of humanity. In fact, the patriotism in question has no biological relation to race at all, so this student of the subject affirms.* (It will be remembered that he had to flee from Germany in an aeroplane for advancing views of the biology of war which were distasteful to the Berlin government.) The whole case for self-determination rests upon a biological fallacy which does not even give a superficial plausibility to the argument from a scientific standpoint. Thus, nearly all Germany's eminent men are of Celtic origin. Nietzsche was a Slav. Kant's family came over from Scotland. Germans believe in a "German" race only because it is their patriotic duty to pretend to. So it goes with all the other alleged "races." If we consider the foundation upon which these theories rest, we see that they are very slender and frail. It is not proved that a pure race is superior to a mixed one. Indeed it is impossible to define just what a human race is.

"A pedigree dog is said to be worth more than a mongrel, and this probably explains the strange view that a human being of pure race is worth more than one of mixed race. In the case of dogs, and to a less extent in that of other domestic animals, this can be understood; for man originally selected for breeding such dogs as he liked or as were useful to him. Thus he bred a small, long-bodied race, with crooked legs suited for scratching holes in the ground, a dog spirited, strong and rapacious, the Dachshund, which he used for hunting animals living in holes or caves. Then he bred another kind, tall and slender, with long legs, the greyhound, to hunt hares for him; and similarly he has bred vigilant Pomeranians, sharp-nosed setters, bloodhounds, and so on till we come to life-saving St. Bernards.

"Now, each of these kinds has its own peculiar qualities, and in other respects its capacities have become quite deadened. Thus the greyhound cannot smell, and bulldogs are inclined to bite. In short, a biologist would say that these pure-bred

dogs were by no means particularly well equipped for life; but man will have them so, and therefore he attaches less value to cross-breeds, in which the special characteristics of particular kinds of dogs of course vanish. The proof that, from the purely biological point of view, pedigree dogs are inferior is simply that the most highly-bred usually die out before long. Thus St. Bernards survived only for four generations, and there are no longer any absolutely pure-bred pug-dogs."

It is certainly remarkable that police dogs, which from the nature of their employment must be highly trained, are not called "pedigree" dogs. Such dogs, in short, are useless except for some special purpose, and as dogs are used for so many purposes quite foreign to their nature, it is chiefly in their case that purity of race is greatly insisted upon. In the case of all other domestic animals, whether horses, cows, goats, pigs or what not, skilful crossing, or what breeders call improving, is considered of more importance than anything else, and whenever a particular breed is bred comparatively true, new blood must from time to time be introduced into it. The sole exceptions to this rule are race-horses, which are kept for sport only, and a few fancy breeds of pigeons. For work, none but half-blood horses can be used. German horse-breeders, moreover, have had to pay dearly for having acted on the suggestion of Bruce Low, and for a time buying nothing but pedigree horses. The strain of English pure-blood pedigree horses has not really been known for more than two hundred years and therefore is still comparatively young.

In the animal kingdom, then, we find scarcely any warrant for the assertion that people of unmixed race are superior to others, and in mankind no warrant whatever for it, since there are absolutely no pure-bred races, with the possible exception of a few people on a very low level. Europe is an absolute race medley. The alleged superiority of unmixed races is a scientific imbecility.

It is sometimes asserted that, altho nations owe their origin to crossing, yet in course of time a uniform race is formed through these crossings and these "ancient" races are superior to more recent conglomerate races. This

Self-Determination of Small Nations an Apparent Contradiction of Heredity

statement, declares Professor Nicolai, is absolutely untrue. On the contrary, it is a remarkable fact that the legends of all peoples which have attained greatness tell of their having entered their countries as conquerors:

"Doubtless this is a reminiscence of another fact of which history affords repeated confirmation—that powerful nations which leave their impress on the world always arise just where two national migrations came into collision and a new young empire resulted. This is also true of the ancient empires of the East. But—not to depart from Europe—Hellas and Rome arose out of that great migration which we describe as the Dorian migration and the Greek colonization of the Mediterranean. The Roman Empire was, moreover, very closely connected with the Etruscan migrations. Again, the German medieval empire took its rise from the onslights of popular migration. It was Arab invasions which, in Spain (and therefore in a foreign land), gave rise to that Arab empire which was in every re-



FOE OF SELF-DETERMINATION

This eminent scientist, Doctor G. F. Nicolai, escaped in an airship from Germany after he had argued that there is no basis for the racial pride of the Teutons.

spect the most important, and subsequently the Spanish Empire arose. The Norman invasions of France and England in the tenth century gave the impetus to the greatness of both these countries. Prussia arose precisely where there was the greatest blending of Teutons, advancing from the tenth to the twelfth centuries over the Eastern Marches with the conquered Slavs.

"Quite possibly everything must not be set down to a mixture of blood, but something to dormant energies being aroused. The foregoing brief historical summary, however, suffices to disprove older races having in any way the advantage. Those who urge that all these instances are taken from ancient history may be referred to the unexampled progress of the United States. Here we see actually before us the rise of a young, vigorous nation composed of the leavings of old Europe, sometimes inferior leavings, with

a dash of negro and Indian blood, which, tho slight, nevertheless cannot be ignored."

Examinations of skulls is in itself an absolutely reliable method of race classification, except that we do not know whether the classification of skulls or the characteristics of skulls like other physical peculiarities are variable and, if so, why they vary:

"Thus if by means of skulls found and statistics it is easy to prove that in Germany the round-headed (or brunet) type is gradually increasing, or if in America a certain Indian type has lately somewhat frequently occurred among the whites, we still do not know, or at any rate we cannot ascertain from skulls, why this is so. Is it because a certain portion of the population, originally in the minority, but possessed of characteristics which are always transmissible, is gradually forcing

its way to the front? Has it to do with the signs of adaptation to certain outward conditions at present unknown to us? Or is the increase due to unsuspected immigration?

"In the face of these difficulties it might justly be said that, were ethnology to demonstrate the racial purity of the people, this would be convincing proof of its worthlessness. In reality, however, recent investigations have made an end of all such racial purity. Whereas most nations used to pride themselves on being of racially pure origin, tracing their descent usually to a god or a demigod, or at any rate to some famous hero, to-day it is probably only the Russians and Germans who passionately lay claim to racial purity. Or, rather, it is claimed by a limited part of both these nations, and one taken far too seriously by both,—the Pan-slavists and Pan-Germanists and their scientific protagonists."

QUARRELS AND RECONCILIATIONS OF THE ORCHID AND MUSHROOM

FOR the past fifty years there have arisen among the "fancy" horticulturists a great variety of new orchids, produced mainly by the process known as hybridization. The gardeners and the nurserymen obtained their new orchids by methods often kept secret and by devices which had all the importance of a ritualistic cult. The producers of such orchids did not at all understand the secret of their own results. They did know, however, that all the orchids they raised in this manner contained mushrooms at their roots or in them and that the two forms of vegetable existence lived together in symbiosis, as it is called. A high authority has recently asserted before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, says the *Journal des Débats*, that the symbiosis in question has conditioned the structure and the mode of life of the orchids thus affected. Moreover, since the seed of the orchid—infinitesimal and almost formless—is without a mushroom content, the orchid must get its mushroom, so to speak, from the soil. It remained for that most gifted but still little known man of science, the late Noel Bernard, to prove how and why this is so, a series of investigations, asserts Professor Henri de Varigny, which will yet place the name of Bernard beside that of the immortals like Darwin.

Noel Bernard had long and vainly striven, in the course of his experiments, to produce a growth from the seeds of a particular orchid. He then made botanical excursions in the course of which he came upon a capsule which opened in the ground. Six seeds had germinated. They were invaded by a mushroom. Evidently the mushroom came from the seeds of a mother plant,

and this explains why the practical nurserymen effect a germination when they put their seeds with such a mother plant.

The experiments of Bernard confirm this view. He effected the germination of seeds without a trace of mushroom about them when he placed such seeds in contact with their characteristic companion mushroom, technically termed rhizoctones. We may then expect to obtain a variety of new forms through hybridization by varying the mushrooms placed in contact with the orchid seed, for the mushroom exerts a profound influence upon the whole orchidian tribe. The most interesting aspect of the subject, says the French scientist, is the theoretical consideration involved. The orchids appear in the guise of plants normally diseased or ill, double plants, in a sense, to which a parasite is indispensable.

It must be noted also that matters do not proceed in regular course when such association is effected between orchid and mushroom. It happens sometimes that the mushroom kills the orchid. At times the orchid kills the mushroom. The partnership is by no means harmonious. There may ensue a struggle for existence. In the end there may ensue harmony between the pair. The mushrooms involved are of varied species and capable of leading an independent existence. This diminishes their capacity to live "symbiotically." Experiment seems to have established that by changing the mushroom one creates new forms of orchid life. This is a fact of immense theoretical importance, proving that environment, as Lamarck contended, gives rise to "characters" that are new.

Noel Bernard studied this problem

Observations that May Revolutionize All Theories of Evolution

at first hand and in its entirety with special reference to the evolution of plants. He reached the conclusion that symbiosis, which was capable of producing new varieties of orchids, has likewise in all ages effected the transformation and mutation of species in the vegetable world. He went even further. He believed that the so-called vascular plants appeared as a consequence of symbiosis of certain mushrooms and certain mosses. These are suggestive theories, already stimulating many experiments. There seems no ground for disputing the action of the parasite upon the form of its host, the effect of the mushroom upon the appearance of the orchid. It is the parasite which determines, among other results, what is called tuberization.

There are orchids which can exist without mushrooms, at least at certain periods. These orchids do not seem to produce tubercles. The process of tuberization is connected closely with that of infection. Without mushrooms, there ensues no tuberization among the orchids. The same may be said of the potato for that matter. Hence the form known as "mycorhiza," or black root loam, assumes considerable practical importance. Noel Bernard established that much. He produced a mushroom form localized in the tubercle alone. Indeed, a seed potato has been tested in a fashion to prove that it yields no tubercle if it fails to find its appropriate mushroom in the soil. We may regard the potato, then, as an invalid or as a disease, a tumor, a lesion, a defensive reaction, as the experts on immunity say. It is an admirable malady. Science hopes, for the benefit of mankind, to produce similar diseases in other kinds of plants. No doubt the

botanist will make the attempt in time.

This is but the practical side of the question, not to be despised simply because it is practical. But there is another side to it, infinitely sublimer, more theoretical. In the same orchid one finds always the same mushroom. What happens if we substitute some other form?

The experiments made by Noel Bernard show that there may be an absolute incompatibility. The mushroom refuses to give up its characteristic orchid. The orchid will live only with its particular variety of mushroom. It reminds us of the fact that an organism pathogenic or disease-producing in man will not continue to exist in some other kind of animal. In some instances a cross-infection succeeds. Thereupon, with a new species of mushroom, the orchid assumes a form and an aspect totally different from its form and aspect when associated with its characteristic mushroom. The orchid becomes in short another plant entirely.

The heredity of the seed is therefore not everything. By changing the

companion one effects a sudden variation, a mutation, as De Vries calls it. Is it a new species? Is it a new race? The discussion rages among botanists, among biologists, among zoologists. In any event it is legitimate to infer some action of the so-called mycorhiza in the production of these mutations. Many plants have their roots parasitized. All the herbaceous plants and many of the arborescents are affected in this way by parasite forms. The annual plants seem for some reason to be remarkably exempt from this rule. Now, are these mutations the result of associations or companionships that are purely accidental, out of the ordinary? It may be so. Cross-infection will have to be studied more carefully to find out. Methodically pursued, experiments seem likely to yield results of immense theoretical and practical importance. It is evident already that the orchid group possesses a complex "personality," due in part to heredity (the seed of the orchid) and in part to environment (the mushroom). What would these orchids be if left to them-

selves, to heredity alone, without their mushroom? Many orchids seem to need the mushroom all their lives. The individual in this case is really an association, something twofold, a state of things which is on the dividing line between health and disease.

Le Dantec thought—and he based the argument upon the researches of Noel Bernard—that all creatures live in symbiosis and are infected with organisms visible or invisible, affecting to an extent as yet unrecognized the form and the existence of the "complex," for there is no "individual" in this theory of animated nature. Hence infection is a far more tremendous and significant thing than is supposed in the light of its ordinary result—disease. Can infection be used to attain entirely new ends? It may be that some parasitic agent, inoculated upon the human organism, may render him more "satisfactory," a greater being, more beautiful, different. Inoculation and infection have been regarded too strictly hitherto from the standpoint of disease and serum therapy.

THE PATHOLOGY OF OUR WORST SELVES

THE recent war has given birth to a new disease, or, rather, it has revealed the existence of one hitherto unrecognized. The soldier has baptized it *le cafard* and two French army doctors, Louis Huot and Paul Voivenel, have made careful and extended studies of it. *Cafard* is French for cockroach, which the dictionary tells us is an orthopterous insect, a household pest and that it works in the dark. The word aptly describes the new disease, which, working unobserved, treacherously and insidiously, undermines the *morale* of its victim. Before the war, Dr. Huot had spent most of his professional career as an army doctor in the colonies and he speaks with authority on the subject of the colonial *cafard*.

It has long been recognized that government officials and others living for years at a time in tropical colonies, isolated from their own country and civilization, undergo mental, moral and even physical deterioration. Doctors were inclined to explain this as being due to the action of the climate, or of alcohol, on men of weak, unbalanced character. Only those who were predisposed, or who had weakened themselves by indulgence and excesses, succumbed; the normal, healthy men did not. The noticeably large percentage of cases among colonials was due, it was claimed, to the inferior quality of the men sent on such missions. Claude Farrère, in *Les Civilisés*, says:

"It is unanimously agreed in France that the colonies are the last resource, the final shelter of the fallen of all classes and of the habitual criminals. The country carefully keeps its best at home and exports only the inferior and rejected. Those who superintend in Indo-China did not know enough to be laborers in France; those who barter were bankrupt; those who give orders to learned mandarins are the withered fruit of colleges; those who judge and condemn have often been judged and condemned."

On the other hand, Doctors Huot and Voivenel maintain that this is unjust, that

"The colonial is not a weakling, nor a degenerate, but often possesses superb moral and physical resistance—like the English colonials of Kipling's stories—like our own French colonials, who, after 1870, regilded our history and who to-day overseas and at the front are revealing themselves as heroes. . . . Their uncontrollable impulses, their paralyzed will-power, their inexplicable acts (*their cafard*) are explained by the colony, just as the muscular contraction of tetanus is explained by Nicolaier's bacillus, and infantile paralysis by its specific microbe."

Now, if we remember that the human brain is composed of thousands and thousands of individual cells, directly connected with each other by means of the branching filaments and in another way by the zones of association, and that to do its work properly—to take in impressions through the five senses and to translate and coordinate these impressions into images, ideas

The Devil in Each of Us May Be That Strange Affliction, "Le Cafard"

and thoughts—each cell must fulfil its functions to perfection. We can readily see the confusion that would result if some of them failed to function because their batteries were exhausted. Images would be blurred, ideas distorted, the logical train of thought disconnected, the will to accomplish weakened. This exhaustion takes place when the outflow of current uses up the chromatin faster than it is renewed; when the call on our emotions has been too sudden, or too great, or, what comes to the same thing, too often repeated. With the exhaustion of the batteries, the branching filaments curl up like wilting flowers and lose contact with each other and at the same time the zones of association fail to connect properly.

The first symptoms of *le cafard* are a lack of energy and of interest in what is going on. The victim is to all appearances in perfect health. But in a vague, undefinable way he does not feel sure of himself, he is lacking in self-confidence. He wonders if, like Bob Acres, his courage is oozing out of his finger-tips. The continual strain of danger and responsibility is beginning to tap his reserve supply of nervous energy.

His dissatisfaction increases, he worries about everything. His wife and children, are they well? His sweetheart, is she faithful to him? His mother, how is she bearing up? He has an overwhelming nostalgia of home.

NEEDLESS TERRORS ABOUT THE HUMAN HEART

THE human heart has long been the source of popular superstitions which grow in number and have a persistent life despite the efforts of physicians to spread the truth. A whole array of these delusions is dealt with by Doctor Robert H. Babcock in a recent work on the heart and its care.* Few symptoms, he reminds us, create so much apprehension and even genuine alarm as pain in the region of the heart. This will induce a person to consult a doctor who otherwise might never be called in at all. The pain referred to is variously described by sufferers. It may be a sudden, sharp pain like the thrust of a knife, or it may be dull and boring, or it may feel as if the heart were suddenly clutched by a hand or squeezed in a vise. The pain may last but a moment or it may persist for a much longer time, even for several hours, tho rarely with uniform intensity. In some instances the pain spreads into other parts of the left side or up to the shoulder and down the left arm, and on disappearing it may leave the arm feeling numb. Generally the pain is followed by rapid, violent pounding of the heart, and even by a terrifying sensation, as if the heart stopped altogether for a moment and then began again with a bound into the throat. Consciousness is rarely lost completely. These symptoms sometimes cause the sufferer to cry out. Says Dr. Babcock:

"To the laity such attacks are truly frightful and the alarm of the family adds very naturally to the apprehension of the sick one. Unfortunately, too, the situation is often rendered all the worse by the behavior and ill-concealed concern of the doctor, who hurries to the bedside in response to a hasty summons. Knowing nothing about the previous health of the sufferer and implored to 'do something quick,' he feels the pulse, notes its rapidity and perhaps intermittence, as well as the pallor and anxiety of the countenance, and, not knowing but the person may really have serious heart disease, he hastily prepares and administers a hypodermic. Then as the remedy brings relief he gives a sigh of satisfaction. If he be young and inexperienced in such cases he may actually mistake the seizure for a much more serious one than it really is and may let fall a remark to the effect that he was called not a minute too soon. This, of course, fastens in the mind of the patient the belief that she really was in imminent danger of dying, and henceforth subsequent attacks arouse still greater terror. A fear is implanted in her mind which almost no amount of reassurance by another physician can eradicate.

* YOUR HEART AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
By Robert H. Babcock, M.D. New York: Doran.

"Take to yourself the comforting assertion that in practically all cases attacks as here depicted are not dangerous and generally do not mean heart disease.

"If you are young and have previously been well and if you have some sore spots in the region of your heart, these frightful sensations are probably a manifestation of irritation and inflammation of the intercostal nerves or those nerves which, leaving the spinal cord, pass around the side of the chest between the ribs, as the word intercostal signifies. In front near the heart these nerves send small branches to the skin and these are the nerve fibers that give the sensation of pain, clutching, weight, oppression, etc."

Sudden attacks of palpitation or dropping of heart beats are a second very common cause of fear lest they mean disease of the heart. But one should not be alarmed to find the heart behaving with eccentricity now and then, such as jumping up to the throat, pausing for a second or two and then starting with a strong throb against the chest, or stopping or starting irregularly for a few minutes, or even racing away as if mad. These various disturbances of heart action are generally no cause for great alarm, for as a rule they do not mean organic disease of the heart.

"A feeling of numbness in a hand or foot is another sensation that often occasions alarm lest it may mean the person is going to have paralysis. Sometimes the patient wakes up at night with the feeling of his limb or fingers being asleep, but usually the sensation of numbness is felt when the individual is awake. Should you experience this feeling, do not allow it to disturb your equanimity, for it does not portend paralysis or any disease of the heart. When you awake and find your hand or foot asleep, it is probable you have held the member in a cramped position or have lain on it in such a way as to interfere with the circulation in that particular part of your body. Ordinarily, however, numbness of fingers or other parts is purely a nervous manifestation and the hand or foot is found on examination to have adequate flow of blood through it. Just what disturbance of the nervous system this means can not be explained here and a specialist in nervous diseases had better be consulted if you have this annoying sensation often or persistently."

Coldness in the hands or feet is still another symptom that people call "having poor circulation" and which takes them to a doctor. In one sense this does mean poor circulation, but this poor circulation does not generally indicate heart disease. It is simply a local affair and in the majority of cases is dependent upon some intestinal intoxication.

Dizziness is a symptom that frightens some people with the idea that they

A Whole Train of Symptoms that Need Occasion No Anxiety Still Do So

have heart disease. It is rarely a manifestation of that disease.

"There is a condition connected with the circulatory apparatus that sometimes gives rise to dizziness, and this is an abnormally high blood-pressure. Therefore, if you are of middle age and have stiffer arteries than you should, go to your physician and have your heart and blood vessels examined, and see to it that he takes your blood-pressure. It may be the premonitory symptom of trouble you should have corrected if possible. But do not conclude at once that this is your special trouble. Only remember that 'Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.' The caution just uttered is intended for elderly or aged persons and not for you if you are still young and vigorous. In the latter event your dizziness is most likely to be a symptom due to indiscretion in diet or to failure to keep your flues well cleaned.

"The colon bacillus is a germ inhabiting the large bowel or colon and, as Metchnikoff has pointed out, it finds a meat diet to be just the kind of provender suited for its growth. A doctor found his annoying vertigo was due entirely to his consumption of meats and other foods rich in what physicians term protein, that is, a predominance of nitrogen as compared with starches and sugars contained in vegetables and fruits. In this particular instance this doctor was compelled for months to subsist exclusively on a vegetarian diet including a liberal allowance of buttermilk.

"However this may be in your case, do not, as urged with regard to other symptoms, permit yourself to get alarmed over what may prove an easily remedied state of things."

Rush of blood to the head or a feeling of sudden fulness there is occasionally thought to indicate a tendency to apoplexy. It is not, except now and then. Hearing the beating of the heart or a pounding in the ears is sometimes complained of as if it denoted something wrong with the heart. A lady was much concerned whenever the pulsation in her ears ceased. She feared she had a weakening of the heart. In some persons the unpleasant pulsation of the ear is perceived only when the action of the heart is increased by excitement or upon walking, while in other instances the pounding is heard only when the person lies down and perhaps then only when lying on a certain side. In nearly all cases the throbbing in the ear is not caused by anything wrong with the heart. The same observation applies to a whole train of symptoms popularly associated with the heart. No apology, therefore, is needed for the admonition not to get into a panic or not to feel alarm over some symptom which seems to indicate malady of the heart. Every doctor sees the evil effects of fear on this score.

It is not at all uncommon for a person to admit that he keeps tabs on his pulse and notes its deviation from what he deems normal. This habit is most pernicious, for not only does it tend to make one self-centered, but one's very concentration of his attention on his pulse causes it to become altered in rate or rhythm. The following is an excellent example of the kind:

"A young woman suddenly had her attention directed to her heart by feeling it give a skip and at the same time noticed that her hands were cold and moist. Alarmed by these unusual feelings she at once sought a doctor, who told her she had a leak in her heart. From that time on she never lost consciousness of her heart for any length of time, but kept her finger on her pulse almost constantly. One day she counted it, and finding

it 104 to the minute grew so frightened that she went into a nervous chill and, of course, her heart remained rapid by very reason of her fear. Finally an examination by another physician resulted in the assurance that she had no leak and no organic disease of the heart, and she went away declaring she was better already. Hers was a plain case of fright aggravated by her habit of feeling her pulse and thus riveting her attention on her heart."

THE FAILURES OF FLETCHERISM

THE system of the late Horace Fletcher, champion of chewing and apostle of diet reform, failed lamentably and miserably in some respects, declares one of his admirers, Professor Eustace Miles, writing in the London *National Review*. This English student

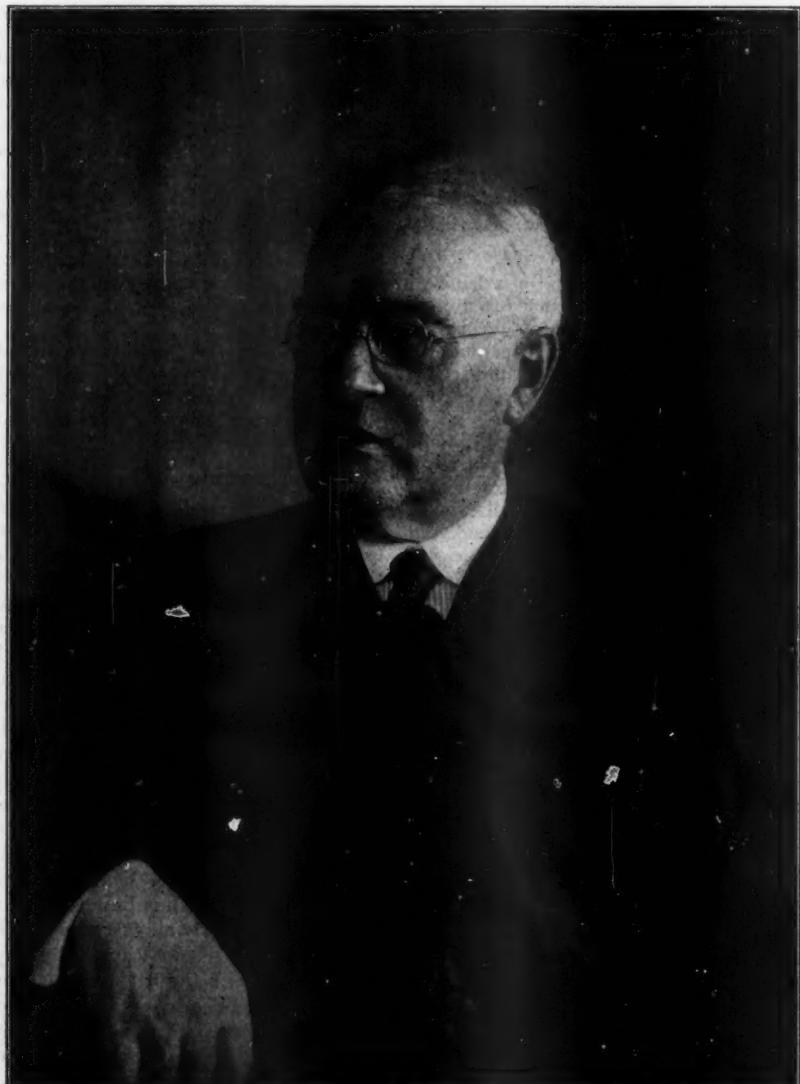
of dietary problems subjected the theory of Fletcherism to many tests, and he is warm in praise of certain of its features and results. Nevertheless, he affirms, a caution to the public on the subject of Fletcherism is necessary because the recent death of the renowned masticator has led to the fresh dis-

The Great Masticator's Teachings, While Valuable, Involve Some Fallacies, It Seems

semination of many errors. Before exposing the particular weakness of his system, which accounted, this student says, for his death, Eustace Miles states what Fletcher taught. First of all, Fletcher urged people not to eat unless they were hungry. Clearly, this goes dead against social life as we understand and practice it. Carried to a logical conclusion, it would mean that in a household of ten people there might be ten different times for the midday meal. Fletcher's chief command was to masticate and insalivate every mouthful of food, solid or liquid, so long as it had flavor. As to this point, Fletcher told Eustace Miles of a lecture he gave in this country. He preached on his favorite text. After the talk it transpired that most of the listeners had quite failed to grasp the point. They did not get the principle. They asked how many meals they should have in a day, whether he approved of breakfast, whether he favored alcohol, how much we should eat and what. To all questions Fletcher answered automatically: 'Chew all your food as long as it has flavor and do not eat until you are hungry.' It is a very simple theory to state but not a very easy thing to carry out in practice.

"While giving him abundant praise and thanks, it is necessary to criticize his main contention, which was that the chief, if not the only, rule of dietetic health was not to eat until you were hungry, and then not to swallow until you had thoroly masticated and insalivated each mouthful. We need not point out how it might take a very long time before the habit of thoroly mastication be established. But we must emphasize that, in the learning, there often appears a certain amount of morbidity. I remember seeing Horace Fletcher when he was experimenting at Cambridge. He was weighing out his food and chewing each mouthful with glum and grim determination. Later on, however, he became cheerful over his food; in fact, the last time that I saw him, in our little cookery school in Chandos Street, he sampled one of the meals prepared by a pupil, and he talked cheerfully during the meal and got through it quite quickly."

No one would have guessed that he was carrying out his own principles.



"CHEW YOUR FOOD WELL—EAT ONLY WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY"

That was the gospel of the late Horace Fletcher, whose features, here reproduced, indicate that his theories of eating were sound, for he wore a young and happy look notwithstanding his age and his troubles.

It appears that he had wisely altered his rule. Instead of the rule to masticate so long as there was flavor he adopted the better rule—to attend to the flavor as long as there was any.

The second mistake seems to Eustace Miles to have been a more serious one. Horace Fletcher claimed that thoro mastication and insalivation, without any other help, invariably led to a correct choice of just those foods or food elements which were needed.

"Now, suppose that a person lived on foods which were deficient in some one element, it does not in the least follow that he would always have a craving for the food that contained that one element. I do not believe that Horace Fletcher, when he had lived for a long time on potatoes, which are remarkably poor in

soda, had any great craving for soda. I expect his craving was rather for something stimulating. Soda is not stimulating. In fact, deficiency of one food and excess of another may often lead to a craving for that which is already in excess, as is shown in the case of alcoholic mania. Horace Fletcher almost completely ignored all that had been discovered by science with regard to food values, and particularly with regard to the natural 'salts.' He spoke about protein and carbohydrates, but he said too little about fats, and practically nothing about 'salts' and vitamins.

"Now the theory that any food is all right if you masticate and insalivate it sufficiently, is especially fatal in the case of one who lives on badly cooked vegetables, vegetables from which the juices have been extracted in boiling and then thrown down the sink. Such a person does not get the instinct and desire for

the right 'salts.' He rather turns to stimulating foods or drinks. Indeed, one may say that the thoro mastication and insalivation actually obscures bad results of the wrong diet; so that, altho bad results take longer to appear, they are certainly harder to detect. If there has been excess of the sugary and starchy elements, it is less noticeable when the sugary and starchy foods are well mixed with saliva, but the excess may be there, and may be working mischief, all the same.

"Horace Fletcher was misled by the egregious fallacy of the 'calories.' This is too long a matter to discuss here. Suffice it to say that the body does not work like a steam-engine. It is not a matter of putting in fuel and getting a certain corresponding amount of energy, *quid pro quo*. The body is far more complex than that. The 'calories' theory ignores a number of most important factors in the human mechanism."

THE SECRETS OF THE PROTEIN

IN nature, all proteins are the products of life and each kind of living molecule elaborates and contains its own specific protein. That is the conclusion of a high authority, Doctor Victor C. Vaughan, Dean of the University of Michigan Medical School, who has made the proteins a life study. Some forms of life, he declares,* are capable of constructing their proteins out of inorganic matter, while others can utilize only that which has been built up by other cells into protein material. Plants take the ammonia, nitrates and nitrates of the air, soil and water, and by synthetical processes convert these into the proteins found in their tissues.

In this process there are two stages. In the first, the inorganic nitrogen is synthesized into a certain kind of acid or acids and in the second these are combined to form proteins. The higher animals can not synthesize inorganic nitrogen into such acids—known technically as amino acids. This is done for them by plants and to some extent by bacteria in conjunction with plants. By the symbiotic action of certain bacteria and plants, even the free nitrogen of the air is drawn upon in the construction of vegetable proteins. So far as certain metabolism is concerned, the vegetable world is the synthetical and constructive laboratory, while the animal is the analytical or destructive machine:

"The plant takes the smallest parts and builds them up into highly complex bodies, while the animal takes the complex and splits them into pieces to be reconstructed in its own body. In a general way the above statement is true, but

there are synthetical processes going on normally in the animal body and it is demonstrable that simple proteins may be built into more complex molecules in the animal body. Moreover, it is certainly true that in man with perfect digestion practically all the nitrogen of the food is absorbed in the form of amino acids. The animal as well as the plant is a synthetical laboratory, but the new material used by the former is the finished product of the latter, which is unraveled and then woven into a new pattern which is different in each species of animal.

"There are as many kinds of proteins as there are kinds of living matter. Chemically proteins are polymers of amino acids. [Polymerism is the property possessed by several compounds of having similar percentage composition but different molecular weights.] The amino acids demonstrated in proteins are only about eighteen in number, but with these put together in an almost infinite variety of ways, we get an unlimited variety of products, just as with only twenty-six letters in the alphabet there is no end to the making of words. The simplest proteins consist wholly of amino acids. These combine with inorganic salts, lime, phosphorus, iron, etc., and with carbohydrates to form the compound proteins.

"All living things not only contain protein, but this is their essential constituent. The living protein molecule is in a labile or active state, capable of trading in energy, absorbing and eliminating; never in a condition of equilibrium. Dead protein is in a state of rest; it is a stable molecule and remains in equilibrium."

It is possible to conceive of the beginnings of life on this planet in terms of the protein. In the intense heat of past geological ages when even carbon existed in the gaseous state this element combined with nitrogen-forming cyanogen. With this binary compound under proper conditions the synthesis of the simplest amino acid was possi-

The Essential Constituent of All Living Things Has Affinities With Evil

ble, for cyanogen may react with boiling hydro-iodic acid, and from this the other amino acids found in the protein molecule might have been developed. In this view, proteins in their simplest form may have come into existence long before life, as we now know it, was possible on the earth.

Professor Victor Clarence Vaughan, by whom these views are developed before students, has long been a high authority on physiological chemistry. He has lectured on his specialty for many years, besides producing textbooks of accepted authority in such departments of therapeutics as are affiliated with his line of study. One of his well-known works deals with leucomaines as well as ptomaines and cellular toxins. He is also a high authority on immunity. He sums up many years of reflection and experiment in saying:

"Life is function, not form. The cell is not only made up of protein molecules, but its form and function are determined by the chemical structure of its constituent molecules. The lines along which the spore, seed or ovum develop are determined by the chemical structure of its proteins. Growth in other directions is impossible, and this accounts for stability in reproduction. . . .

"The living molecule is never in a state of equilibrium. There is a constant exchange of atoms between it and the outside world. It absorbs, assimilates and eliminates. It is constantly trading in energy. It takes in oxygen and gives off carbonic acid; it takes in nitrogenous material, and, having utilized it, the waste is discarded. The living molecule passes through the period of growth and decay. During the former, its functions are largely synthetic; in the latter they are autolytic and finally the structure drops into pieces."

* **Poisonous Proteins.** By Victor C. Vaughan, M.D. St. Louis: The C. V. Mosby Company.

Religion and Ethics

THE "UNDYING FIRE" THAT SUSTAINS THE WORLD

IN his new novel,* as in the stories that immediately preceded it, H. G. Wells is preoccupied with the august problems of human destiny.

What is the object of life? he seems to be continually asking. Why endure so meager an existence at such a cost? What is to come of it all? And his answer is: Man embodies a divine spark, the "undying fire" of the book's title, and this can save him from the fate which otherwise would overtake him. It rests with Man whether he will understand and organize his world and save it, or be wiped out, like other animals.

This novel, which the New York *Sun* describes as "probably Mr. Wells' greatest public service, as well as one of his finest books," is a modern version of the Book of Job. It opens with a Prolog in Heaven. It closes with a scene in which the modern Job, on the operating table, is vouchsafed a vision of the Divine Goodness. It is occupied, almost entirely, with brilliant talk bearing on the problems of God and immortality, the cruelty of nature and the rôle of science in the life of mankind.

Mr. Wells has fictionized, humanized, and, as one critic puts it, even humorized a little the oldest drama in the world. This he accomplishes without omitting any essential details. Bildad the Shuhite becomes Mr. William Dad; Eliphaz the Temanite becomes Sir Eliphaz Burrows, manufacturer of Temanite building blocks; while the new Job, typifying humanity tormented almost to the breaking point, is Job Huss, a schoolmaster.

At the time the story opens Mr. Huss is living in a cheap and unattractive boarding-house at a seaside resort. He is almost penniless, as a result of a lawyer's recklessness. He is suffering from a painful malady, diagnosed as cancer. He has lost his only son, who is believed to have been shot down in battle with the Germans and who is mourned by a mother grown morbid as a result of her grief. Worst of all, his school, his life work, which to him was no less than "the altar on which I offered myself to God," is to be taken from him. There has been an explo-

sion in the chemical laboratory; there has been an epidemic of measles; there has been a fire in the schoolhouse which has gutted the place and caused the death of two boys. And now he receives a visit from two of his governors, Mr. Dad and Sir Eliphaz, accompanied by an assistant master who is scheming to step into his shoes.

The temptation to "curse God and die" is strong. Job's comforters, in their twentieth-century setting, are every whit as aggravating and as intolerable as their Old-Testament prototypes. Each represents a type of belief or of unbelief, and each is inclined to indict Mr. Huss. The assistant master cares only for his own worldly advancement. Sir Eliphaz holds fast to the doctrine that an all-wise, all-powerful and beneficent Providence orders all things for man's ultimate good. The doctor, on the other hand, declares that the universe is uncontrollable and incomprehensible, ruled by what he calls "the Process," which uses men, but reck not of them. Sir Eliphaz and the doctor agree only on one point—their allegiance to "the thing which is."

Mr. Huss does not agree with either of these disputants. He will not submit to "the thing which is"; he is "the servant of a rebellious and adventurous God who may yet bring order into this cruel and frightful chaos." To him there is "no reason anywhere, no creation anywhere, except this spirit of God in the hearts of men," a spirit which exists only in the hearts of men, can work only through and with the aid and cooperation of men, which commands men to fight always, fight against disorder, against their own weaknesses, against submission to things as they are.

The story reaches its climax in the chapter in which Mr. Huss goes under the surgeon's knife. The chloroform which robs him of consciousness brings him a vision:

"It was as if the dreamer pushed his way through the outskirts of a great forest and approached the open, but it was not through trees that he thrust his way but through bars and nets and interlacing curves of blinding, many-colored light towards the clear promise beyond. He had grown now to an incredible vastness

Mr. Wells' New Novel
Intimates That God
May Fail If Man Fails

so that it was no longer earth upon which he set his feet but that crystalline pavement, whose translucent depths contain the stars. Yet to he approached the open he never reached the open; the iridescent net that had seemed to grow thin, grew dense again; he was still struggling, and the black doubts that had lifted for a moment swept down upon his soul again. And he realized he was in a dream, a dream that was drawing swiftly now to its close.

"Oh God!" he cried, "answer me! For Satan has mocked me sorely. Answer me before I lose sight of you again. Am I right to fight? Am I right to come out of my little earth, here above the stars?"

"Right if you dare."

"Shall I conquer and prevail? Give me your promise!"

"Everlastingly you may conquer and find fresh worlds to conquer."

"May—but shall I?"

"It was as if the torrent of molten thoughts stopped suddenly. It was as if everything stopped.

"Answer me," he cried.

"Slowly the shining thoughts moved on again.

"So long as your courage endures you will conquer. . . .

"If you have courage, altho the night be dark, altho the present battle be bloody and cruel and end in a strange and evil fashion, nevertheless victory shall be yours—in a way you will understand—when victory comes. Only have courage. On the courage in your heart all things depend. By courage it is that the stars continue in their courses, day by day. It is the courage of life alone that keeps sky and earth apart. . . . If that courage fail, if that sacred fire go out, then all things fail and all things go out, all things—good and evil, space and time."

"Leaving nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing," he echoed, and the world spread like a dark and darkening mask across the face of all things.

"And then as if to mark the meaning of the word, it seemed to him that the whole universe began to move inward upon itself, faster and faster, until at last with an incredible haste it rushed together. He resisted this collapse in vain, and with a sense of overwhelmed effort. The white light of God and the whirling colors of the universe, the spaces between the stars—it was as if an unseen fist gripped them together. They rushed to one point as water in a clepsydra rushes to its hole. The whole universe became small, became a little thing, diminished

* *THE UNDYING FIRE: A CONTEMPORARY NOVEL.* By H. G. Wells. Macmillan.

to the size of a coin, of a spot, of a pinpoint, of one intense black mathematical point, and—vanished. He heard his own voice crying in the void like a little thing blown before the wind: 'But will my courage endure?' The question went unanswered."

Mr. Huss's courage, as it turns out, does endure, and he receives, in due course, the rewards of his endurance. The entire story appeals to the *New York Times* as "extremely interesting"; and the *New York Sun* says:

"What a big man, at full capacity, Mr. Wells shows himself to be in this book! 'The Undying Fire' is dedicated 'to all schoolmasters and schoolmistresses and every teacher in the world.' After all, we need say no more than this, that it is entirely worthy of that dedication."

A PHILOSOPHICAL FLIGHT ABOVE THE CLOUD-BANKS OF CONVICTION

THERE are "perilous seas" in the world of thought, "which can be sailed only by those who are willing to face their own physical powerlessness." Hon. Bertrand Russell, who makes this statement, is evidently one of those Hawkers of the intellect who aim to get, as it were, an aeroplane view of human activity. "No man is liberated from fear," he concludes, in an essay on "Dreams and Facts" which recently appeared in the brilliantly renovated *Athenaeum*, "who dare not see his place in the world as it is; no man can achieve the greatness of which he is capable until he has allowed himself to see his own littleness." What we need at present is to view man's life from the outside.

Man is essentially a dreamer, the English philosopher points out, who is wakened sometimes for a moment by some peculiarly obstructive element in the outer world, but lapsing again quickly into the happy somnolence of imagination. Our beliefs are for the most part mere day-dreams. Every man is encompassed by a cloud-bank of comforting convictions. Only religious opinions which differ from our own are therefore groundless. These comforting convictions move about our minds like flies on a summer day.

"Some of these convictions are personal to himself: they tell of his virtues and excellences, the affection of his friends and the respect of his acquaintances, the rosy prospects of his career, and his unflagging energy in spite of delicate health. Next come convictions of the superior excellence of his family; how his father had that unbending rectitude which is now so rare, and brought up his children with a strictness beyond what is to be found among modern parents; how his sons are carrying all before them in school-games, and his daughter is not the sort of girl to make an imprudent marriage. Then there are beliefs about his class, which, according to his station, is the best socially, or the most intelligent, or the most deserving morally, of the classes in the community—the all are agreed that the first of these merits is more desirable than the second, and the second than the third. Concerning his nation, also, almost every man cherishes comfortable delusions. 'Foreign nations, I am sorry to say, do as they do do.' So said Mr. Podsnap, giving expression, in these words, to one of the deepest sentiments of the hu-

man heart. Finally we come to the theories that exalt mankind in general, either absolutely or in comparison with the 'brute creation.' Men have souls, the animals have not; Man is the 'rational animal'; any peculiarly cruel or unnatural action is called 'brutal' or 'bestial' (altho such actions are in fact distinctively human); God made Man in his own image, and the welfare of Man is the ultimate purpose of the universe."

There is a whole hierarchy of these comforting convictions or day-dreams: those common to the individual, those shared with the family, those common to one's class, and finally those that are common to all mankind. Experience in the world is usually fatal to most of our beliefs. The myths of all but the most successful are dispelled:

"Personal conceit is dispelled by brothers, family conceit by school fellows, class-conceit by politics, national conceit by defeat in war or commerce. But human conceit remains, and in this region, so far as the effect of social intercourse is concerned, the myth-making faculty has free play. Against this form of delusion, a partial corrective is found in Science; but perhaps the corrective can never be more than partial, for it may be that without some credulity Science itself would crumble and collapse."

Science, however, does permit man to view himself externally. It permits the intellectually daring to indulge in flights above particular convictions and day-dreams. Here is how Bertrand Russell sees pathetic mankind from such an elevation:

"The universe as astronomy reveals it is very vast. How much there may be beyond what our telescopes show, we cannot tell; but what we can know is of unimaginable immensity. In the visible world the Milky Way is a tiny fragment; within this fragment, the solar system is an infinitesimal speck, and of this speck our planet is a microscopic dot. On this dot, tiny lumps of impure carbon and water, of complicated structure, with somewhat unusual physical and chemical properties, crawl about for a few years, until they are dissolved again into the elements of which they are compounded. They divide their time between labor designed to postpone the moment of dissolution for themselves and frantic struggles to hasten it for others of their kind. Natural convulsions periodically destroy some thousands of millions of them, and disease prematurely sweeps away many

Bertrand Russell Tells Us Why We Must Measure Mankind More Impartially

more. These events are considered to be misfortunes; but when men succeed in inflicting similar destruction by their own efforts, they rejoice, and give thanks to God. In the life of the solar system, the period during which the existence of man will have been physically possible is a minute portion of the whole; but there is some reason to hope that even before this period is ended man will have set a term to his own existence by his efforts at mutual annihilation."

Such a view of life, we are told, is intolerable, and would destroy the instinctive energy by which we humans persist. Regarding the assurances that have been given concerning the harmony beneath the apparent conflict, Mr. Russell introduces a new and illuminating analogy to illustrate man's place in the universe:

"'Hamlet' is a very well-known play; yet few readers would have any recollection of the part of the First Sailor, which consists of the four words: 'God bless you, sir!' But suppose a society of men whose sole business in life was to act this part; suppose them isolated from contact with the Hamlets, Horatios, and even Guildensterns; would they not invent systems of literary criticism according to which the four words of the First Sailor were the kernel of the whole drama? Would they not punish with ignominy or exile any one of their number who should suggest that other parts were possibly of equal importance? And the life of mankind takes up a much smaller proportion of the universe than the First Sailor's speech does of 'Hamlet,' but we cannot listen behind the scenes to the rest of the play, and we know very little of its characters or plot."

To most of us "Mankind" means ourselves, and therefore we think very well of mankind, and consider its preservation important. After Copernicus, when the earth lost its central position in the universe, man, too, was deposed from his eminence, and it became necessary to invent a metaphysic to correct the "crudities" of science:

"This task was achieved by those who are called 'idealists,' who maintain that the world of matter is unreal appearance, while the reality is Mind or Spirit—transcending the mind or spirit of the philosopher as he transcends common men. So far from there being no place like home, these thinkers assure us that every place is like home. In all our best—that is, in

all those tastes which we share with the philosopher in question—we are at one with the universe. Hegel assures us that the universe resembles the Prussian State of his day; his English followers consider it more analogous to a bi-cameral plutocratic democracy. The reasons offered for these views are carefully camouflaged so as to conceal even from their authors the connection with human wishes: they are derived, nominally, from such dry sources as logic and the analysis of propositions. But the influence of wishes is shown by the fallacies committed, which all tend in one direction. When a man adds up an account, he is much more likely to make a mistake in his favor than to his detriment; and when a man reasons, he is more apt to incur fallacies which favor his wishes than such as thwart them. And so it comes that, in the study of nominally abstract thinkers, it is their mistakes that give the key to their personality."

Just because these idealistic systems are comforting, we must not conclude, warns Bertrand Russell, that they are harmless. The comfort they bring is dearly bought by the preventable misery they lead men to tolerate. He concludes:

"The evils of life spring partly from natural causes, partly from men's hostility to each other. In former times, competition and war were necessary for the securing of food, which could only be obtained by the victors. Now, owing to the mastery of natural forces which science has begun to give, there would be more comfort and happiness for all if all devoted themselves to the conquest of nature rather than of each other. The representation of man as a friend, and sometimes as even an ally in our struggles with other men, obscures the true position of man in the world, and diverts his energies

from the conquest of scientific power, which is the only fight that can bring long-continued well-being to the human race.

"Apart from all utilitarian arguments, the search for a happiness based upon untrue beliefs is neither very noble nor very glorious. There is a stark joy in the unflinching perception of our true place in the world, and a more vivid drama than any that is possible to those who hide behind the enclosing walls of myth. There are 'perilous seas' in the world of thought, which can be sailed only by those who are willing to face their own physical powerlessness. And above all, there is liberation from the tyranny of Fear, which blots out the light of day and keeps men groveling and cruel. No man is liberated from fear who dare not see his place in the world as it is; no man can achieve the greatness of which he is capable until he has allowed himself to see his own littleness."

SHOULD THE CHURCH CHAMPION CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS?

ABOUT four hundred conscientious objectors are confined at the present time in the military prisons of the United States, serving sentences of from five to thirty years. The Executive Committee of the General Wartime Commission of the Churches thinks that they ought to be released. "They are beyond question sincere," it says. "After the war is over," it continues, "the best interests of democracy will not be served by carrying out further punishments against those whose honest convictions differed from the majority in the days of war."

This attitude is shared by some of the religious papers. We find, for instance, the New York *Churchman* strongly urging clemency for political prisoners. It cannot understand why America should have "gone to such lengths of severity and cruelty" in its treatment of those who, for conscientious motives, refused to bear arms. It says: "Where England gave one or two-year sentences and set her conscientious objectors and political prisoners at work that would appeal to their finicky temperaments, American judges gave these men from ten to thirty years. We are pretty creditably informed that they have been battered about, manacled to cell bars, kept in solitary confinement and beaten."

In similar spirit the *Social Preparation*, a Christian Socialist journal published in Utica, N. Y., expresses dismay in contemplating the public attitude manifested toward conscientious objectors. It instances, in particular, the case of the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, an Episcopal clergyman, who, with Victor Berger and other Socialist lead-

ers, was recently sentenced to twenty years in prison for violation of the espionage law; and it goes on to comment:

"What fills us with dismay is not the number of political offenders convicted, or the long sentences, or even the prominence of some of them; not even the sacred character of the office of priest one of them bears with an eternal indelibility. The convictions are but incidental to the combined hysteria of war and panic legislation connected therewith, and the very evident determination of the possessing class to make use of the statute in an endeavor to stamp out all efforts for a change in our social order, to silence every voice of protest. What does fill us with dismay is the very evident public approval of the statute with all its ferocity and its ruthlessness of application, surpassing anything of a like nature in Europe for the past one hundred and fifty years. The newspapers openly, enthusiastically and unanimously approve, while the church papers are silent. The conviction of the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker and his sentence to twenty years of servitude does not even cause the officials of the church or the press of the church to break silence. To be very frank, there can be but one, possibly two interpretations put upon this course of the church and her press now that attention is so sharply called to the situation by the conviction of one of her priests along with the hundreds of other victims. It is caused either by approval or by cowardice or both."

"If the church approves of the indictment, trial and conviction of people for their convictions and honest opinions, and an expression of them, let her speak out, if she does not approve, let her speak out. To keep silent now in view of her unequivocal stand for the war when physical combat was the paramount issue, is a shame and reproach; yes, a scandal."

Religious Comment On the Plight of Our Civil Heretics

All this, of course, is only one side of the shield. A majority of the religious editors of the country would probably agree with the correspondent who indignantly protests against the *Churchman's* attitude, who calls the conscientious objectors "law-breakers," and who says: "To condone conscientious objectors because they have had maximum sentences seems too much like the silly women who gush over felons condemned to death. The fact that these objectors come under discipline is *not* because the military authorities are endeavoring to make them fight when their consciences forbid it, but because they refuse to perform the alternate service required by law."

The Living Church, the Protestant Episcopal weekly published in Milwaukee, takes up the gauntlet thrown down by the *Social Preparation* and rejoins:

"The *Social Preparation* can think of only two possible explanations of the silence of the church press. We can think of a third. It is that of shame at the scandal of a priest who could not or would not control his own tongue, coupled with sorrow for him, and a desire not to add to the already very widespread advertising of his sad plight."

"Mr. Tucker is a man who has had unusual opportunities. Both by education and by social sympathy he might have been a most useful leader in the church. He chose to throw away that opportunity. . . .

"For let it be definitely understood that both God and man hold each man responsible for what he says and the effect of his words. The state makes laws against libel, against slander, against blasphemy, and against the promotion of anarchy and sedition. All these are limitations upon the freedom of speech. And there is no more reason why freedom of speech should be separated from responsibility

for the effects of speech than why freedom of action should be separated from responsibility for the effects of action. A free man is not absolved from responsibility for what he does or what he says.

"And the law of God, which, if a priest chooses to defy human law, he yet must recognize, is still more emphatic in holding a man responsible not only for the effect of what he says but also for the sin of speaking unadvisedly. St. James was expounding the 'perfect law of liberty' when he said, 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.' Perhaps that is sufficient answer, rendered impersonally, to the question of what 'the church' thinks in regard to such an issue.

"We shall hope that executive clemency may be exercised long before the twenty years of Mr. Tucker's sentence are over. But this hope does not lessen our appreciation of the enormity of the crime for

which Mr. Tucker has been convicted. Absolutely without cause, huge German hordes bore down without notice upon defenseless men, women, and children in Belgium and France. Great nations arose at once to stay this rush of the invader, to protect the weak and to punish the criminals. Mr. Tucker's own nation at length joined those that had preceded it, when the triumph of blatant materialism and militarism and the defiance of the law of God and man were almost successful. The parable of the Good Samaritan has been enacted on a colossal scale. The traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho, multiplied by millions, fell among thieves. The priest and the levite—all those who refused to help him—passed by on the other side. Only, in this real case, instead of continuing to pass until they passed off the scene entirely, they endeavored by foolish words and deeds to dissuade the Good Samaritan from the West who, God-inspired as we confidently

believe, set out to stop the thieves and protect the unhappy traveler. 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?' Mr. Tucker, as a man, as an American, as a Christian, as a priest, was bound by all that is holy to help. He did not. By word, if not by deed, he did what he could to hinder the progress of justice. The crisis of the ages found him unwilling to answer to the call for help. The state pronounces his deed a crime and sentences him to prison for it. That is a small punishment compared to the knowledge, that must sometime come to him, that in the crisis of his life he failed; a small verdict compared with the verdict of St. James.

"Let nobody minimize the seriousness of the crime for which he has been convicted, or the sin which the apostle whose social conscience was keenest of all the apostolic band denounces in such unmeasured terms."

CARRYING A NEW CHRISTIAN CRUSADE INTO FRANCE

AMERICA is taking an important part not only in the material repair but in the spiritual rehabilitation of a France exhausted by the rigors of war. Bishop Anderson, of Cincinnati, who visited France lately with a Methodist deputation and called upon the French Minister of Reconstruction, writes enthusiastically (in the *Central Christian Advocate*) of the unusual opportunity for "constructive evangelism" in France, and the Boston *Congregationalist* says that "any candid and observant American who has been in France during the last year, who has talked with the outstanding Protestant leaders, or has studied the general situation, must come to the conclusion that the present hour is fraught with wonderful possibilities." More than 25,000,000 of the French people, it seems, are outside the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. The government has been for a long period anti-clerical, but not anti-Christian. "Not a few of the intellectual leaders and some of the most far-seeing men in public life," the *Congregationalist* declares, "discern certain deficiencies in the fiber of the national life, due in part to the bitter controversies of the past and in part to the materialistic atmosphere that overspread all the nations of Europe up to the beginning of the Great War. It is realized in high circles as never before that democracy needs moral undergirding and that a simple vital religion is essential to morality." The same paper continues:

"It is a new France which is now in the process of construction. If France is to stand with England and America as the chief bulwarks of the Society of

Nations, France as well as the two other nations must have its life undergirded with religious principles and permeated with the influence of a vital Christianity. In its present depleted condition, it cannot supply all the spiritual agencies that are immediately required. That is why America in the wisest and most statesmanlike way must come to its assistance. America is in a position to match in the religious realm the influence she has exerted in the sphere of politics."

Among the American religious leaders who have already visited France may be mentioned Bishop Edward H. Hughes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who devoted a considerable part of a recent five-month trip to surveying the work begun by that Church on the basis of a gift from John S. Huyler, the candy manufacturer of New York. Representatives of the Methodist Church South have been in France. Dr. Bysshe, a Canadian, who has been for several years a Methodist representative on the field, has established, since the war began, three orphanages. The Northern Baptists have recently sent to France Secretary James H. Franklin, of their Foreign Board. A commission of the Lutheran Church in America has been on the ground. Last summer Secretary C. S. Macfarland, of the Federal Council of Churches in the United States, went here and there viewing conditions from the point of view of a united Protestant advance. He was warmly received not only by all branches of Protestantism but by members of the government and by people at large.

In view of all these facts, the *Congregationalist* is confident that the right course for American agencies to pursue is one that shall aim not only at the conservation and restoration of exist-

American Religious Leaders See a Unique Opportunity for "Constructive Evangelism"

ing churches of whatever denomination, but at a more unified and strategic endeavor to bring to bear united forces upon the unparalleled opportunity. The same paper concludes:

"We rejoice that men of the breadth of Bishop Hughes and Secretary Franklin have been among those selected to look into the existing work of their respective denominations. Since he has returned, Bishop Hughes has gone on record as saying: 'It is my own conviction that there is a field in France for aggressive religious work on properly conducted lines but no field there for any Protestantism that would enter the country with any denominational propaganda.'

"Unquestionably he as well as Secretary Frank M. North, of the Methodist Missionary Board and President of the Federal Council, who has just returned from France, will also stand for a broad-minded policy, as will Secretary Franklin, who is one of the most liberal of liberal Baptists. But it must not be forgotten that the Baptist, Methodist and Lutheran churches in France constitute only a minor fraction of the Protestant forces in France. The two branches of *L'Eglise Réformée* represent the bulk of the Protestant believers.

"American money for the right kind of work in France will not be difficult to obtain, but not one cent of it should go to the kind of propaganda that tends to confuse the minds of those for whom work is done concerning the essentials of the Christian religion. There should be the closest and the most constant cooperation on the part of various bodies, so that there shall be no overlapping or competition. The Federal Council of Churches in America created for just such situations should have a voice in the matter and by all means the wishes of the committee established last summer representing all the Protestant organizations in France should be ascertained and respected."

THOREAU AS "A BORN SUPERNATURALIST"

THOREAU was not a born naturalist, but a born supernaturalist." So John Burroughs writes in an essay in the *Atlantic* in which he denies to the author of "Walden" many of the supreme qualities, and yet declares: "All our other nature-writers seem tame and insipid beside Thoreau." Mr. Burroughs continues:

"He was so much more than a mere student and observer of nature; and it is this surplusage which gives the extra weight and value to his nature-writing. He was a critic of life, he was a literary force which made for plain living and high thinking. His nature-lore was an aside; he gathered it as the meditative saunterer gathers a leaf, or a flower, or a shell on the beach, while he ponders on higher things. He had other business with the gods of the woods than taking an inventory of their wares. He was a dreamer, an idealist, a fervid ethical teacher, seeking inspiration in the fields and woods. The hound, the turtle-dove, and the bay horse which he said he had lost, and for whose trail he was constantly seeking, typified his interest in wild nature. The natural history in his books is quite secondary. The natural or supernatural history of his own thought absorbed him more than the exact facts about the wild life around him. He brings us a gospel more than he brings us a history. His science is only the handmaid of his

ethics; his wood-lore is the foil of his moral and intellectual teachings. His observations are frequently at fault, or wholly wide of the mark; but the flower or specimen that he brings you always 'comes laden with a thought.' There is a tang and a pungency to nearly everything he published; the personal quality which flavors it is like the formic acid which the bee infuses into the nectar he gets from the flower, and which makes it honey."

Thoreau, according to Mr. Burroughs, was the first man in this country, or in any other, who made a religion of walking—the first to announce a gospel of the wild. That he went forth into wild nature in much the same spirit that the old hermits went into the desert, and was as devout in his way as they were in theirs, is revealed in numerous passages in his journal. He would make his life a sacrament; he discarded the old religious terms and ideas, and struck out new ones of his own. "My proposition," he once declared, "is to be always on the alert to find God in Nature, to know his lurking-place, to attend all the oratories, the operas of Nature." He also said: "I would walk, I would sit, and sleep, with natural piety. What if I could pray aloud or to myself, as I went along the brooksides, a cheerful prayer like the birds. For joy I would em-

He Went Into Wild Nature in Much the Same Spirit that the Old Hermits Went Into the Desert

brace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it."

In an essay on walking, Thoreau declares that the art of walking "comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a good walker. You must be born into the family of walkers. . . . I think I cannot preserve my health and spirits unless I spend four hours a day, at least—it is commonly more than that—sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements." Thoreau lived in the spirit of this declaration. He was, Mr. Burroughs remarks, "a new kind of walker, a Holy Lander." His walks yielded him mainly spiritual and ideal results. The article concludes:

"Thoreau's work lives and will continue to live because, in the first place, the world loves a writer who can flout it and turn his back upon it and yet make good; and again, because the books which he gave to the world have many and very high literary and ethical values. He drew a gospel out of the wild; he brought messages from the wood-gods to men; he made a lonely pond in Massachusetts a fountain of the purest, most elevating thoughts; and, with his great neighbor Emerson, added new lustre to a town over which the muse of our Colonial history has long loved to dwell."

REVIVING MYSTICISM AS A REFUGE FROM A WAR-TORN WORLD

ANOTABLE religious tendency to which attention is directed by Paul Elmer More in *The Villager* (Katonah, N. Y.) is the sudden revival of interest in the mystical philosophy of the Neoplatonists. In this country a clergyman of New York has just published a translation of the "Enneads" of the great Neoplatonist thinker, Plotinus, in four volumes.¹ These "Enneads," which represent notes of lectures delivered in Rome in the third century, are also being translated by an Englishman.² A careful study of "The Neoplatonists" by another English writer has appeared in a second edition.³ And now, as a climax, comes a two-volume treatise on "The Philosophy of Plotinus"⁴ by W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral,

London, "from which," remarks Mr. More, "the conclusion likely to be drawn is that the distinguished divine of the Anglican Church places the Alexandrine pagan on a level with the apostle under whose tutelage he teaches, if not actually above the apostle."

Dean Inge is said to have given seventeen years of study to his subject, and he writes with intense earnestness. "For us," as he puts it, "the whole heritage of the past is at stake together; we cannot preserve Platonism without Christianity, nor Christianity without Platonism, nor civilization without both." That is strong language from a Dean of St. Paul's. What follows is not less startling. "Neoplatonism," he asserts, "differs from Christianity in that it offers us a religion the truth of which is not contingent on any particular events, whether past or present." It demands, that is to say, no faith in miracles, no acceptance of a special revelation or faith in a divine person; it appeals immediately to the inner experience of each man, and is therefore outside the sphere of historical or

scientific refutation. There is, the Dean adds, taking the ground held long ago by Origen, a Christian philosophy of the same sort.

On all of which Mr. More comments: "It is hard to see how, on his own hypothesis, we are to understand the historical basis of Christianity, which an orthodox divine is supposed to preach, otherwise than as a kind of symbolism that gains in strength as it approaches the abstract metaphysics of a Plotinus." Mr. More goes on to point out what he regards as a confusion in the Dean's position due to an initial failure to distinguish between the spirit of Platonism and that of Neoplatonism:

"The Dean has, in fact, two theses, which he treats as if they were one, tho they are by no means inseparable. On the one hand he sees that religion, if it is to regain its hold on educated men, must lay a deeper foundation in philosophy, and to that end it cannot do better than return, as it has done before, to the idealism of Plato. It must learn anew, what was clear enough to the great theologians of Alexandria, that the creed of Christianity is essentially a develop-

¹ THE ENNEADS OF PLOTINUS. Tr. by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie. Pub. by Author, Alpine, N. J.

² PLOTINUS: THE ETHICAL TREATISES. Tr. from the Greek by Stephen Mackenna. London: Lee Warner.

³ THE NEOPLATONISTS: A STUDY IN THE HISTORY OF HELLENISM. By Thomas Whittaker. Cambridge: The University Press.

⁴ THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLOTINUS: GIFFORD LECTURES AT ST. ANDREW'S, 1915-1918. By W. R. Inge, D.D. London: Longmans.

ment of Plato's dualistic philosophy, as expounded in the 'Timaeus,' into a kind of cosmic myth. To say this does not mean that the central dogma of the creed must be taken lightly as having no objective reality behind it; but it does mean that the order of faith must be reversed. We must begin with philosophy, as the more immediate certainty of our inner experience, and regard the drama of the Incarnation as a less certain, or less obvious, expression of that experience in mythical form, instead of following the common procedure, which places mythology first, as a fact demonstrably true in itself, and builds up a philosophy from this fact as best it can. Such, if we understand Dr. Inge, is the main thesis of his book; and it is a view that may bring comfort to many questioning minds."

But with this thesis, Mr. More proceeds, Dr. Inge has entwined another of a more dubious character:

"Looking out upon the events of the last few years and upon what even now is happening, he is profoundly disquieted, and sees everywhere at work forces which threaten the break-up of civilization. He finds many analogies between the present state of society and the ferment of the third century when Plotinus watched the Roman Empire crumbling to its decay. So it is, he thinks, 'we shall need all that religion and philosophy can do for us in the troublous times which certainly await us.' And in particular we shall need such a philosophy as that of Plotinus, which can withdraw the soul from the warfare of individual and class competition into a

region of absolute calm, a faith which can guide us on the forgotten path to mystic peace. It is notable that the long review of the book in the *London Times* (written, it is safe to conjecture, by A. T. Taylor of St. Andrews) takes the same position. Now we are not concerned to criticize mysticism, tho we would not conceal our distrust of it; but we think it important to assert that the mysticism of Plotinus is far removed from the philosophy of Plato, and that to confuse the two, as Dr. Inge does, is to imperil the benefits that might accrue from the revival of a sound religious philosophy. With this caution we can commend Dr. Inge's volumes as significant of an interesting movement in thought, if not significant to the reader in his effort to look more deeply into the dark ground of things."

NEW PHASES OF THE FIGHT AGAINST LYNCHING

THE first National Conference on lynching, held recently in New York and attended by representatives of twenty-five states of the Union, has served to bring into prominence some of the efforts now being made to wipe out a national disgrace. Among those who participated in the Conference were ex-Governor Emmet O'Neal, of Alabama, Rabbi Stephen Wise, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, General John H. Sherburne and Charles Evan Hughes. Mr. Hughes sounded the key-note of the occasion in his declaration: "Little can be done in the cause of international justice unless nations establish strongly and securely the foundations of justice within their own borders. . . . It has been said in the most formal manner in the covenant of the League of Nations that the well-being and development of [the backward] peoples is the most sacred trust of civilization. I say that duty begins at home."

At this conference figures were presented showing that in the last thirty years 3,224 persons have been killed by lynching, 2,834 of them in Southern States which once were slave-holding. Georgia has lynched 386—or an average of over thirty a year. Sixty-three negroes, five of them women, were lynched in 1918; and four white men. In discussing these figures, James Weldon Johnson, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and himself a colored man, said:

"I ask not only black Americans but white Americans, are you not ashamed of lynching? Do you not hang your head in humiliation to think that this is the only civilized country in the world, no, more than that, the only spot on earth where a human being may be tortured with hot irons and then burned alive. The nation is to-day striving to lead the

moral forces of the world in the support of the weak against the strong; well, I'll tell you it can't do it until it conquers and crushes out this monster in its own midst.

"A great deal has been said about the atrocities committed during this terrible war by Huns and Turks; but there are millions of intelligent Americans who do not know, who are not concerned with the fact that every year atrocities are committed in this enlightened land that would cause envy in the heart of the most benighted Turk."

Several practical measures were proposed and acted upon. A prompt and thoroughgoing investigation of the lynching evil by Congress was demanded. A fund for the prosecution of a campaign against lynching was started, and a committee appointed to administer and sustain it. Most important of all, a resolution was passed by unanimous vote recommending that lynching be made a federal crime, to be punished by federal courts.

"A good beginning is made towards the suppression of this great evil," the *Boston Transcript* comments. Lynching, the same paper points out, is not by any means a local or a sectional evil. Under the same provocation it is about as likely to take place in one section as another. The worst wholesale lynchings on record took place at Springfield, Ohio, and East St. Louis, Ill., and lynchings have been narrowly averted in New York and Philadelphia. "The cooperation of the Northern and Southern anti-lynchers and white and black anti-lynchers," the *Transcript* remarks, "is a most hopeful sign, and the elevation of an ever-increasing number of colored people into the class of the well-to-do citizens is a pledge that they will be the better able to take care of their race." The *Transcript* continues:

Proposed Methods of Counteracting Mob Assassination

"The great trouble is to find an effective means of combating lynching. Naturally it does no good merely to pass laws against it. Every lynching is a sudden and violent outburst against the law. It is a passionate protest against what is regarded as the insufficiency and impotence of the law. It is an explosion of fury, operating so suddenly, or else by so irresistible a development of local sentiment, that the officers of the law are powerless against it. The force of prevention can be applied only in two ways—by establishing so strong a sentiment of opposition and hatred of such passionate methods that it is impossible to organize a lynching party, or else by punishing the participants so severely and so certainly that people will carry in their hearts a fear to violate the law. The first method of cure is good, and it is now in operation. Lynchings on the whole are diminishing in number. But the cure along this line is slow. It may take a generation or two to make it completely effective. And it has been found impossible to prevent lynchings by the punishment of the lynchers. Not only is evasion easy, but when the passion of a community is aroused the fear of retribution vanishes.

"At the anti-lynching conference in New York it was suggested that the best way to restrain lynchings is to penalize the communities—to compel the offending town or county to pay a large fine, or to boycott its business. There does not seem to be much sense or reason in such a proposition as that. It would punish the innocent with the guilty, and in fact would punish the innocent more than the guilty; for the majority of the lynchers in most cases are irresponsible individuals who would feel the penalty very little, while the protesting and responsible elements would have to shoulder the heavier part of the penalty.

"The evil must be abated by arousing the sentiment of the whole community against it. The violent means of murder against murder, or murder against any other crime or offence, must become an abhorrent thing."

MR. HOLMES ANNOUNCES "THE COMMUNITY CHURCH"

THE community church is the church of the future. The time is ripe for its advent everywhere." So the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, former Unitarian minister and pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, has lately declared. Mr. Holmes is now an independent clergyman. He has severed his connection with the Unitarian denomination, and changed the name of his church to "The Community Church of New York." The old name, he tells us, had long lost its meaning, at least for his congregation. The change is "simply an endeavor to interpret the free, democratic, social religion to which we are committed, and to give public guarantee of our determination to live out the consequences of this religion to the very end."

Mr. Holmes continues (as interviewed in the *New York Times*):

"By this action this church has now completed a great work of reorganization. I have cut myself off from all denominational connections of every kind, that I may preach a universal, humanistic religion which knows no bounds of any kind, not even Christianity.

"We have done away with assessments, pew rents, etc., and thus placed the support of the church on the absolutely democratic basis of free voluntary subscriptions. We have rewritten our covenant, eliminating every last vestige of theology, thus relegating all matters of belief to private individual opinion and putting membership in the institution on an out-and-out citizenship basis. Any person who is a part of our great American community is welcome to our church, whether he be rich or poor, black or white, Christian, Jew, Hindu, or Parsee.

"By adopting finally this new name, we put the social democratic stamp indelibly upon our work. We now belong to the community, to take rank with the school, the library, the community center, as a public institution for public service. Our work of reorganization complete, we now turn to the greater task of making our church effective in the democratic life of America."

Mr. Holmes announced some months ago his intention to take his present step. He has the enthusiasm of an apostle, and he calls the community church "the great spiritual discovery of the age." In sermon after sermon

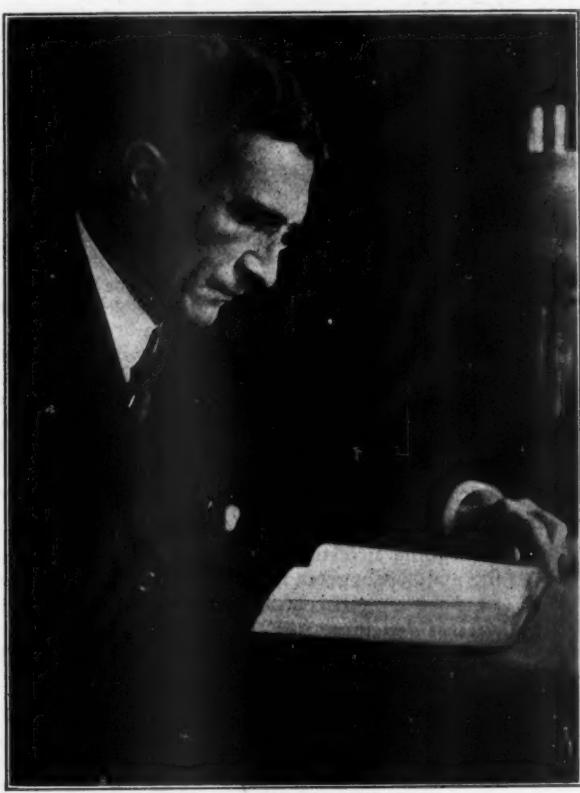
(published in *Unity*, Chicago) he has been expounding the doctrines that have revolutionized his own life and that of his congregation. He stems, he says, not only from Unitarianism, but from Positivism and from the Ethical Culture movement. He has found inspiration not only in Channing and Parker, but in Washington Gladden, Henry George, Henry D. Lloyd and Walter Rauschenbusch. His dominating thought now is that the community, rather than the denomination, should be the object of loyalty. As he puts it:

He Says that the Community, Rather Than the Denomination, Should Be the Object of Loyalty

and some time also they are going to establish a public, or community, church. All of these institutions, the church exactly like the school, belong to the people, serve the people, and express the democratic aspirations of the people. It is because of its identification in this way with the general interests of community life, that the community church is called a *community church*, and not a Baptist or Presbyterian or Methodist church. It is a community church because it turns back into the community, in forms of leadership and public service, the life which it has thus developed. Its influence is not dispersive, but concentrative. It gathers all the people of a single community into a single organization of this community, and dedicates them primarily to the welfare of this community. Its members pledge no allegiance, and seek no end, but that of the community in which they live. Of course, as the community church movement develops, there will be many community churches in many cities and towns, and in the larger cities there will be different community churches in different neighborhoods; and all these churches will be certain to seek association with one another in some form of fellowship or of brotherhood. But this fellowship will never become a denomination; will never seek to impose itself upon any community; and will never draw to itself that primary devotion of the individual member which properly belongs to the community alone."

Mr. Holmes's experiment will be watched, the *Brooklyn Eagle* thinks, with more curiosity than faith. *The Christian Advocate* (New York) declares: "To Methodists the transformation of a full-orbed church of Christ into a mere community center would appear to be a narrowing of field and a limitation of service." The organ of Mr. Holmes's own former denomination, *The Christian Register* (Boston), comments:

"We cannot see that Mr. Holmes will gain. The one prophetic idea in his statement is that the church shall hereafter be a community rather than a denominational affair. It will be a long while hereafter, in the sense in which he speaks of the church. His weakness is in not valuing properly the meaning of denominationalism. The lack of historic sense is rather remarkable in one of such unmistakable gifts. He is not going to see a dissolution of the sects in his generation. But he is bound to witness their employ of their separate and distinctive elements not to community but to worldwide causes."



A GREAT LIBERAL PREACHER

Rev. John Haynes Holmes is conceded to be one of New York's most effective speakers. "When aroused he is like a man on fire."

"The community church sets itself apart from all other churches as they exist today, primarily because it accepts as the basis of its organization no denomination of any kind, but simply and solely the community in which it stands. It comes into being not as something imposed upon a town from without, but as a natural outgrowth of the life of the town itself; and it represents not the peculiar ecclesiastical interests of an outside organization, but those universal human interests which hold the people of a town together as members of the same community. It holds the same relation to a town or city as any other public institution. When a new community is established, and the citizens come together to organize their common life, they establish a public school, a public library, a social center;

Literature and Art

A CHALLENGING DIARY OF DISAPPOINTMENT

WHAT novel of the generation which followed Mr. Wells, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bennett can be compared for scope and verisimilitude with this journal? asks the London *Athenaeum*. It is reviewing "The Journal of a Disappointed Man," by the late "W. N. P. Barbellion," which, since its recent publication in London (Chatto & Windus), has become in England the most discussed book of the hour. These journals will be devoured by thousands, thinks the *Nation*. "Their complete disillusionment, their skepticism, their abandoned sensuousness, their self-analysis and self-scorn, will seem like the pages of their own life history."

Who was "Barbellion"? We learn from the introduction by H. G. Wells that he was the son of a newspaper reporter in a Devonshire town; that he was born in 1890, and, the early set to follow in his father's profession, trained himself with little help from others to become a fine zoologist. He was a born writer, and at the age of 13 started this journal, which has now posthumously been published. It was his work of art, but executed with scientific conscience. In December, 1917, he died of an incurable creeping paralysis. His journal—comparable, according to the English critics, with the great diaries of the world's literature—is the record of his fight with this disease, with poverty, with all the weaknesses of his own mind and body, with all the stupidities of the world. His journal, notes the London *Times*, was an escape from the routine and littleness of life.

"He calls himself an egotist, but really he studies himself as he might study any man, or animal; and, as he writes, science and art become in him one. We see him more and more absorbed in the task of presenting to the world youth ageing while still young, laughing and crying at a fate which old age could accept quietly, bewildered by the contrast between its own fire and lassitude, unable to adapt itself to changes so swift and premature. He is always two beings, the creature at the mercy of things, and the detached, observing intelligence, now cold, now passionate, but always universal. It is the escape into the universal in himself that

more and more becomes his chief business and consolation."

His ill health began at the age of 15; at 16 he was an apprenticed reporter; at 17 he was writing like this: "I should surely remember the words of Keats and give up. There is no fiercer Hell than the failure of a great ambition!" His talent is evidenced by the fact that, at 18, he could see and write like this:

"Among the Oak Saplings we seemed enveloped in a cloud of green. The tall green grasses threw up a green light against the young green of the Oaks, and the sun managed to trickle through only here and there. Bevies of swinging bluebells grew in patches among the grass. Overhead in the Oaks I heard secret leaf whispers—those little noiseless noises. Birds and trees and flowers were secretive and mysterious like expectant motherhood. All the live things plotted together, having the same big business in hand. Out in the sunlit meadows there was a different influence abroad. Here everything was gay, lively, irresponsible. The brook prattled like an inconsequential schoolgirl. The Marsh marigolds in flamboyant yellow sunbonnets played ring-a-ring-a-roses."

At 20 he obtained a small appointment in the Plymouth Marine Laboratory. At 21 he secured an appointment in the British Museum. His father had died of a paralytic stroke. His own illness became chronic. But as yet death was a fear, not a certainty. In November, 1915, his doctor gave him a sealed letter to the doctor who was to examine him for the Army. He was rejected without having presented this letter; but he read it himself afterwards. He found out that he would have twelve months before taking to his bed and twelve months afterwards to live. He died punctually at the end of 1917. The last entry in his journal (October 21, 1917) reads: "Self-disgust." His wife had known of his disease at the time of their marriage. That he had loved and been loved, he was fully conscious, and also of the quality of this love:

"I am only twenty-eight, but I have telescoped into those few years a tolerably long life; I have loved and married, and have a family; I have wept and enjoyed;

A New Human Document that Puts to Shame Some Efforts of Our Modern Novelists

struggled and overcome, and when the hour comes I shall be content to die."

"What delights me is to recall that our love has evolved. It did not suddenly spring into existence like some beautiful sprite. It developed slowly to perfection—it was forged in the white heat of our experience. That is why it will always remain."

"Your love, darling, impregnates my heart, touches it into calm, strongly beating life so that when I am with you I forget I am a dying man. It is too difficult to believe that when we die true love like ours disappears with our bodies."

Entries of this sort, declares the London *Times*, belie the published title of the book. It ought not to be called the journal of a disappointed man. "To think that I have acted the prince to her," he writes of his wife, "when really I am only a beggar." Then, when he was clearly dying:

"We discuss *post-mortem* affairs quite genially and without restraint. It is the contempt bred of familiarity, I suppose. E. says widows' weeds have been so vulgarized by the war widows that she won't go into deep mourning. 'But you'll wear just one weed or two for me,' I plead, and then we laugh. She has promised me that, should a suitable chance arise, she will marry again. Personally I wish I could place my hand on the young fellow at once, so as to put him through his paces—show him where the water main runs and where the gas meter is, and so on . . .

"And now the invalid's gratitude is almost cringing, his admiration boundless and his love for always. It is the perfect *rapprochement* between two souls, one that was honeycombed with self-love and lost in the labyrinthine ways of his own motives, and the other straight, direct, almost imperious in love and altogether adorable."

Alone with this wife and a few friends, Barbellion faced death with a bare faith he had to find for himself through his reactions against faiths too easily found. Like too many more, says the *Times*, he grew up unhelped and ignored by our civilization, our churches and schools wasted except for what he made of himself out of his own pain. It was a brave gesture, indicated in such entries as this:

"Do you think I would exchange the

communion with my own heart for the toy balloons of your silly conversation? Or my curiosity for your flickering interests? Or my despair for your comfortable hope? Or my present tawdry life for yours, as polished and neat as a new threepenny bit? I would not."

Yet the journal is full of gaiety, cheer, witty observation. "Verily I lead a curious double existence; amongst most people I pass for a complaisant, amiable, mealy-mouthed, fury if conceited creature. Here I stand revealed as a contemptuous, arrogant malcontent." He was also skilful at reading and understanding the characters of others:

"I like his gamey flavor, his utter absence of self-consciousness, and his doggy loyalty to myself—his weaker brother. He may be depraved in his habits, coarse in his language, boorish in his manners, ludicrous in the wrongness of all his views. But I like him just because he is so hopeless. I get on with him because it is so impossible to reclaim him—my missionary spirit is not intrigued. If he only dabbled in vice (for an experiment), if he had pale watery ideas about current literature, if—to use his favorite epithet—he were genteel, I should quarrel."

When the curate called upon him about the christening of his child, he made this entry:

"I told him I was an Agnostic.

"There are several interesting lines of thought down here," he said, wearily, passing his hand over his eyes. I know several men more enthusiastic over Fleas and Worms than this phlegmatic priest over Jesus Christ."

The book, in the opinion of the *London Nation*, is both a challenge and a rebuke. "It calls on us to say what place there is in our society for a genius so creative and yet so frail."

"He cannot rise with de Musset to the grand expression of despair, nor attain with Rousseau to perfect candor in the exhibition of a human soul. And his interests are restricted. Religion, politics, government, trouble him not at all. But, like all artists, he is something of a reconciler. The story of his love-craving and its final satisfaction, of his pride and

resignation, of his victory and defeat, is of epic quality. We know that his journals were Bowdlerized by himself, and we can gather that his editor, whoever he may have been, also applied a pruning hand. All, therefore, is not told; maybe the diary of the sick-room, which was half his world, should have some empty leaves. Yet as the dawn steals through the curtains of a sick man's window, so Barbellion's life moves towards a light which a later generation may see in its fullness. He has nothing much to say. He lived short, suffered much, tormented himself (perhaps others), had no fads, worked intensely for little reward or fame or even hope, and his esthetic pleasures, such as his passion for music, were little more than rainbow-lights between one brain-storm and another. It is his intensity of soul which is the living thing about him. A little more time, and he becomes a great scientist; a little more feeling, and he grows into a saint. Ten years more of seeing, reading, and thinking, and he might have reached to almost any kind of literary power. The flower that withered on the stalk was no hedge-row weed, but a precious growth of ages of culture, sure to bud again."

In literature alone, thinks the critic of the *London Outlook*, could Barbellion have reached the height of his capacity. "Formless as this diary is, it is yet essentially literary with its occasional flashes of an almost perfect expression, its wit and humor and its graces of thought and manner that reveal the artist in living beneath the investigator of life." We have been led to think, remarks the *Athenaeum*, that ours is an age of creative activity. In truth, ours is an epoch of etiolation, wherein the architectonic secret has been lost:

"We have now a sham tradition and a sham rebellion, a sham society and a sham social satire; if good and great work is being done, it is being done in secret, as Barbellion's journal was written. That is not, indeed, great work, but it is good work. It puts us in possession of a fact, with which we have to square our creeds and our opinions of ourselves. Barbellion is a manifestation of the way of the universe with us, and of our way with the universe. One of these is a constant. The necessary adjustment must be made

with the other. If we wish to build, we must build not on ourselves alone—that will be, at the best, to repeat Barbellion—but upon our constant relation to the constant. Once we make that relation firm, we shall at least have a landmark in the mist, from which we can safely set forth on that triangulation of experience which is creation. Before we have gone far in the quest, we shall, in all probability, find ourselves within hailing distance of the tradition we have lost."

Writing to the *N. Y. Sun*, Hugh Walpole declares that the most interesting thing about this journal is the curious comment it affords on the more recent manifestations of the English novel:

"Had I not known on absolute first-hand authority that this is a perfectly genuine document I might have imagined it a novel from the hand of Miss Dorothy Richardson or James Joyce. It is certainly more vital and poignant than either 'A Portrait of the Artist' or 'The Tunnel,' but it has the same ruthlessly egotistic analysis, the same disregard for everything external to the narrator, the same piling of minute detail upon minute detail. And this time every word of it is confessed actual experience. Which surely goes to prove that the new Richardson-Joyce novel is not creative at all, but simply recollected reminiscence."

The one dissenting voice among the chorus of appreciation that has greeted the publication of this book is that of the critic of the *Saturday Review*. It is "the dreariest book it has ever been our misfortune to handle, and in parts it is disgusting."

"The thoro-paced egotist, whom Mr. Wells likens to 'the solitary beasts,' of course lives only for himself, and probably in most cases keeps a diary, in which he is his own audience. We do not say that there are no clever things in this diary: there are a good many; but not cleverer than we have heard from many young men, and much such as we should suppose every clever young person of the rising generation thinks and writes in diary or magazine or weekly journal. We cannot imagine why such a journal should be published, or why anybody should read it."

THE MASTER OF PROSE REVEALED BY SWINBURNE'S LETTERS

SWINBURNE'S brilliance as a poet has too often, for many readers, thrown into obscurity his greatness as a critic and prose writer. The publication of his letters,* written between 1858 and 1909, reveal Swinburne anew, as Mr. Gosse points out, as "a master of the phrase." No writer was ever more

fervent in his likes and dislikes than this most untamed of the Victorian poets; and nowhere more than in these letters did Swinburne write so simply and so incisively. More than in his set flights of criticism, the snatches of literary criticism in which these two volumes abound show his prose style at his best. In them the poet never lost himself in oversubtleties of statement nor in flowery verbal pyrotechnics.

* THE LETTERS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. 2 vols. New York: John Lane Co.

The Poet Loved Liberty, the Ocean, the Very Old and the Very Young

The themes of these letters, as Ashley H. Thorndike points out in the *N. Y. Times*, are books and authors, questions of metrical workmanship and critical interpretations, and comments on many periods of world drama and literature. They furnish a fine survey of Victorian life and literature, by one who was never so Victorian as when he seemed to himself most alien to that spirit. Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning

and Dickens were the "Big Four" when Swinburne appeared upon the literary scene. He pays his tribute time after time to this cultural hierarchy, reading their works as they appeared fresh from the printer. Thus in 1865 he wrote of Carlyle, in characteristic fashion:

"I am raging in silence at the postponement from day to day of Mr. Carlyle's volumes. He ought to be in London tying firebrands to the tails of those unclean foxes called publishers and printers. Meantime the world is growing lean with hunger and ravenous with expectation. I finished the fourth volume last May in a huge garden at Fiesole, the nightingales and roses serving by way of salt and spice to the divine dish of battles and intrigues. I take greater delight in the hero, who was always a hero of mine and more comprehensible to my heathen mind than any Puritan, at every step the book takes."

This hero, it is worth while to note, was Frederick the Great! Browning's "The Ring and the Book" evoked no less enthusiasm upon its first appearance. There are some reservations in the case of Tennyson, but a wholesome and whole-souled appreciation of Dickens.

To the Americans of the same period Swinburne devoted many amusing and typical passages in his letters. He liked nothing of Lowell except the "Bigelow Papers." He dismissed most of the New England school—with the possible exception of Hawthorne—in typically Swinburnian manner:

"While I appreciate (I hope) the respective excellences of Mr. Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' and Mr. Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode,' I cannot say that either of them leaves in my ear the echo of a single note of song. It is excellent good speech, but if given us as song its first and last duty is to sing. The one is most august meditation, the other a noble expression of deep and grave patriotic feeling on a supreme national occasion; but the thing more necessary, tho' it may be less noble than these, is the pulse, the fire, the passion of music—the quality of singer, not of a solitary philosopher or a patriotic orator. Now, when Whitman is not speaking bad prose he sings, and when he sings at all he sings well. Mr. Longfellow has a pretty little pipe of his own, but surely it is very thin and reedy. Again, whatever may be Mr. Emerson's merits, to talk of his poetry seems to me like talking of the scholarship of a child who has not learnt its letters. Even Browning's verse always goes to a recognizable tune (I say not to a good one), but in the name of all the bagpipes what is the tune of Emerson's? . . .

"The power and pathos and righteousness (to use a great old word which should not be left to the pulpiteers) of noble emotion would be more enjoyable and admirable if he [Whittier] were not so deplorably ready to put up with the first word, good or bad, that comes to

hand, and to run on long after he is out of breath."

Of all the American poets, it was Poe who aroused and retained his warmest admiration. Thus we find him making a prophecy concerning the literary reputation of Poe:

"Widely as the fame of Poe has already spread, and deeply as it is already rooted in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances; the surest presage that time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove in this case also the constant and trusty friend and keeper of a true poet's full-grown fame."

He called Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" "a superb piece of music and color" and "infinitely impressive when read aloud." But by 1885 he has tired of Whitman's work, writing at that time that Whitman's "habit of vague and flatulent verbiage seems to have grown upon him rather than decreased."

These letters will satisfy no very intense curiosity concerning Swinburne's private life. At the same time, as the critic of the N. Y. *Evening Post* points out, a careful reading reveals a good deal. He revealed his emotions and himself every time he used a pen. So much so, that he even tried to obtain from certain publishers letters written during a quarrel. Mr. Thorndike thinks the editors have not taken to heart Swinburne's own ideas about the publication of private letters:

"Neither Hotten, nor, for that matter, any man alive, has in his possession anything from my hand for which I need feel shame or serious regret or apprehension, even should it be exposed to public view; but without any such cause for fear or shame, we may all agree that we shrink, and that reasonably, from the notion that all private papers, thrown off in moments of chaff or Rabelaisian exchange of burlesque correspondence between friends who understand the fun, and have the watchword, as it were, under which a jest passes and circulates in the right quarter, should ever be liable to the inspection of common or unfriendly eyes."

Liberty, the sea, old men and children were the objects of the poet's self-confessed love. In one letter he tells of his first acquaintance with the ocean:

"I have heard that Goethe, Victor Hugo, and myself were all born in the same condition—all but dead, and certainly not expected to live an hour. Yet I grew up a healthy boy enough and fond of the open air, tho' slightly built, and have never had a serious touch of illness in my life. As for the sea, its salt must have been in my blood before I was born. I can remember no earlier enjoyment than being held up naked in my father's arms and brandished between his hands, then shot like a stone from a sling through the air, shouting and

laughing with delight, head foremost, into the coming wave—which could only have been the pleasure of a very little fellow. I remember being afraid of other things, but never of the sea."

Other letters express his love of the very old and the very young. He wrote to Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, congratulating her on becoming a grandmother:

"I do congratulate you cordially on becoming a grandmother. To have a baby at hand or within reach is to belong to 'the kingdom of heaven' yourself. I met this morning on my daily walk a fair friend not yet well stricken in months, who beamed and chuckled inarticulately (being still by necessity an inarticulate poet) at sight of me from the depth of her push-wainling. (I hope you never use the barbaric word *perambulator*?) Don't you like the late Rev. W. Barnes much better as a lexicographer (tho' I fear Miss Pinkerton might have demurred to his claims on that score) than as a poet? The happy term 'pushwainling' for a baby's coach of state is what makes him immortal in my eyes."

And in another letter he expresses himself on the same subject:

"All my friends know and joke about my life-long fondness (I am happy to say I have always found it naturally reciprocated) for very little children and very old persons. Of the latter I had known already two sublime examples in my grandfather and Mr. Landor, and last summer I made and enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Trelawny (the friend of Shelley, of Byron, and of Greece); a triad of Titans, of whom one was a giant of genius. The present piratical old hero calls me the last of the poets, who he thought all died with Byron. To hear him speak of Shelley is most beautiful and touching; at that name his voice (usually that of an old sea king, as he is) always changes and softens unconsciously. 'There,' he said to me, 'was the very best of men, and he was treated as the very worst.' He professes fierce general misanthropy, but is as ardent a republican (and atheist) as Shelley was at 20; a magnificent old Viking to look at. Of the three Landor must have been less handsome and noble-looking in youth than in age; my grandfather and Trelawny probably even more."

In a letter written in 1882 to an American friend, E. C. Stedman, the poet expressed himself with characteristic frankness on the subject of Oscar Wilde:

"I thought he seemed a harmless young nobody, and had no notion he was the sort of man to play the mountebank, as he seems to have been doing. A letter which he wrote to me lately about Walt Whitman was quite a modest, gentleman-like, reasonable affair without any flourish or affectation of any kind in matter or expression. It is really very odd. I should think you in America must be as tired of his name as we are in London of Mr. Barnum's and his Jumbos."

THE UNDERCURRENT OF SATIRE IN MOWBRAY-CLARKE'S STATUES

OVER-EMPHASIS of decoration has been a disastrous mistake of the modern age, declares the Yale art authority, A. Kingsley Porter. What one says in painting and sculpture, he asserts, matters far more than how one says it. The ability for expression, technique, is indeed a necessary prerequisite; but if art stops here it has essentially failed. "Decoration is merely a means to the supreme end—illustration. This is the whole gospel of art." By illustration, Mr. Porter means not only the conveying of a concrete idea but also the expression of an emotion.

It is illustration in this sense that perhaps primarily arouses our interest in the sculpture of John Mowbray-Clarke, whose work was recently exhibited in New York for the first time in seven years. Mr. Mowbray-Clarke, according to the art critic of the *N. Y. Times*, is one of those artists who are intensely interested in the interior life of the world about them. He is social critic, satirist, mystic, philosopher, dramatist, at the same time that he is a sculptor. One need not be familiar with the theoretical aviation of the "modern movement" to appreciate the meaning of many of those statues recently shown at the Kevorkian Galleries. Thus the *Times* critic notes:

"His statues are intended, we may assume, to be a source at once of emotion and of critical thought. He represents



WHITHER?

This is John Mowbray-Clarke's comment on our little groups of serious thinkers who saccharinely sentimentalize over the social revolution.



THE WEAKER VESSEL

It might have been titled "The Chip on Her Shoulder"—this sculptural portrait of the Neo-Feminist.

types of soul not merely as they are but with his own reaction to them, so that his public is asked to share his opinion of them and is left in no doubt concerning that opinion. 'Broadway' is a monumental shaft topped by a frowning and distorted head upon which dances a trivial little figure. The implication is clear. 'Their Gods' shows us two figures abased in reverence, and in a state of self-complacency that makes them easy victims to a discerning person who perceives their condition and is prepared to play upon it. 'The Weaker Vessel' is a mighty figure from which a Titan might quail without shame. 'The New Movement,' corpulent, hooded, swollen, and blowing a trumpet, is a comment that calls for no explanation."

Miss Amy Murray, who contributes a preface to the catalog of this exhibition, directs attention to the "Saxon laughter" in the work of Mowbray-Clarke. This laughter, one thinks, is

An Artist Whose Works are Weighted with Contemporary Criticism

void of malice or unkindness, but filled with good-humored mockery. This spirit is exemplified and illustrated in that statue he has named "The Eternal Adversary of the New."

"Three Asses,—or rather three aspects of the same. The first of these fears to follow his own nose; the second has surely seen the angel in the way; while the devil has the third, the self-complacent, by the ear. And what hoofs are these to carry such a head! . . . 'Their Gods' is as who should say it would be well if these who worship should arise, unseat their oracle, and see what he is like a-foot. . . .

"In these three pieces, Mowbray-Clarke has let the Saxon fancy prance a bit, and still higher in 'The Weaker Vessel,' which last I leave to men and angels to interpret. While as for 'Aphrodite,' he presents the goddess in such guise as any Londoner who knows his town by night cannot but recognize—a creature luckless, dropped down in the drizzle, gin-bemused, a London drab."

The same interpreter gives these further facts concerning the influences that have contributed to the art of John Mowbray-Clarke:

"He is a mystic, a man of his hands, to other usages than those of art—an out-of-doors-man, keen on play and apt at manly sports, a reader of the stars and of men's palms; a willing listener and an incomparable counselor, on whose insight and out-of-the-way wisdom his friends have learned to lean. To the making of his mind have gone a childhood in the Island of Jamaica; a boyhood in an English



THE NEW MOVEMENT

This conception of the "New Movement" in art, literature and life is quite evidently from the mind of one who knows whereof he speaks.



WORSHIP

John Mowbray-Clarke's handling of such suggestive primitive groups as here depicted takes us into a different realm than that of social satire.

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public school; an early manhood as doctor's assistant in the East End of London; a later manhood as sculptor and teacher in the City of New York, and a present retreat on a Rockland County farm."

Ananda Coomaraswamy, who also

contributes an interpretation of this sculpture, is inclined to emphasize the modernity, the spiritual contemporaneity, of this art, rather than its mystic or decorative values. Mowbray-Clarke is not, he suggests, to be compared

with Blake or Albert Ryder, with Cezanne or Van Gogh, with Puvis de Chavannes or Arthur B. Davies. He is rather with the revolutionists in art:

"There are the Titans, who are revolutionists in art, whose life is close to the actual life of the world, who are inspired by the physical and psychological factors of the environment they share with ourselves, and express the movement of the race along untried paths. Angelo, Millet, Gauguin, Rodin, are examples of this class: Beethoven in music. Characteristic of the Titans is a consistent and definite reaction to the life we live, and a sensitive perception of its futuristic (vital) currents. The whole world is open to them, and their method or their mood may be now lyrical, now mythopoetic, realistic or satirical. I do not feel it is any part of my task to put forward any estimate of Mr. Mowbray-Clarke's artistic rank. As I have said elsewhere, it is immoral to compare. There are Titans of all degrees: but in kind it is clear that he belongs to the order of artists last discussed."

PSYCHOANALYZING GREAT POETS AND NOVELISTS

A N unexampled book, challenging and provocative," is what Lawrence Gilman, in the *North American Review*, calls "The Erotic Motive in Literature" (Boni and Liveright), by Albert Mordell. "New terrors will be added to book reviewing," the New York *Globe* adds, "if Albert Mordell has his way." Several reviewers object to the way in which Mr. Mordell handles his material, and one says that "the performance seems not a little like pecking through the key-hole of a lady's bedroom"; but all agree that he opens up wide avenues of suggestion.

Mr. Mordell's previous books, "The Shifting of Literary Values" and "Dante and Other Waning Classics," which aroused the interest of George Brandes, were in the nature of attacks on the classics. Mr. Mordell's point of view, as expressed in these books, was that we have outgrown the ideas and the ethics of even such acknowledged masters as Dante and Milton, and that our allegiance to them is either thoughtless or hypocritical. In his new book he takes the most widely discussed psychological theories of the day—the psychoanalytic theories of Freud and Jung—and applies them to the lives and writings of some of our greatest modern writers.

A literary work, Mr. Mordell declares at the outset, is no longer recorded as a sort of objective product unrelated to its creator, written only by compliance with certain rules. "It is a personal expression and represents

the whole man behind it." The argument proceeds:

"His present and past have gone into the making of it and it records his secret aspirations and most intimate feelings; it is the outcropping of his struggles and disappointments. It is the outlet of his emotions, freely flowing forth even tho he has sought to stem their flux. It dates from his apparently forgotten infantile life.

"We knew that a man's reading, his early education, his contact with the world, the fortunes and vicissitudes of his life, have all combined to influence his artistic work. We have learned that hereditary influences, the nature of his relations to his parents, his infantile repressions, his youthful love affairs, his daily occupations, his physical powers or failings, enter into the coloring and directing of his ideas and emotions, and will stamp any artistic product that he may undertake. Thus with a man's literary work before us and with a few clues, we are able to reconstruct his emotional and intellectual life, and guess with reasonable certainty at many of the events in his career. George Brandes has been able to build up a life of Shakespeare almost from the plays alone. As he said, if we have about forty-five works by a writer, and we still cannot find out much about his life, it must be our fault."

Mr. Mordell goes on to point out that even men like Flaubert and Mérimée, who believed in the impersonal and objective theory of art and who strove deliberately to conceal their personalities, failed in doing so. Their presence is revealed in their stories; they could not hold themselves aloof. Burns, Shelley, Keats and Swinburne

Albert Mordell's Application of Freudian Theories to Literature

have left us records of their love affairs in lyric poems. Nearly every great novelist has given us an intimate, tho disguised, account of himself in at least one novel (for instance, "David Copperfield" and "Pendennis"); while other writers, Mr. Mordell asserts, have drawn themselves in almost every character they portrayed.

Speaking more specifically in the terms of the psychoanalytic cult, Mr. Mordell cites Cowper's poem, "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture," as the best example of English literature of the "Oedipus Complex" (exaggerated love of son for mother). He finds erotic significance in Kipling's dream story, "The Brushwood Boy." He speaks of Byronism as due chiefly to the poet's early quarrels with his mother, the separation from his wife, but above all his rejection by Mary Chamorth. He continues:

"Freud has told us that the idea of repression is the main pillar on which the theory of psychoanalysis rests. There has been at some time in the patient's life a serious inhibition of some desire. There are different kinds of repression, the most serious of which have sexual basis. But the denying oneself of the play of any emotions that seek an outlet, constitutes a repression.

"Sex with Freud means love in its broadest sense. The most common repression is the inability to satisfy one's love, either because the person has not met any object upon whom to lavish his affection, or if such an individual is found there is no reciprocation, or if the love is given it is later withdrawn. All these factors act in a repressive manner upon a

person. For it must be understood that not only the stinting of sexual satisfaction but the interference with all those finer emotions associated with it cause a repression in the subject. When the emotions have been satisfied for a long time, and then there is a sudden cessation through change of heart or infidelity or death of the beloved one, the repression is very serious. It is this kind of repression that has produced most of the literature of the world."

Mr. Mordell takes more questionable ground when he tries to show that many of the authors who have seemed to be least capable of erotic interpretation are, as a matter of actual fact, reeking in sexual symbolism. Renan's "Life of Jesus," we are told, had its inspiration in the morbid infantile sex impulses of the writer. Wordsworth, in his poem "To a Skylark" and in many of his nature poems, was giving expression, it seems, to sexual longings. "Unconscious sex symbolism" is voiced in poems where the poet expresses a desire to be a bird, or fly like one." Even Longfellow does not escape this kind of interpretation. Mr. Mordell writes:

"If certain facts in an author's life are known, we may discern the unconscious love sentiments in poems where no mention seems to be made of them. Let me

illustrate with a fine poem by Longfellow, the familiar 'The Bridge.' Take the lines:

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away in its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, etc.

"To the student of Longfellow, this poem speaks of the time he found it difficult to win the love of his second wife. . . . He married her July 13, 1843. He finished the poem October 9, 1845. At the end of this year he wrote in his diary that now he had love fulfilled and his soul was enriched with affection. He is therefore thinking of the time when he had no love and longed for it, and now that he has it, he is thinking of the love troubles of others. In the olden days he wanted to be carried away by the river Charles, for his long courtship, seemingly hopeless, made his heart hot and restless, and his life full of care. So we see that in this poem the poet was thinking of something definite, relating to love (and hence also sex); tho there is no mention of either in the poem."

Psychoanalysis, as expounded by Mr. Mordell, sheds some light on the nature of genius, and especially literary genius. It does away with the doctrine

that genius is a form of degeneracy or insanity.

"Geniuses are often sufferers from neurosis, or describe characters suffering from them; they are not degenerates, as Lombroso and Nordau would have us believe. A neurotic person and a degenerate are not necessarily the same. The term 'degenerate' is not the proper name for men like Ibsen or Tolstoy, no matter how repugnant their ideas might be to people. Nor does it follow that because some poets like Villon, Verlaine and Wilde had spent time in jail for crimes, their poems are to be stamped as degenerate products. While it is apparent that some of the author's insanity appears in works by Swift, Rousseau, Maupassant, Nietzsche and Strindberg, their masterpieces are noble works of art. . . .

"There is no dividing line between the genius and the talented or even average person, any more than there is a marked boundary between the normal and the abnormal.

"The genius, however, has always something of the pioneer in him. . . . He must be able to describe with force and imagination those repressions he has witnessed others suffer. The more use he makes of his unconscious, the nearer he gets to truth, and it has often been the lot of genius to depict those very emotions which society wants to be kept in the unconscious; and the more he draws on his unconscious, the less use he has for actual experience."

ROCKWELL KENT'S ARTISTIC DISCOVERY OF ALASKA

"I LOVE the North," confesses Rockwell Kent. "I crave snow-capped mountains, dreary wastes, and the cruel Northern Sea with its hard horizons at the edge of the world where infinite space begins. Here skies are clearer and deeper and, for the greater wonders they reveal, a thousand times more eloquent of the eternal mystery than those of softer lands." Shown recently at the Knoedler Galleries, Rockwell Kent's Alaska drawings were acclaimed as "the most interesting art event of the year, from the American point of view." They were no less a revelation of the poet in black and white than they were of Alaskan grandeur. Rockwell Kent's Alaska is not that of Jack London and the romanticists of the "movies." It is a spiritual, mystic Alaska. It is an Alaska of the Norse Gods. It is an Alaska unexplored and undiscovered until the advent of Rockwell Kent. He took his young son and escaped into the northern wilderness. They spent months on an almost completely uninhabited island in Resurrection Bay. Here is the artist's confession of faith:

"We are part and parcel of the big plan of things. We are simply instruments recording in different measure our

particular portion of the infinite. And what we absorb of it makes for character, and what we give forth, for expression.

"Alaska is a fairyland in the magic beauty of its mountains and waters. The virgin freshness of this wilderness and its utter isolation are a constant source of inspiration. Remote and free from contact with man, our life is simplicity itself. We work, work hard with back and hands felling great trees. We row across thirteen miles of treacherous water to the nearest town; and the dangers of that trip, and the days and nights, weeks and months alone with my son, during which time I have learned to see his wonder world and know his heart—such things are to me the glory of Alaska. In living and recording these experiences I have sensed a fresh unfolding of the mystery of life. I have found wisdom, and this new wisdom must in some degree have won its way into my work."

New York Greets Warmly the Artist's Vision of the Chilly North

Rockwell Kent became enamored of the northern seas early in his varied career. He first attracted attention with his marines of the Maine coast. Later, in a series of eloquent canvases, he presented a vivid and powerful interpretation of Newfoundland. He discovered William Blake, an event his critics cannot forget. Not until his recent exhibition have his pictures



DESTINY

This is from the "Mad Hermit" series of drawings made on Fox Island, Resurrection Bay, Alaska.

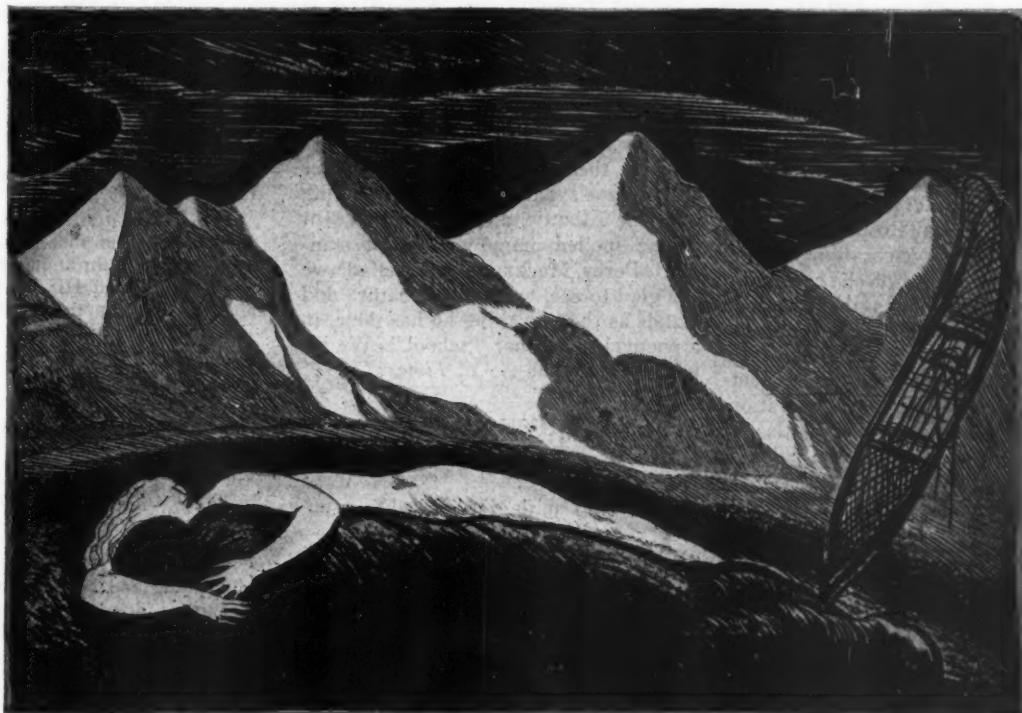
"sold" to any great extent. But now, declares Henry McBride in the *N. Y. Sun*, Rockwell Kent must face that most trying of all artistic experiences—success and popular acclaim. At least so thinks the *Sun* critic:

"Is it any wonder that the faithful evinced more than the usual curiosity? They went and saw not only that the artist had gained in power but that the curious constellations of stars that had been so evident in the pictures had taken earthly form in the shape of little blue wafers and were perching saucily on most of the picture-frames. These stars indicated 'sales.' Something psychologic had taken place. The indifferent public had melted and was buying Rockwell Kent's draw-

"Such titles as 'Cain,' 'Nostalgia,' 'Foreboding,' 'Weitschmerz,' 'Ecstasy,' 'Prison Bars' abound. The artist has read the Book of Job, and has probably been incited to this reading not by the exhortations of his spiritual adviser but by the drawings of William Blake. He has turned over other despairing pages and has gone out alone at night to interrogate the heavens. But for all that, tragedy has not as yet tinged his style, and it is impossible to be tragic over him or his work."

Besides his drawings Rockwell Kent also made an interesting chart or map of Fox Island and its surroundings in Resurrection Bay, augmented by such general information regarding the

the coming years. Lumbering is the chief winter occupation of all the inhabitants, and it is worthy of remark the vast quantity of standing timber that is each year converted into fuel. Recently, as much for the peculiar isolation of the spot that offered liberty to those oppressed by the 'New Freedom,' as for the grandeur of its environs, the island's population has been tripled by the arrival of two artists, father and son, who, in a goat cabin remodelled to fit their human needs, live and ply their trade. The architecture of Fox Island is for the most part indigenous to the spot, in the character of its construction and design. These buildings are of log construction, stuffed with moss, and thus serve not only to shield their inhabitants from the cold blasts of



THE SNOW QUEEN

Nowhere more vividly than in these drawings of Alaska has Rockwell Kent so brilliantly combined the symbolical and realistic elements of his art.

ings as precipitantly as tho they had been Baksts. Rockwell Kent, in fact, was now to undergo the severest test of all—public success. It seems a time for his friends to stick closer to him than ever. . . .

"Racking my brains, I can think of no single instance of an artist who has been permanently helped by fashionable applause, and I can think of many who have been shipwrecked by it. Shelley said at the time when he was doing his greatest work that he wrote for five or six people only. Those 'five or six' are all a serious artist needs, and if an artist be deeply serious he will sometimes address but one.

"There remains a word or two that should be said about the present collection of drawings. Some of the best are to be found in the series called 'The Mad Hermit.' Other subjects have been taken from Nietzsche and from the pioneer life in Alaska.

winds and tides of the region as may be of use to similar artistic explorers and mystic mariners. Here is his own description of the region:

"Fox Island is, beside Seward, the only inhabited spot on Resurrection Bay, with the exception of four fishing camps on the western mainland, nearer Seward. The island derives its name from the chief industry of the principal inhabitant, the breeding and rearing of foxes of the blue variety to which end two pairs have for as many years been confined in the corral near the Governor's house. Besides foxes, the Island is stocked with two Angora goats and one milch goat. From the product of the latter, butter and cheese-making have come to be one of the leading industries. Agriculture has been carried on to some extent, and under the Governor's extensive program should reach important development in

winter, but supply the live stock of the island with fodder when newspapers are short and the ground is covered with snow. The inhabitants are for the most part peace-loving and industrious. They indulge in the simple sports and pastimes that the island affords, mountain-climbing, swimming, skating, boating, fishing in their seasons. This manner of living, coupled with the glorious natural attributes, offers fullness of years and a long youth to the dwellers on Fox Island."

In a parting testimonial the Seward Chamber of Commerce, to follow the *World*, officially declared that Rockwell Kent was considered by that representative body as "doing for Alaska the most important work that any man has ever done."

Mr. Kent's paintings of Alaska are to be exhibited shortly in New York.

Voices of Living Poets

THE Walt Whitman centenary was celebrated in Brooklyn by the Brooklyn Institute in an afternoon and an evening meeting with addresses by speakers of national reputation, and in a trip to the poet's old home on Long Island. In New York City the Poetry Society of America had two addresses devoted to the poet (one of them a tribute by a Sorbonne Exchange professor), and the Whitman Fellowship had a dinner in his honor. In magazines and newspapers throughout the country more or less discriminating treatment was given to Walt's work, one of the most interesting articles being that by William Roscoe Thayer in *Scribner's*. This celebration coming so soon after the Lowell centenary, one naturally compares the two men as they stand to-day, and one can hardly doubt that the comparison is in Walt's favor. Lowell was preeminently a singer for his own generation. He fought valiantly in the battles of his day, he had a place in the political as well as literary and general cultural movements going on around him, and his poetry spoke effectively to the hearts and minds of his contemporaries. But he was not a trail-maker. Whitman was very much of a trail-maker, one of the pioneers of whom he sang. The spirit of American life is closer to him to-day than it was when he died, while it is farther from Lowell than it was at his death. The tendencies in all forms of art in the last twenty years—music, drama, painting and sculpture as well as poetry—have been toward unrestraint and revolt, and Whitman led the way in that direction. We shall doubtless swing back again into less anarchic ways.

In fact, there are some indications of such a swing even now in poetry, visible especially in the new poetry magazines. Miss Monroe keeps the banners of modernism gallantly flying in *Poetry*, and *Others* has resumed its appearance recently filled with its usual imagistic and enigmatic stanzas. But *Contemporary Verse* has far more (and better) poetry of the traditional than of the modernist sort; the *Lyric*, one of the latest magazines of poetry, has very little of the newer forms, and a new and promising magazine that has just made its appearance in Milwaukee—*American Poetry Magazine*—has nothing in its first number but the tra-

ditional forms. The divergent claims of the old and the new are seen in the award of the Poetry Society Prize (\$500) given by Columbia University this year for the best volume of poetry published in the year 1918 by an American poet. The jury of award consisted of William Lyon Phelps, Sara Teasdale Filsinger and Richard Burton, and the verdict is to divide the prize between Marguerite Widdemer's "The Old Road to Paradise" and Carl Sanburg's "Cornhuskers."

Many of the bards were a bit premature in their celebration of Hawker and Grieve's dare-devil feat in flying over the Atlantic, and their subsequent rescue spoiled many well-meant stanzas. Percy Mackaye's fine ballad, we are glad to see, was not premature and stands as the best thing he has done, in a poetical way, since "School." We reprint it from the *N. Y. Times*:

DANISH MARY.

BY PERCY MACKAYE.

TWAS Danish Mary picked them up
Out of the air and sea:
A shoddy, trudging lollypup
A-trapeseing slatternly.

The cry rang north, the cry rang south:
"The vanished—where are they?"
But Danish Mary shut her mouth
And shuffled on her way.

"Ho, Hawker!—Grieve!"—on flying scud
Called kingdoms and called kings:
But Danish Mary chewed her cud
In drowsy maundering.

Now "Lost!" cried West, and "Lost!"
cried East,
Till "Perished!" like a pall,
Turned bonfire-light and homing feast
More dark than funeral.

And toward the hollow sky rose prayer
And dirge of steeple-chime:
But what should Danish Mary care?
She takes her own sweet time,

And bawls to Lewis Butt: "It's me!
I've picked 'em up—your men."
"What!—Grieve and Hawker?" "Sure!"
And she
Goes shambling on again.

But lightning engines flash and fight
For news that reaps renown,
The jackies swarm from bay and bight
And race to run her down,

And win, and bear her prize away—
While Mary turns to prowl
One more where slips the dumb, salt
spray
And slaps her on the jowl.

The most successful of the poetical tributes to Walt Whitman evoked by the centenary is this which was published in *Poetry*:

COME DOWN, WALT!

BY JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY.

WALT! Walt!
You burly old lover of men and
and women,
You hairy shouter of catalogs
from the housetops,
Earth's prophet, through whom the Al-
mighty chanted His works—
Walt! Walt! Up there! Do you hear
us hallooing to you?

Out of stinking alleys,
Out of gutters and dead fields,
Out of the eternal monotony of the fac-
tories,
From all abominable trades and places,
Swarms an egregious horde:
Speaking all tongues they come,
Singing new songs, and loving and pray-
ing,
And mauling and being mauled;
And pushed down under the slime and
bursting out to the heavens.

We do not know them.
We futile men in white collars do not
know them.

Walt! Walt!
You burly old lover of men and women—
Can't you get a furlough?
Stop shouting above the noise of the
harps,
Loose your arm from Abe Lincoln's
And come down.

Eat with this horde, Walt,
And laugh with them
And weep with them!
Then come forth chanting,
You prophet and diviner,
You lover and seer of men:
Find for us the perfume of their stench,
Shout forth the beauty of their dreams,
Translate their hundred tongues.
Come, Walt! Come!

In *Contemporary Verse* appears a fine Indian love-song by a Kansas poet who has become well known to lovers of poetry within the last few years. We confess that we like this better than Mr. Wattles's biblical poems:

AN INDIAN LOVE SONG.

By WILLARD WATTLES.

I HAVE seen him in the firelight when he stepped from out the forest
And he stood before my father with the flames upon his face,
Straight and tall and feather-footed and a quiver o'er his shoulder,
And my heart leaped in the shadows for the fire of his embrace.

I have seen her in the starlight when the lonely owl was calling
And the ripples of the quiet pool threw twilight at her feet,
Like the night her hair was falling and I saw her body gleaming
As she poised above the waters like a swallow dusk and fleet.

I have seen him at the hunting when he knew not I was watching
And he ran before the others like the sun before the stars
And his arrow found its quarry and he stripped the shining deer-skin
And I saw upon his glowing arms a hundred whitened scars.

I have seen her at the grinding when the corn was on the mortar
And the little smoky baking fire went drifting up so white,
And her hands were swift and knowing as she knelt upon the hemlocks,
The song she sang was comforting, and oh, her eyes were bright.

I will rise and bind my forehead with a band of beaded doe-skin
I will wind the porcupine's sharp quills within my loosened hair,
And on my feet the moccasins my mother measured for me,
Then sleep, but first to Manitou make offering of prayer.

I have pulled the shining water-reeds and shaped them unto music,
I will stand before her wigwam when the evening-star is low,
She shall hear the haunting whip-poor-will and hearken to his calling
In the twilight for his mate to nest where quiet waters flow.

I have heard a sound of silver, it has crept behind the curtains
And the embers at the doorway fade, I fear them not at all.
There's a shadow at the water's edge has waited since the sunset,
A shadow at the water's edge, and shadowy his call.

She is coming nearer, nearer, and her feet are on the grasses,
Her face is like the cooling wind, her hand a petalled flower,
Her breath is sweet with arbutus and lowly pink azalea-bloom,
And all the years are scattered smoke, but deathless is this hour.

We are a little late in giving the following racy verses to our readers. They have already gone the rounds in the newspapers, but they are worth rereading. They were quoted in an

article by George Pattullo in the *Saturday Evening Post*, being given by him as an anonymous song of the A. E. F. We wish we knew the name of the author.

THE YANKS ON THE MARNE.

ANONYMOUS.

O H, the English and the Irish, and the 'owling Scotties, too, The Canucks and Austrilee-uns, and the 'airy French poilu, The only things that bothered us, a year before we knew, Was 'ow in 'ell the Yanks'd look, an' wot in 'ell they'd do.

They 'adn't 'ad no trynin'; they didn't know the gime; They 'adn't never marched it much; their shootin' was the sime; An' the only thing that bothered us that day in lawst July Was 'ow in 'ell the lin'd 'old if they should run aw'y.

The leggy, nosy new 'uns, just come across the sea!
We couldn't 'elp but wonder 'ow in 'ell their guts'd be;
An' the only thing that bothered us in all our staggerin' ranks Was wot in 'ell would 'appen w'en the 'Uns 'ad 'it the Yanks.

My word, it 'appened sudden w'en the drive 'ad first begun;
We seen the Yanks a-runnin'—Gaw Blimy, how they run!
But the only thing that bothered us that seen the chase begin Was 'ow in 'ell to stop 'em 'fore they got into Berlin.

They didn't 'ave no tactics but the bloody manual;
They 'adn't learned no orders but "Ooray" and "Give 'em 'ell!"
But the only thing that bothered us about them leggy lads Was 'ow in 'ell to get the chow to feed their Kamerads.

Oh, the English and the Irish, and the 'owlin' Scotties, too, The Canucks and Austrilee-uns, and the 'airy French poilu; The only thing that bothered us don't bother us no more. It's only w'y in 'ell we didn't know the Yanks before.

Another sonnet—this time from the *Bookman*—by a born sonneteer:

WOODEN SHIPS.

By DAVID MORTON.

T HEY are remembering forests where they grew:
The midnight quiet and the giant dance;
And all the singing summers that they knew
Are haunting still their altered circumstance.

Leaves they have lost, and robins in the nest,

Tug of the friendly earth denied to ships,
These, and the rooted certainties, and rest—

To gain a watery girdle at the hips.

Only the wind that follows ever aft,
They greet not as a stranger on their ways;
But this old friend, with whom they drank and laughed,
Sits in the stern and talks of other days, When they had held high bacchanalias still,
Or dreamed among the stars on some tall hill.

Christopher Morley does not write of nymphs and dryads, of palaces and pagodas, of Helen and Cleopatra. He writes about post-office ink-wells and telephone directories and ice-wagons and old trousers and railway terminals and many other things that have no glamor of distance and time to cover their stark realism. But he gives them a glamor of his own creation and he makes you glow with delight as you read. His volume of poems, "The Rocking Horse" (Doran), is full of charm and even his most trivial things are not wholly trivial. We have not had his equal in the sort of verse he writes since the days of Bunner.

TO A POST-OFFICE INK-WELL.

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

H OW many humble hearts have dipped
In you, and scrawled their manuscript!

Have shared their secrets, told their cares,
Their curious and quaint affairs!

Your pool of ink, your scratchy pen,
Have moved the lives of unborn men,
And watched young people, breathing hard,
Put Heaven on a postal card.

TO A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

M Y child, what painful vistas are before you!
What years of youthful ills and pangs and bumps—
Indignities from aunts who "just adore" you,

And chicken-pox and measles, croup and mumps!
I don't wish to dismay you—it's not fair to,
Promoted now from bassinet to crib,—
But, O my babe, what troubles flesh is heir to
Since God first made so free with Adam's rib!

Laboriously you will proceed with teething;
When teeth are here, you'll meet the dentist's chair;
They'll teach you ways of walking, eating, breathing,
That stoves are hot, and how to brush your hair;

And so, my poor, undaunted little strip-
pling,
By bruises, tears, and trousers you will
grow,
And, borrowing a leaf from Mr. Kipling,
I'll wish you luck, and moralize you so:

If you can think up seven thousand
methods
Of giving cooks and parents heart dis-
ease;
Can rifle pantry-shelves, and then give
death odds
By water, fire, and falling out of trees;
If you can fill your every boyish minute
With sixty seconds' worth of mischief
done,
Yours is the house and everything that's
in it,
And, which is more, you'll be your
father's son!

These valentine verses (from *Cos-
mopolitan*) form a welcome variation
and warm the cockles of the heart:

A SOLDIER'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

UNKNOWN maiden across the sea,
Back in the homeland, far from
me,
Maiden whose face I have never
seen,
Small hand's whiteness, or bright hair's
sheen—
Unknown maiden, my dreams delight-
ing,
Here in the foe's land, after the fight-
ing,
I send you home from my post by the
Rhine
A lonesome sentry's valentine.

A penciled heart and a smudgy dart
Drawn on an envelop, with a line
Written beneath: "Tho we're far apart,
Dear, will you be my Valentine?"

In the little while I've been over here,
I have thought of you often and longed
for you, dear.
You are the first who has ever had
The place in the heart of this soldier lad
That you reign in now. Of the girls I
knew
In the old home town, there was none like
you.
How do you look, and speak—and cry?
I shall know, when I see you by and by,
When the cheering troops sail over the
water—
Dear little unknown wee new daughter!

We find this in the *Pagan* and we like
it well enough to pass it on:

HUMANITY.

BY ROYAL SNOW.

A N infinitely good-natured New-
foundland puppy,
Perpetually stepping with clumsy
feet
On the edges of academic saucers
And upsetting the milk over neat car-
pets . . .

A puppy continually circling after its own
tail
And snapping at sunlight,
Basking in hot street
And getting its paws run over
By elemental motor-trucks . . .

A poor devil of a puppy,
Starving, half-intelligent,
But with great hungry eyes.

There is a false note here and there
in Mr. Eaton's lines in the New York
Call. The satire, for instance, in
the line, "You have no house upon the
Avenue," and in the line, "You never
went to Harvard College," seems to
us forced and unconvincing for any
who do not subscribe to the Socialist
gospel of class hatred, euphoniously
termed class consciousness; but the
poem is well worth while despite these
touches of propaganda.

THE CONCERT.

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

IMPECCABLE, superior,
In our pride of race
(Calling it "culture" helps our pride
a bit),
We gather in a scented hall
To hear a Jew boy play the violin.
Pole, Slav, Spaniard, German, Jew—
From every race they come
To play for us,
To sing for us,
To dance for us,
To do those things we cannot do our-
selves.
I watch the Jew boy lay his folded chin
Against the plum-red fiddle box,
Draw his bow
And fill the scented silence with his soul.

What right have you, O Jew boy, to a
soul?
A soul that soars and suffers,
Aches and throbs,
Flames high with passion and divine
despair?
You have no house upon the Avenue;
Some Ghetto bred you;
Your manners probably are bad;
You never went to Harvard College
(Ah, but you have a soul!);
On Wall Street,
Where, as we all know, the world's real
work is done,
You'd be an errand boy.
Go on—don't stop that passion-laden
melody,
Don't let your bow stop dripping pearls;
We like it, Jew boy—
We like to see your naked soul.
Of course, it's quite indecent—
We wouldn't dream of baring ours—
But rather interesting, tho. . . .

Across the aisle
A cold face, chiseled firm, rising out of
fur.
Slowly, unconsciously,
The lips part, the eyes shine,
The silk-clad bosom stirs with quickened
breath,

A sigh escapes those careful lips,
A dream dusks those guarded eyes,
A blood-throb tints those chiseled cheeks;
The Jew boy's soul has found a moment's
mate!

What does he see,
Sawing, sawing, with his fiddle bow;
Wailing, throbbing melody,
Singing double stops,
Cataracting broken notes over silver
stairs?
The face of his beloved?
His teacher, ghost-like, whispering com-
mands?
His manager outside the door,
Counting the receipts?
His soul or Schumann's—which? . . .

Silence, breathless silence, in the
scented hall.
I hear the yearnings of a thousand souls;
They struggle to the eyes,
They tremble in the pulse;
But as the last thin top note spins itself
To wiry nothingness
The souls sink back,
The baffled souls lie down to sleep again,
And proper Saxons
(Chattering, of course)
Into the proper street.
Pour slowly forth

The late Kenyon Cox was a poet
as well as a painter. We know very
little of his work as a poet, but this,
which we find recently reprinted in
the *Youngstown Indicator* (he was
reared in Youngstown), is very fetch-
ing:

BUST OF A LADY

BY KENYON COX.

HE lived in Florence centuries ago,
That lady smiling there.
What was her name or rank I do
not know—
I know that she was fair.

For some great man—his name, like hers,
forgot
And faded from men's sight—
Loved her—he must have loved her—and
has wrought
This bust for our delight.

Whether he gained her love or had her
scorn
Full happy was his fate.
He saw her, heard her speak; he was not
born
Four hundred years too late.

The palace throngs in every room but
this—
Here I am left alone.
Love, there is none to see—I press a kiss
Upon thy lips of stone.

Space prevented us from including
this poem by Aline Kilmer among those
we reprinted last month from her new
book "Candles That Burn" (Doran).
The poignant feeling and simplicity of
the poem itself are somewhat in con-
trast to its imported title.

OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT

BY ALINE KILMER.

SOMETIMES it may be pleasing to remember
The curls about your brow,
To talk about your eyes, your smile,
your dearness,
But it is anguish now.

Often I feel that I must speak and tell them
Of all your golden ways,
How all the words you ever spoke were happy,
Joy-filled your laughing days.

But tho I miss you every empty moment
Of all my longing years,
How can I speak about your thrilling beauty
When all my thoughts are tears?

Sometime it may be pleasing to remember
The curls about your brow,
The way you turned your head, your hands, your laughter,
But oh, not now, not now!

If there is any good excuse for absent-mindedness on the part of a pupil in the schoolroom, it is furnished by the sentiment delicately voiced in these verses which we find in *The Canadian Magazine*:

A HISTORY LECTURE.

BY GEORGINA H. THOMSON.

HER eyes are on the tufts of trees
That toss against the square of sky
Framed by the window, while above
White wisps of cloud go trailing by.
She dimly hears the voice of one
Who tells of wars in ages gone.

Her thoughts are on the sodden fields
Of France. Beyond the trees that toss,
She sees the ruined walls of Ypres
And near, a simple wooden cross,
The while a voice goes on and on
And tells of wars in ages gone.

In this sonnet the poet has keenly felt the inadequacy of words to tell his love. It is from the *Smart Set*:

I HAVE MADE SONGS

BY DAVID MORTON.

THO I have made you many a golden song,
Hymning your loveliness in artful rhyme,
No one of these but does your beauty wrong,
And stands a libel for all listening time.
Dusks, I have said, are clouding through your hair,
And Earth's old twilights linger where you are,
Dreams, I have said, have made your eyes a lair
For largess brought from some old ruined star.

Yet, all of this is but a faltering art
Of futile words that strain beyond their reach:
And still about your image in my heart,
Trembles the cloistered silence closed to speech,—
A tempted shrine, a dim and holy place,
Where no least word profanes your lifted face.

THE BOOMERANG—A TALE OF THWARTED LOVE

Had David Bence had the courage of his convictions there would have been no story such as this for Lillian Bennet Thompson to tell. We are glad that he hadn't, in so far as it makes a poignant story and he and his mother no doubt merited retributive justice, even tho at such a tragic cost to the fourth figure in the curious quartet. We find the tale in *The Buick Bulletin*.

MARTHA BENCE, sitting bolt upright on the sofa, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, met her son's surprised gaze uncompromisingly. "Come in," she said, as he hesitated in the doorway. "Don't stand gapin' at me like a great gaby; come in!"

It was a room calculated to produce acute depression of hilarity. In David Bence it never failed to arouse a feeling of awe, being associated in his mind only with funerals and other solemn events. He himself had last crossed its threshold, he remembered, on the occasion of his father's burial, eight years before. Its door was never even opened, save for the periodical "turning out."

For David to find his mother there, at this hour—after eleven—was singularly disquieting.

"Set down," she directed, indicating a chair near the mantel.

David's boots creaked noisily as he crossed the room to the uncomfortable chair she pointed out.

The boy's sunburned, good-humored face wore an expression strange to it—a look that was compounded half of bewilderment, half of shy ecstasy, which was not lost upon the mother.

MARTHA BENCE was not a large woman. Her wiry, angular frame housed an indomitable will that, once set, nothing had ever been able to swerve or break. She fixed a piercing look upon her son. "I s'pose you thought I didn't know what you was up to!"

"I dunno what you mean, ma," the boy said diffidently.

"Oh, you don't! Well, I mean I know what you've bin goin' up to the city fer! You're bin chasin' after that yeller-haired school teacher!" She shot the accusation at him triumphantly. "You thought I was a fool, didn't you?"

"You bin awful smart, ain't you? Thinkin' you was pullin' the wool over my eyes so's you could bring her here an' set her in my place—that flirtin', man-huntin' huzzy! I s'pose you b'lieved I'd be lamb-meek an' support her an' you, didn't you?"

DAVID'S heart sank. This was far worse than he had bargained for. Of course, he had known that his mother would object; that was inevitable. But he had hoped against hope that he could, in some way, overcome her opposition. If she once knew Elsie, she would love her, as he did. Why, no one could help loving Elsie, with her blue eyes, her golden hair, her sunny smile and pretty ways!

"Ma," he began, pleadingly.

"Don't you 'ma' me, Dave Bence!

You've lied to me—"

"I didn't, ma. I—"

"What? Ain't you acted a lie? Didn't you go fer to deceive me, eh? You knew I wouldn't hear to your courtin' her, so you went about it underhand! You bin courtin' her, ain't you?"

All his life, David Bence had told his mother the truth, the hole truth and nothing but the truth. He sighed.

"Yes, ma."

"I knew it! Well, let me tell you right here, young feller, that the day you bring that female into this house, you both walk out of it to stay! There ain't goin' to be no poetry-readin', fool-noticed, lazy city gals settin' around here fer me to wait on! Forty years I've lived on this farm an' slaved an' toiled from mornin' til' night to make it pay. It's time I had a rest; an' if you had any decency about you, you'd a' picked out some nice girl like Min Skinner, who'd take hold and help me git red of some of the care an' worry. There's a girl worth havin'! Twenty dozen riz biscuit she made with

her own hands fer the church supper, an' not one of 'em burnt ner underdone! There ain't a better cook nor manager in the village than Min."

"But, ma," David cried eagerly. "Elsie's a splendid cook! She fixed the dinner all herself to-day an' it was fine. An' she makes her own clo'es, too, she—"

"And they look it!" interrupted his mother scornfully. "Of all the fussed-up, hifalutin' things fer a respectable girl to wear! I'd be ashamed fer child o' mine to be seen in 'em. An' them heels—two inches high! The way she minces along on 'em is enough to make the cow laugh! I dunno what's got into you, Dave Bence."

"But, ma—"

"Hush up! What d'you mean by interruptin' me? This is my house, ain't it? And this is my farm. Your dead father, what you're tryin' to disgrace, left 'em to me, free an' clear, didn't he? You're just a dependin' on me, ain't you?"

David's broad face flushed.

"I'm axin' you," persisted Mrs. Bence.

"Ain't you jest a dependin' on me?"

"I guess," ventured David, "I earn my keep. It—it seems to me I oughter be let marry the girl I want, it does, ma."

"That's gratitude!" shrilled Mrs. Bence. "That's gratitude, that is! Here I've wore out my life slavin' fer you, an' you set there an' tell me you work harder'n I do."

"You don't understand, ma," protested David, shuffling his feet uneasily. "I only said—"

"O H, I know what you said! I understand, right enough! After all I've done fer you, you're ready to bring some lazy city girl in here to make things harder. You think I'll drop off pretty soon, mebbe, an' you an' her'll have the farm! Well, I guess you're mistaken!" Her pointed jaw shut with a snap. "I ain't ready to step off yet, an' as long as I can raise a

finger to prevent it, she'll never set foot in this house! You tell her so fer me! It ain't no use your talkin'; when I say a thing, I mean it; you know that, Dave Bence!"

Dave did know it. He had known it from his childhood, as his meek, stoop-shouldered father had known it before him. But to give up Elsie, to shut out all the light and color the girl had brought into his life and go back to the old drab, joyless existence.

He had made one more protest.

"But, ma, you don't understand," he said again. "I know you do too much, I've said so for a long time. Elsie wouldn't make any more work fer you; she'd be a help. She could tend to the cookin' and lend a hand with the sewin' an' things. She's right handy, an' she's a good girl, too. Them high heels of hers—why, lots of girls in the city wears 'em, and she's used to 'em. She's smart an' capable, even if she is little. She's earnt her own livin' an'—an'—I love her, ma."

"Oh, you do, do you?" Her eyes were cold and relentless. "Well, you can jest get over it. If you're hankerin' to get married, you can tame Min Skinner; I guess she'd be willin'. It's high time I had somebody to help me with the work, anyhow; I'm wantin' a rest."

"Elsie'd help you, ma; she—"

"Elsie! Well, let me tell you, I ain't wantin' that kind o' help! You can make up your mind to that, an' the sooner the better! If she's looking fer a husband, she can go elsewhere. To-morrow you can write her an' tell her she'd best begin makin' eyes at some o' them shiftless fools that's been runnin' around tryin' to spark her."

"Now, you git off to bed; there's hayin' to be looked to in the mornin'."

"Yes, ma," said David submissively. He creaked to the door, then turned, his mild brown eyes very wistful.

"Don't you s'pose, ma, if I was to work a lot harder we could git a hired girl—jest fer a spell, till Elsie kinder got used to your ways? I—I'm pretty fond of her, ma, an'—an' sometimes I git lonesome. We'd both do all we could to make it easier fer you, ma—"

MARTHA BENCE'S tense voice broke in upon his faltering speech.

"Hired girl! Me, pay out my hard-earned money so's that—that—" she paused for want of a sufficiently opprobrious term—"that school teacher could set around an' lollygag with you? Have you gone clean crazy, Dave Bence? Now, I don't want to hear no more out o' you. You're a-goin' to do's I say. Git to bed."

Slowly the light died from the boy's eyes. He turned and went out of the room, leaving his mother standing with outstretched hand, ready to put out the lamp as she had quenched his hopes of happiness; a grim, implacable figure. And he stumbled up the stairs to his little bed-room.

It was common talk in the village before another sun had set that "Marthy Bence had put her foot down." When David had first started making his regular trips to the city, there had been much speculation as to "how Marthy would take it." Miss Lewis, the post-mistress, had called up Mrs. Mott on the telephone. And there were seven subscribers on Mrs. Mott's line, consequently eight eager ears listened when Miss Lewis exultantly announced that she had had it from Marthy Bence herself that David would go to the city no more.

Nor did he. From babyhood, he had been dominated by his mother. The crudely pathetic little letter he sent to the girl

he loved proved how complete had been his subjugation.

When Elsie Osborn read the few scrawled lines, she laughed. Then she cried. Finally she dried her eyes and indignantly told herself that she didn't want anything to do with a man who was still in leading strings. If David Bence chose to let his mother rule him, she would have none of David Bence.

So Elsie put on her prettiest frock, did her hair becomingly and set out an appetizing dinner for Jim Davis, who had promised to come in to the city that day to see her.

Davis owned a down-at-the-heels farm next to the Bence place. He was older than David, and inclined to be lazy; but he had long admired Elsie, and that astute young person had seriously considered accepting his proposal when he made it. She believed that he would work and work hard, if he had sufficient incentive. Only—she had really cared for David.

In three months they were married.

David received the news with apathetic resignation. He did not blame Elsie; there was no reason why any girl should refuse a good chance, and Davis was smart enough. The farm, too, was a good one; it only needed proper attention.

In silence David bore his mother's gibes and sneers, plodding steadily about the common-place routine of his work, planting, weeding, harvesting.

SEPTEMBER came and went. The Davis place had begun to lose its dejected air. Barns had been repaired and repainted; the ramshackle house blossomed forth in a shining coat of white and green. There were new muslin curtains at the windows; the grass in the door-yard was kept neatly trimmed and flowers bloomed in the beds.

The farm was in a fair way to be made to pay well, under the competent direction of young Mrs. Davis, who was becoming famous for her cookery.

One day David saw her, dressed in a pretty blue gown, weeding the flower bed by the fence. He watched her for some moments, then turned into the cow-shed, nearly colliding with his mother who was coming out.

She stopped and looked at him sourly from head to foot. "Moonin' yet, are you?" she said grimly. "I'd be ashamed! I guess it's high time I got you married. That'll take the nonsense out'er you!" "But, ma, I don't want to git married. I—"

"No, you don't want to do nothin' that'll take some o' the work an' care off'n my shoulders! I've drug my very heart out here, slavin' fer you, an' all you want to do is stan' an' gape at Jim Davis' wife! It's jest time you done somethin' else. You hitch up the sorrel t'night an' take Min Skinner fer a buggy ride!"

"I ain't a-goin' to," said David, with a flash of spirit.

"Ain't you? We'll see about that. I've told her you was comin', an' go you shall!"

After all, what was the use? David asked himself, drearily. His mother was set on his marrying Minnie Skinner; she would give him no peace until he did. He supposed he might as well do it and have it over.

It was a curious little group that sat down to supper in the farm house kitchen the snowy day he brought home his bride. Martha Bence, a white apron tied over her best black silk, her thin lips wreathed in a satisfied smile, her manner breathing victory; David, in Sunday broadcloth, with the still shining patent leather shoes he had worn to do homage to Elsie Osborn, his brown eyes slightly wistful as he looked at Minnie, his wife, who wore

a wonderful creation of baby blue silk and white tatting, that served to emphasize the yellow tinge in her complexion and seemed to make her large red hands larger and redder.

It was a silent meal, for the most part. David had nothing to say and Mrs. Bence made the conversation, while Minnie, in the intervals of giggling, divided her attention between David and her new high-heeled shoes. She had bought them because she knew he had admired a similar pair worn by Elsie Osborn, now safely Elsie Davis. She wondered if he had noticed them, and kept pushing one foot out from her chair toward him, so that he must surely see it.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bence, pausing in the act of putting a huge slice of pumpkin pie on David's plate, "if I didn't go an' ferget the cheese! Min, you get it. An' Dave, you eat all that pie; you ain't et nothin' at all!"

"Where'll I find it, ma?" Minnie pushed back her chair obediently.

"It's down cellar, on the shelf, under the big brown stone cover. Seem's good," she added complacently, as Minnie started for the stairs, high-heels clicking on the bare boards of the floor, "to be waited on, fer a change. Now, you're here, Min, I'm goin' to take lots o' rest an' comfort."

"Sure, ma," rejoined her daughter-in-law, casting a coquettish glance at David from the head of the cellar stairs. "You jest set—"

The sentence was never finished. There was a crash, a scream—and a series of heavy thumps as the girl fell down the steep, narrow flight. She had caught her heel on the top step.

They picked her up and carried her, limp and white, to the bed-room on the second floor. David departed posthaste for the doctor, while his mother applied all the home remedies she knew in a vain effort to restore consciousness.

Dr. Taylor, a stout, brisk little man, banished everyone from the room, while he made his examination.

Mrs. Bence changed her best black silk to a striped calico and began to clear away the remains of the wedding feast. Her mouth set in a stern, hard line as she surveyed the pile of dirty dishes and the disordered kitchen.

"It beats all! However Min come to be so clumsy, I dunno! An' you, Davy, can't you do nothin' but set there with a face on you that'd frizzle eggs?" Martha Bence slapped a pan viciously down into the sink, turned on a jet of boiling water from the spout of the singing kettle and attacked a pile of greasy plates. Just you git a towel an' dry some of them dishes.

"Ain't I got enough to do, without waitin' on anybody? Hand an' foot, I s'pose, runnin' up an' down them stairs a hundred times a day. I hope to goodness she won't be laid up more'n a day or so."

THE doctor's heavy footsteps descended the stairs; his stout figure bulked in the doorway.

"Is she bad hurt, doc?" asked David. "Poor Min; that was a bad fall she got."

The doctor cleared his throat; something in his face made Martha Bence catch her hands to her flat breast.

"Well?" she demanded sharply. "Speak up, can't you? How long's she goin' to lie up there fer me to wait on? When's she comin' down again?"

The doctor coughed, cleared his throat again.

"She isn't goin' to come down again, Marthy," he said simply. "She struck her spine on every step of those stairs. She'll be a helpless cripple as long as she lives."

She lived for thirty years.

Industrial World and Reconstruction

HOW GERMANY IS MOBILIZING HER GREAT INDUSTRIAL FORCES

WHAT is the business situation in Germany? How much has the country suffered from the war? Granting that it is natural for people to buy in the market that gives the best values, can Germany give them? What can the American merchant, venturing out into world-trade, reasonably expect in the way of German competition and in what manner are the Germans going to compete? To answer these questions, Samuel Crowther is the first trained American business observer to get into Germany and make a first-hand investigation among German business men. Returning to America, he writes in *System*:

(1) German trade has no concerted policy and does not want any; it wants to run itself without outside interference from the government and will have nothing of subsidies. The general opinion is that the subsidies did more harm than good and also that cartels were not particularly useful and should not be revived.

(2) The notion that the Germans would trade under a quasi-military system or with a uniform policy is the result of a hectic imagination. It has never even been given serious consideration in Germany and considered an interesting absurdity.

(3) There are no German stocks to "dump" and not the slightest intention of selling in any market below cost altho, if the home tariff is high enough, concerns will dispose of their surplus stocks outside of Germany at prices cheaper than they will charge the home trade.

(4) The German tariff will make foreign competition inside Germany nearly impossible except in special lines not made so well in Germany.

The German trade of the future, we are assured, will not be as dramatic as it has been pictured. It will not be dramatic at all. But, declares this observer, because her merchants, bankers and manufacturers have both feet squarely on the ground and are prepared to go after profitable business anywhere and on sane lines, Germany is to-day, potentially and after the United States, easily the biggest trade factor in the world. Among other things we read that German workmen no longer regard money as something of itself but solely as a medium of exchange. This is an important realiza-

tion in that it means that wages may be reduced as the purchasing power of money increases—and Crowther found workers everywhere agreed that they wanted wages which would buy and not merely sums of money. So great have been their hardships that the majority of workers are willing to return to any scale that will afford a pre-war standard of living. Further:

"Every class in Germany appreciates that life and business are impossible with a grossly inflated currency and plans are being formulated for taking the wind out of the money. About one-quarter of the wealth of the country has been consumed during the war, but the volume of currency has risen enormously. The Reichsbank has issued so much money that it now has a gold cover of only five per cent., but the greatest increase is probably with the Darlehnskassen, which do not issue a report. These are banks of pledge in which one might hypothecate almost anything at ninety per cent. of the face value and, if the personal standing of the borrower were high, he might even go twenty-five per cent. or 50 per cent. above the value. In exchange he received bank notes (Darlehnskassenscheine) which were, of course, secured only by the collateral. . . . Roughly speaking, a dollar will to-day buy ten and sometimes eleven marks, as against about four before the war. Part of this exchange situation is due to speculation; it is the hope of the financiers that export trade, combined with the drastic internal measures, will restore the mark to something near its old value. Since each increase in the purchasing power of the mark will no doubt be followed by a reduction in wages, Germany is on its way to having a much lower labor cost than either Great Britain or America; even at the inflated value of the mark, German labor costs are not as high as in other countries—a wage of twenty marks a day is wholly exceptional among skilled men. When one speaks of the labor costs of Germany, however, it must not be supposed that it is a going nation. It is functioning at not over ten per cent. of its power.

"The industries are not functioning, first, because the blockade prevents raw material from reaching them; and, second, because they have no means either of internal or external transport. Under the armistice terms a large amount of rolling stock was delivered to France; to-day the German railways cannot transport even the small amount of goods which is of-

An Authoritative Answer to the Question: Is Germany, Conquered, Able to Come Back Commercially?

fered. And because the merchant marine was so largely seized in foreign lands, few bottoms would be available even if exports were permitted. The chemical factories are working at Ludwigshafen, Leverkusen, and about Frankfort, and so also are departments of certain industries; others are keeping a part of their forces busy; but the bulk of German industry is shut down or is merely keeping its forces together."

At Hamburg the writer saw the *Bismarck*, largest ship in the world, "a sorry sight, all streaked with rust," but needing only paint and engines (which were already built) to put to sea. Dozens of other hulls could, in a few months, be converted into carrier ships and there were some 170 ocean-going ships in the harbor ready to sail after perhaps not more than a week or ten days' work. In fact:

"There is practically nothing to undo anywhere in Germany in making plans for the future—they do not have to go on a peace basis, for the country as a whole has never gone on a war basis in the manner of England, France, and, to some extent, the United States. Most of the plants which did have war orders directly in their peace lines have increased their productive power. For instance, the Benz plant at Mannheim had 5,500 men before the war and rose to 7,500 during the war, when they made great numbers of motor lorries, military cars, and airplane engines. When I visited the plant, which is a thoroly modern one, they were working full time with 6,500 men and the manager told me that they had orders from Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden in addition to private orders in Germany sufficient to keep them busy for nearly two years. . . . Within a month after the arrival of raw materials the goods will be coming out of Germany—they could supply the British home market, were they allowed, more quickly than could the British themselves. And—always provided they have the materials—they will be delivering goods in South America and the Orient while we are still talking about the advantages of export trade!"

According to this eye-witness, there is practically no Bolshevism or Spartacism and little chance that the movement which is so rapidly covering Europe will gain a foothold in Germany. In other words, "Spartacism is

→ a noise rather than a movement, and has no hold upon the German workers. Every German will tell you (and will believe it true) that all Germany is in the grip of the extreme theories and will specify the parts of the country most involved." But "the part he names is always at some distance from where he is. I visited all these 'danger spots' and as I reached one after another I found that the shadow had moved forward." Meanwhile:

"When I went over their Essen works they had about 30,000 men making locomotives—which is a new departure; all other portions of the vast plant were shut down. . . . The Rheinische Metal

Works, which are the second largest to Krupps in munitions manufacture, and are located at Dusseldorf, are busy with locomotives and intend also making tractors and agricultural machinery. The big government plant at Spandau near Berlin will probably be scrapped or maintained as a reserve munition works, altho the latter course is doubtful, since German workers refuse to make munitions.

"In the textile field Germany has learned many lessons in making raw material go a long way. Having been shut off from cotton and wool for so long, the Germans have been forced to use new substances. Of these the chief one is paper. The weaving of paper into fabrics as now practiced in Germany is not short of marvelous; I have seen a paper shirt

which one could not easily tell from linen and which had been washed two dozen times. At first they twisted paper strips into threads and wove from those, but later they succeeded in making the thread directly from the pulp much as a silk worm evolves fibers from a cocoon."

The chemical industry, it is stated, has made rapid strides during the war, especially in the hope of finding markets for something other than dyes. There is great fear in Germany that the British and American markets will be closed to German dyes and also that the United States, because of its financial ability, cannot be successfully sold against in South America.

BUGS THAT LEVY A BILLION-DOLLAR TAX ON COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE

"I AM going to relate, very briefly, a fairy story," was the recent surprizing announcement of James R. Mann in his place as minority leader in the House of Representatives. He gazed as he spoke through stacks of legal and statistical volumes, and began talking about the *Rhabdocnemis Obscurus*, a parasite which has attacked the sugar cane industry so ravenously that the sugar barons of Hawaii have had visions of the time when they might have to beg for a living. Attempts to trap, poison or outwit it have until recently proved futile. Then one day a bug collector in exploring the wilds of British New Guinea found a little cannibalistic fly that considers the *Rhabdocnemis Obscurus* the greatest of dainties. The fly was imported to Hawaii, where it multiplied, did away with the sugar cane pest and saved the Hawaiian cane industry from ruin. Mr. Mann's story as told to Congress resulted in the voting of an adequate appropriation for "bug chasing" in behalf of the sugar cane industry. We read in *The Nation's Business* that the Republican minority leaders could have supplemented his fact-fairy-yarn about the sugar-cane pest with statistics of startling import with regard to agricultural parasites in general. He could have shown that in addition to more than a billion-dollars-a-year levy made on American agriculture, insects take their toll of millions from commerce and exact from human beings a still costlier and more tragic tribute in the form of human life and health. It is estimated that one out of every ten days' work we do goes toward the maintenance of our insect enemies. Famous villains like the boll weevil—which increases the cost of our shirts—or the Hessian fly—which boosts the cost of wheat or promotes the consumption of corn—are assisted in making eternal war on man by scores

of lesser allies which levy tithes on virtually every product of human effort. We are told:

"There are several insects, calling for different remedies and preventives—mostly latter—which threaten injury to all kinds of wood. One Mississippi lumberman fed more than a million feet of vitally needed ash logs to the ash-wood borer before he learned that the Bureau of Entomology could tell him how to circumvent the pest. For he had no idea, at first, that the Bureau gives attention to harvesting, manufacturing, packing and storing things in such way as to prevent or lessen insect depredations. But for the help science lends them in meeting these marauders, some industries, like many plants, would disappear. The problem would not be so complex if insect immigration could be banned absolutely. Every effort is made by the Bureau of Entomology to keep foreign invaders from landing and getting footholds on our shores and to confine those already here within the narrowest possible bounds. But insects possess a sort of cunning that often exceeds the intelligence of men. Modern commerce, the diverse and extended channels of trade, afford them unusually convenient means for following the instinct of distribution. An insect like the fluted scale, which came from Australia and for a time threatened the extinction of the California citrus-fruit industry, may be comparatively harmless in its native lair. This is due chiefly to the fact that insects prey upon insects, which circumstance and—some entomologists say—it alone accounts for the survival of human beings and alone guarantees our ascendancy in the struggle for existence. The fluted scale was negatived in Australia by a variety of ladybug, which when imported to America proved the salvation of our orange and lemon groves. Dependence cannot always be placed on parasites or other natural enemies for controlling even those insects which are rendered impotent in their native haunts."

Thereby hangs a curious tale of relationship—love and eugenics—as applied

Uncle Sam Declares War on Insect Enemies and Guards all Ports Against Them

to gypsy and brown-tailed moths of European origin that not many years ago sneaked into New England and have been doing great damage to orchards and forests in the northeastern states. We read:

"Europe and Japan have been searched for counter-parasites. Many experiments have been made and some have been fairly successful. However, one for a time promised as complete success as was made with the Australian ladybug. The imported parasite seemed highly pleased with its new environment, multiplied rapidly and for one year made unmerciful onslaughts on the moths. After that the parasite kept carefully aloof from the moths. Why? Eugenics. It happened that the parasite found a non-parasitic kinsman already domiciled in America. The immigrants, after the first generation, wedded the natives. The hybrid progeny 'took after' the native parent in the particular that made it a non-parasite. Thus the astute entomologists were defeated. Another odd angle exists in the fact that a new industry may bring about a brand-new and unexpected insect problem. Until about a year ago entomologists believed that insects loved the castor bean no better than children love castor oil. Yet when war forced us to develop the growing of castor beans in America, the Florida fields of the plant were immediately attacked by several species of insects, including the Southern army worm. Those utterly unanticipated allies of Germany would have destroyed the new undertaking if entomologists hadn't done quick work in finding means for combating them."

Consequently, we read, our ports are being as carefully guarded against foreign insect invasions as, in war time, they are guarded against spies, special guards being maintained at the Panama Canal. However:

"Despite all precaution many harmful visitors from *Insectia* do reach our land and often play havoc with our plans. The

Argentine ant, for instance, came in by way of New Orleans, and probably continues to come in; at least it has become an established pest of much significance in Louisiana and California. It is one of those unfastidious nuisances that plays no favorites. It destroys parasites that help control the scale pests. It is a sugar fiend, and will ferret out the sub-

stance wherever it exists in store or home. It ranks with the house fly as a carrier of disease germs. It, like others of its tribe, possesses an instinct amounting to high intelligence. No rule-of-thumb attack will down it, but the Government can tell you of the several ways by which its depredations may be prevented or lessened. Another and more recent

invader is the corn-borer, which hews out cozy niches in the stalks and ears of growing corn, destroys the plant, dwarfs the fruiting or consumes the matured product. The destruction it is already causing in New England and the near-middle West has led the Secretary of Agriculture to ask Congress for a special fund of \$500,000 to make war upon it."

OLD-TIME DOCTORS GIVING WAY IN FACTORIES TO INDUSTRIAL PHYSICIANS

IN the reconstruction period the industrial physician will have an important place, according to the Working Conditions Service of the Department of Labor, which is preparing to supply a growing demand for specially trained men. The industrial physician, we read, has supplanted the contract physician of the past, and instead of being concerned with illness, his work is to insure health or, in other words, is mainly preventive. Under the old system physicians employed by factories were not called in until there was an accident or a case of serious illness, but gradually the possibilities of preventive measures have been demonstrated and it has been proved that the doctor, who had formerly been a source of expense to the big plants, could become a means of gain. In a statement from the Department of Labor regarding the war as the means of demon-

strating how important the work of industrial physicians has become, we read:

"The army took numbers of them, and at the time when many lines of industry were expanding under the pressure of urgent necessity, a serious shortage occurred. The need of special training to supply physicians for the constantly widening field of work was then recognized by the Department of Labor, which has established as part of its Working Conditions Service a Division on Industrial Health and Hygiene. This division realized that its first work was to stimulate facilities for the education of industrial physicians and therefore organized a section on personnel and education for the purpose of encouraging colleges to put into their courses special training for this line of work. The colleges are to be encouraged, also, to make affiliations with the dispensaries of industrial plants, and hospitals will be asked to provide for nurses' special courses in indus-

MAKING GERMANY DISGORGE 5,000 LOCOMOTIVES AND 150,000 CARS

ASIDELIGHT on the magnitude of obtaining full restitution for the industrial ravages committed by the Germans is afforded by the statement that the demand of the Allies for 5,000 locomotives and 150,000 cars is justified by the fact that the Vandals took, among other things, 230 locomotives of the heavier type and about 13,000 of the lighter type, besides 71,000 open and 20,000 covered cars. The Allies have demanded the delivery of 88,500 of the open and 40,000 covered cars, besides the aforesaid number of locomotives. According to *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*, the tardiness of the Germans in restoring the rolling stock demanded is explained by the fact that there have been only 30,700 locomotives available and, according to the latest statistics, 16,000 passenger cars, 12,000 baggage cars and 459,000 freight cars. The remaining locomotives and cars were lost in consequence of the war, or are in occupied territory, or in Allied or foreign countries. Locomotives requiring repairs

approximate from thirty to fifty per cent. of the total, due to the war strain put upon them. We read:

"The factories and roundhouses were not altogether to blame for the delay. The numerous strikes and reduced efficiency have made it impossible to accomplish the work demanded. The rolling stock was still further reduced through the necessities of demobilization, and the return of prisoners. The Germans took from the Belgians and French the rolling stock of a lighter type than those in use in Germany, the latter having freight cars usually of a much larger tonnage than those of their neighbors. In 1912 it was noted that only about forty-five per cent. of Belgian cars possessed a tonnage capacity of fifteen tons or more, whereas eighty-five per cent. of German cars have this capacity. In the restitution therefore the Germans are justly called upon to give more than they got. It must also be remembered that a not inconsiderable proportion of the rolling stock to be delivered was already in the hands of the Allies, as the Germans in their haste to get towards the Rhine left over 2,000 locomotives and nearly 100,000 cars in

Their Work is to Prevent Rather Than Cure Diseases

trial medicine. At first thought the need of special preparation for service in shops and factories is not apparent, but the industrial physician must be a good executive, a psychologist, and an economist who not only realizes the importance of prompt repair of injuries and quick return of employees to work afterwards, but who has power to inspire in the workers zeal in safeguarding the health. He must be a teacher and an organizer as well as a surgeon and a doctor of medicine. He must be trained to recognize relations between sickness and occupational hazards or industrial conditions.

"Statistics prove that loss of time among workers, even with present-day factory conditions, means an enormous waste for the individual employee and a tremendous aggregate cost for the employer. The province of the industrial physician is to stop this great loss and, while conserving the productive power of the worker, to build up the standard of national health, which is the foundation of national prosperity."

Their Restitution Will Place France and Belgium in a Better Position Than Ever

the districts since occupied by the Allied armies.

"Meanwhile the work of repairs and transfer has been going on as rapidly as possible. The Allies are extremely strict in seeing that the repairs are properly done. American engineers have a preference in this work of inspection. The German working gang are divided into three shifts in both the railway and private shops. Both the military and passenger traffic in Germany have been much impeded by the shortage of skilled men to attend to the running repairs and the operating of the locomotives. The German railway authorities have instructed all branches to reduce traffic fifty per cent. The manner of fulfilling this instruction is left to the direction of the branches. It has also been enacted that no one can use the railways without a special permit. This restriction has not been applied to the city of Berlin, but it may become necessary to insist upon a travel permit even there."

Coblenz has, so far, been the principal receiving station for the repairs and transfer of the locomotives, which are not only carefully inspected by

American and Allied engineers, but are given trial trips before being accepted. The same thoro inspection is made of the cars, so that in the near future, we read, both France and Belgium will find that their locomotives and rolling stock are in better condition than before the war. To these repaired locomotives, of course, is added the fine

equipment furnished by American and other manufacturers. As to the railroads generally and the bridges particularly in the devastated region:

"The damages cannot be so speedily repaired, but they are also being repaired as rapidly as the limited means and material will permit, and will be settled for in the final accounting, so that what the

Germans cannot replace they will have to pay for. Transportation conditions in France are being reestablished with a degree of rapidity that is admirable, the assistance of the American and British engineers being of great service in the emergency, so that normal conditions will be resumed in the war-stricken zones long before conditions equally serviceable will be accomplished in Germany."

WHAT IT WOULD COST TO PLACE A BAN ON TOBACCO

If one were to prophesy that within twenty-five years the manufacture and sale of cigarettes would be prohibited by Constitutional amendment in this country, the statement might be regarded as absurd—almost as absurd as a national prohibition prophecy would have been regarded twenty-five years ago. Yet in the Legislatures of three States there are pending bills prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes within the limits of those States, and in another State Legislature has been introduced a bill providing for the levying of a prohibitive tax on cigarette tobacco and the paper in which it is rolled. This threatened anti-tobacco crusade has prompted the *New York Sun* to delve into the situation on the financial and industrial side with interesting statistical results. We read, for instance, that, omitting the income and excess profits tax returns, the United States internal revenue for last year came to \$855,619,748, of which \$156,188,660 was from tobacco. And \$443,839,544 was from spirits and fermented liquors, a source of revenue now abolished. In view of this reduction in revenue from alcoholic beverages, Uncle Sam is having to figure pretty nimbly among his sources of ready money, and he counts on tobacco, a luxury, to yield \$250,000,000 more this year than last. His tax impositions upon it have that in view. In February the tax on cigarettes was raised from \$2.05 to \$3 a thousand. Cigarettes alone are expected to yield a round \$100,000,000 in revenue. As to the agricultural importance of the weed, we read that it can be grown in nearly every State in the Union and is the basis of industrial prosperity in twenty of them as follows:

"Kentucky led in 1918 with 360,739,000 pounds. North Carolina was next with 240,444,000, Virginia third with 162,371,000, Ohio fourth with 112,363,000. Tennessee, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, Indiana and West Virginia tapered along from 61,000,000 to 11,000,000 pounds. New York, not ranked as a great tobacco State, produced 3,567,000 pounds. The national total was 1,266,686,000 pounds. The estimated acreage in tobacco this season totals 1,549,000.

Uncle Sam Counts on a \$250,000,000 Tax—Vast Capital Invested and Labor Interests Involved

Magnitude of Tobacco Industry Shown by Internal Revenue Report

Itemized report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the amount of tax collected on various tobacco products for the fiscal years 1917 and 1918:

Tobacco and Tobacco Manufacturers—

	1917.	1918.	Amount of Increase.
Cigars, large.....	\$24,800,311.78	\$30,034,476.95	\$5,234,165.17
Cigars, small.....	712,597.89	875,727.20	163,129.31
Cigarettes, large.....	98,850.22	121,306.12	22,455.90
Cigarettes, small.....	38,127,168.98	66,370,961.45	28,243,792.52
Cigarette papers or tubes...		431,382.24	431,382.24
Snuff.....	2,830,220.05	4,049,402.14	1,219,182.09
Manufactured tobacco.....	35,661,056.49	47,455,437.44	11,824,380.95
Floor tax.....		6,231,479.60	6,281,479.60
Manufacturers—			
Cigars.....	269,387.36	378,715.07	109,327.71
Cigarettes.....	46,783.26	115,102.39	68,319.13
Tobacco.....	30,622.16	44,669.30	14,047.14
Totals	\$102,576,998.14	\$156,188,659.90	\$53,611,661.76

The number of farmers growing it is around 325,000. Of course they could grow something else, nutritious food or lilies-of-the-valley. It would mean scrapping and replacing a good deal of their farm equipment and learning some new line of agriculture to supplant the one to which many of them have single-mindedly devoted their whole lives."

As to the capital and labor interests involved:

"Perhaps it will be insolent to mention that the capital stock of the American Tobacco Company, one of the Big Four in the business, is \$92,942,100, and the capitalizations of the Lorillard, Liggett & Myers and Reynolds companies is on the same scale, and a long list of minor concerns are items worth figuring. But the labor end is treated with more respect. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1918 showed that there were 13,217 cigar factories, 311 cigarette factories and 1,915 pipe, chewing and other tobacco factories in the United States, besides sixty-one where snuff was made. They employed 190,000 skilled laborers alone. The retail business was represented by 700,000 licenses issued to retailing tobacconists, conservatively estimated to have employed 2,000,000 persons. While that monster of moral depravity, the ultimate consumer, who doesn't come into the business equation except as he pays the freight (an economic waste, the anti-tobaccohorts assure us) was estimated as 35,000,000

strong. Our per-capita consumption is the highest among nations, 5.4 pounds on estimate. The lowest consumers are the Russians."

Of manufactured temptations, cigarettes have not only held their own, but gained ground under war and its living costs. The number taxed in the United States in 1918 was 37,890,617-317, excluding the great quantities shipped to the A. E. F. tax free. But:

"Cigars have been receding perhaps because of popular economy, tho it is to be noted that the revenue from them was greater last year than the year before. In 1918 the domestic production was 6,990,824,532, as against 7,857,572,775 for 1917. Last January 518,000,000 were manufactured, 14,000,000 less than in January, 1917. Our foreign trade in tobacco, naturally cut by war preemptions and regulations, has always shown a comfortable trade balance in our favor. Europe normally is an eager customer. The continental countries are large tobacco producers, and can, or could before the war, extend their production sufficiently to be independent of us, without throwing other lines of agriculture out of balance. But they buy our tobacco to blend because it is cheap, and because its mildness goes well with the stronger leaf which their soils and climates favor. In 1917 we exported \$45,573,852 worth and imported \$33,471,754. In 1916 the export amounted to \$62,833,040, the import to \$26,856,095."

RANSACKING THE WORLD FOR AIRBOAT MATERIALS

MORE than fifty different materials from all parts of the world went into the construction of the famous N. C. (Navy-Curtiss) 4 and her sister N. C. 1 and N. C. 3 overseas flying boats on their pioneer trans-Atlantic air trip, states General Manager F. H. Russell, of the Curtiss Engineering Corporation and head of the Manufacturers Aircraft Association, in the New York *Evening Sun*. These materials are divided into three classes—woods, metals and miscellaneous articles—and the assembling of them is something of an industrial romance. Spruce, used in making struts, wings and the framework of the body, comes mainly from Oregon and Washington; hickory, used for tail-skids, from eastern Canada; white pine, used for ribs, and Douglas fir, for beams, from the Pacific coast. The propellers, which are subjected to the greatest strain, are made from a peculiar type of straight-grain mahogany found only in Central America. As to other woods and materials:

"Spanish cedar, obtained in the West Indies, Honduras, California and the Gulf States, is used in flying boat construction. Basswood, found all the way from New Brunswick to Georgia, is also used. Balsa wood, a very light material found in Costa Rica, has been used in general airplane construction, but we have not found it very efficient structurally. Wood veneer is composed of mahogany and birch or maple and consists of two or more layers

of thin wood laminated. It is used for fuselage and hull covering. Cast iron is commonly used for piston rings and frequently for cylinder heads. Virtually all the ore used is found or refined in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Alabama, Tennessee and Illinois, other States contributing in small quantities. The steel in an airplane motor is of the alloy steel type. This is produced chiefly in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New York, Illinois and New Jersey. All steel is made by the Bessemer, open-hearth or the crucible process. The simplest is carbon steel. In airplane motor construction nickel, chromium, vanadium, tungsten, molybdenum, cobalt titanium and manganese steels are used as alloys. Sometimes combinations are employed, such as chrome nickel, chrome vanadium. Most alloys give greater hardness and resistance to heat. That is why they are used.

"Nickel is obtained from North Carolina, Oregon and Spain. Vanadium comes from Utah and Colorado. Tungsten, extracted from scheelite, wolframite and hubnerite, can be obtained in ore form from Connecticut, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, England, Argentina and Australia. Molybdenum comes from the United States, Canada, Norway and Sweden. Aluminum on account of its lightness is used whenever and wherever possible in aeroplane metal parts. It is used for pistons, crank casings, water pumps, and sometimes rocker arms. Copper is another metal used. With it are brass, an alloy, tin and lead, also bronze. All these go into the different parts of the motor. Magnesium

More Than Fifty Articles Used in Constructing the Famous Ocean-Flying N. C. Craft

is used as an alloying agent with aluminum. Babbitt metal and monel metal are alloy metals. The former is used for bearings, the latter for its non-corrosive qualities.

"Cotton, which can be produced in quality as good as or better than the best linens so far as airplane use is concerned, may be considered the most important fabric now employed in aeronautical construction. It is used for covering wings, fuselages, tail surfaces, wheels and so forth. The best grade requires long fibers, such as extra long staple cotton offers. Sea Island cotton is used. It comes from the south Atlantic coast of the United States and is cheaper than linen. Fiber is used for packing in motor construction. Bakelite is used for insulation. Rubber is employed for tires, shock absorbers, washers, etc., most of it coming from South America, tho the west coast of Africa and British India furnish some of it."

The use of glue in making wing ribs and other seaplane and ordinary airplane parts, such as the veneer and laminated woods—that is, planks of almost an inch thickness glued together, the glue drying under pressure—is, we read, one of the most peculiar phases of the industry. How a structure requiring in all its parts the strength that a flying boat requires can be simply glued together is one of the many contemporary marvels of the art of flying. Until recently the French glue was superior in quality to that obtained in this country.

UNCLE SAM LEAVES A HOSPITAL FOR 30,000 IN FRANCE

ONE of the biggest things that France will inherit as a result of the visit of the American forces to French soil is the American Army Hospital in the Côte-d'Or region. Its magnitude may be appreciated from the statement that its six hundred buildings of permanent type cover a square mile of territory, accommodate 25,000 to 30,000 patients, or fifteen times as many as the great Bellevue Hospital in New York will accommodate, and, according to Lieut.-Colonel Henry Keep, who planned its construction, would have cost \$6,000,000 to build in this country. Of this super-hospital we read in the *New York Times*:

"It is a model city in itself, and it is to remain in France after the American army has been withdrawn as a permanent memorial to the cooperation of the two republics in this war. Its facilities will be able to care for about 30,000 French patients when the Americans have left.

Instead of being a single hospital, this vast institution became a series of ten hospitals, each able to care for more than 2,000 patients, while the big convalescent camp, capable of caring for more than 5,000 patients, became also a baseball field, a football gridiron, and a general sports center to aid in the rehabilitation and convalescence of wounded men. Each of these units had its own administration buildings, kitchens, mess halls, bathhouses, operating rooms, laboratories, officers' and nurses' barracks, in addition to twenty separate buildings for patients. One of the units in the institution is a laundry capable of doing all the work for 30,000 persons, and since it was started it has been doing the work for approximately that number. In addition to the work for its staff and patients of about 15,000 in December it served the wooden barracks hospital near Beaune, where about 17,000 patients were being cared for. All the work was done by the American army engineers who directed the construction of the other army buildings in France, and their force

Vast Institution, Built with Aladdin Swiftness by Americans, Will be Turned Over to the French

of men comprised about 5,000 American negro troops, with some French civilian labor and some Chinese. Railways were run to the tract and concrete mixers were kept going day and night until the last unit was finished. Then the work of building permanent roadways and laying out the landscape was begun, and probably will be finished in the Spring."

Each of the ten units of the hospital has a staff of about thirty officers of the Army Medical Corps, ninety-six nurses and two hundred enlisted men of the medical and sanitary corps. They are all under the direction of Col. C. J. Manly, who has his own staff of surgeons and inspectors. As to the efficiency of the service, volumes are contained in the official report which, among other things, states that "the little American cemetery at Beaune has only one hundred and fifty graves, representing the deaths among about fifteen thousand who have passed through the hospital."

TOY-MAKERS TO POPULARIZE SHIP-BUILDING AND A MERCHANT MARINE

TOYS and games which will familiarize the coming generation with ships and plant in the minds of children a love for the sea are beginning to be turned out in volume by American manufacturers, as a result of a suggestion made by Chairman Hurley, of the United States Shipping Board, when the manufacturers were threatened with being closed down as non-essential industries. By next Christmas, we are assured by *Emergency Fleet News*, toy stores throughout the country will be flooded with miniature ships, merchant marine games and other toys commemorative of the sea. Heretofore, we read:

"Such ship toys have for the most part been based on the submarine or battleship. Some of these were in units, so made as to be torn down easily and re-

assembled by a child. Others carried out the idea of a submarine sinking a warship by projecting toward it a missile from a small spring gun or torpedo tube. The world has had enough of this sort of education in Prussian brutality on the seas. Chairman Hurley suggested that the manufacturers get clear away from the battle idea and model their toys after the merchant vessels that were being turned out by the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. The cooperation of the steel and wood-ship divisions of the Corporation was given the toy-makers. Exact plans and blueprints of some of the ships being turned out by the Corporation were furnished for use as a basis for designing the miniature vessels and the resultant product is easily recognized as following closely some of the types that the American yards have been building."

Chairman Hurley's idea of the value

U. S. Shipping Board Stimulates Their Manufacture on a Huge Scale

of popularizing the merchant marine is expressed in a letter to the toy-makers from which we quote:

"As you know, we are building a great merchant fleet. This will call for wide extension in foreign trade after the war, with American steamship lines to every country in the world. We shall need thousands of merchant-ship officers and hundreds of thousands of seamen. It is none too early to begin waking Americans to the importance of ships, putting ships and the sea into their daily thought and work, and making ships appeal to the imagination of everybody in the country. We want to reach the children as well as the grown-ups, and, in this connection, knowing how closely toys follow popular interest and what an educative value they have, it has been in my mind to have this great new national interest before the men who invent and design your goods."

DANGERS OF USING ARMY GAS MASKS IN MINES AND FACTORIES

INQUIRIES received by the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, from all parts of the country regarding the use of army gas masks in the industries indicate a general belief that this type of mask will protect the wearer under all conditions against any gas whatsoever, even in absolutely irrespirable air, to the exclusion of the more cumbersome mine-rescue breathing apparatus. This erroneous belief is being confirmed by great numbers of discharged soldiers who have been trained in the use of the gas mask and have been taught that it gives them absolute protection against all gases used in warfare or likely to be used. They forget that in trenches or in the open air of the battlefield the percentage of gas is never so large as in the confined spaces of a factory or mine. A mask may afford complete protection under outdoor conditions and break down at once when used indoors where a gas container has burst and filled the room with a greater concentration of gas. As a matter of fact, the army respirator is no protection against ordinary industrial gases as, for example, illuminating, natural, producer and blast-furnace gas. We read in the *New York Journal of Commerce Annual Review* that the army gas mask never should be used in mines because of the uncertainty surrounding the volume of gases in the atmosphere and the liability of there being insufficient oxygen to support life. Further:

"The army gas mask consists of a face piece of rubber and cloth fabric containing eye pieces and connected by means of

a flexible rubber tube to a canister containing charcoal and soda lime for filtering out the poisonous gas from the inhaled air. The canister is supported in a knapsack slung from the neck. It is by no means the unusual protective appliance that it is popularly believed. It does not afford universal protection against all gases, nor can it ever be used safely in low oxygen atmospheres. It furnishes no oxygen to the wearer and can only remove comparatively small percentages of poisonous gas from inhaled air, usually less than one or two per cent. Higher percentages will immediately penetrate the canister and 'gas' the wearer. The standard army gas mask will furnish protection against percentages not exceeding two per cent. of the following gases in air: Sulphur dioxide, hydrogen sulphide, chlorine, carbon bisulphide, nitrogen peroxide, aniline vapor, benzyl bromide, benzyl chloride, chloracetone, chloropicrin, hydrogen chloride, phosgene, sulphur chlorides, xylol bromide, stannic chloride, titanium tetrachloride and silicon tetrachloride. Therefore the field of usefulness of the army mask is confined to certain of the chemical industries, around smelters and roasters where sulphur fumes are given off, and in the industries using chlorine and bleaching powder. The army canister also contains cotton filter pads which remove irritating and poisonous dusts, which increases its usefulness around smelters, where sulphur and arsenic fumes must be removed.

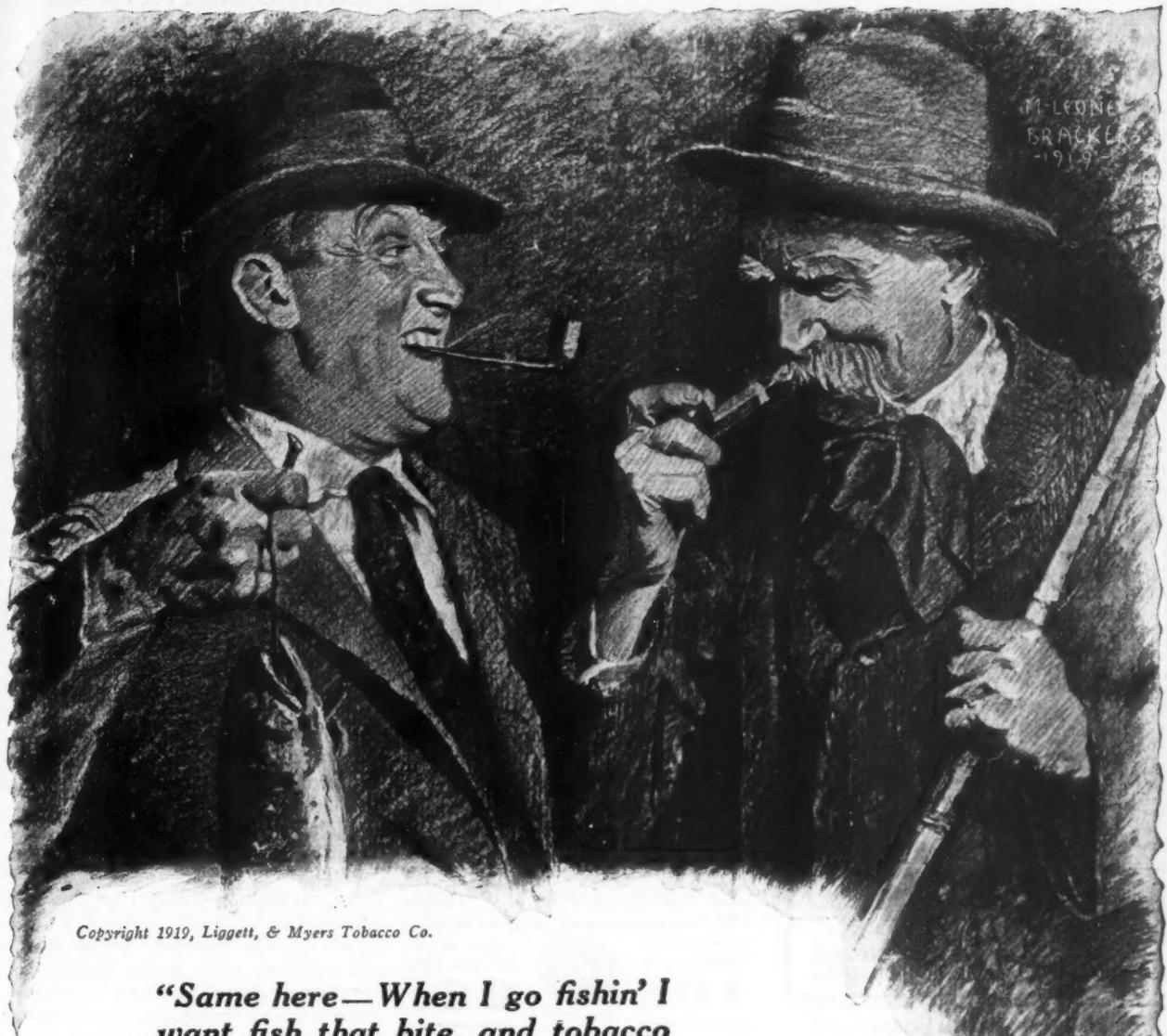
"The army mask furnishes no protection whatever against carbon monoxide. This is the poisonous constituent of blast furnace, producer and illuminating gases and of mine gases after fires and explosions in coal mines. Carbon monoxide is also likely to be present in ordinary fire-fighting conditions met by fire departments. Moreover, in all of these cases

Bureau of Mines Describes Their Adaptability in the Chemical Industrial Field

there is likely to be a deficiency of oxygen. Therefore, for adequate protection against these conditions the oxygen breathing apparatus must be used, and reliance on the army mask may be fatal."

The Bureau of Mines is working on a carbon monoxide mask and hopes to develop one that may be used for low concentrations of this noxious gas. Ammonia, we read, is another gas that will penetrate the standard army canister. However, a special chemical may be placed in the army canister and make it serviceable around refrigerating plants. Further notes in this warning issued by the Bureau of Mines are that:

"Oxygen breathing apparatus must be used instead of the army gas mask whenever there are large quantities of irrespirable or poisonous gases, as, for example, in entering a gasoline tank containing some residual liquid, or similar tanks, towers, and other closed spaces. The concentration of vapors produced by volatile liquids in closed containers is too high to be entirely removed by gas mask absorbents. The only recourse in such cases is a self-contained appliance in which the wearer does not breathe any of the irrespirable atmosphere. Owing to the many factors entering into the use of protective respiratory appliances, the importance of competent advice on the selection and use of such appliances cannot be overestimated. The fact that the army and navy used gas masks has been widely disseminated and its significance is likely to be misunderstood, especially by men who have had some training in their use. It also should be made known that both the army and navy used the oxygen breathing apparatus in its appropriate place."



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CAPITAL AND ITS TWO SIDE-PARTNERS

So many people think of capital as mere money, and picture it as a portly gentleman dressed in dollar-marks, that we summarize here a London *Times* article which happily tells what capital really is.

Modern industry is conducted by three partners. First comes Labor. The trawler would lie in the harbor until it rotted if no men went aboard to get up steam and head her to the fishing grounds. Labor is a partner in industry. But it is neither more nor less. If it is to maintain its title to rank as a partner, it must act as a partner—contributing its share to the joint concern. The second partner is Capital. Mingled with the bones of primitive men are found the rough fish-hooks which they had invented to aid them in catching fish. These fish-hooks then represented capital just as in our times the steel trawler does.

Many people make the mistake of thinking that capital is another word for money. Generally, *things* are capital. The man whose patient labor made the fish-hook was entitled to a share of the catch, and to-day the claim of Labor that it ranks as one of the partners of industry is just. If by some unfortunate miracle the whole capital of Great Britain—its railways, mines, buildings, works, tools, roads—were whirled away in the night, Britons would once more be a mass of unaided men struggling grimly for the bare gifts of nature and a miserable livelihood. Every man who saves instead of spending, who works to-day and postpones enjoyment until to-morrow, who sows in spring and hopes for the harvest to-morrow, who invests a percentage of his wages or income in War Savings Stamps, or other securities that finance the making of useful things, adds to the available amount of capital—adds, that is, to the apparatus by which Labor increases its own efficiency.

The third partner is Brain—in the sense of training, developed intellect. Watch a village blacksmith, who is in part a capitalist, working alongside his helper. You may think that so far as the smithy is concerned it would make little difference if the master were man and the man master. But as the scale of industry grows, and works get larger and larger, buying raw materials and selling finished articles in every corner of the globe, the need for men of executive brains, able to direct and organize all these lines of activity, becomes obvious. For the great operations of modern industry the best brains are required—Brain ranks with Capital and Labor as a partner in industry.

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Against a Standing Army

"Do you believe in a large standing army?"

"No. I think they ought to go away back and sit down."—*Good Morning*.

Proof

"So you think you have a forgiving nature?"

"I must have. I always go back to the same dentist."—*Washington Star*.

One Continual Strain

Mobbs—"Mrs. Smith is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house!"

Hobbs—"How does she get along with her husband?"

Mobbs—"Oh, even their relations are strained!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

His New Excuse

Mrs. Flatbush—"Where have you been 'til this late hour?"

Mr. Flatbush—"To the lecture, as I told you before I went."

"But you wouldn't be at a lecture as late as this?"

"Oh, yes, I would. You see, the lecturer stammered."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Irrigating

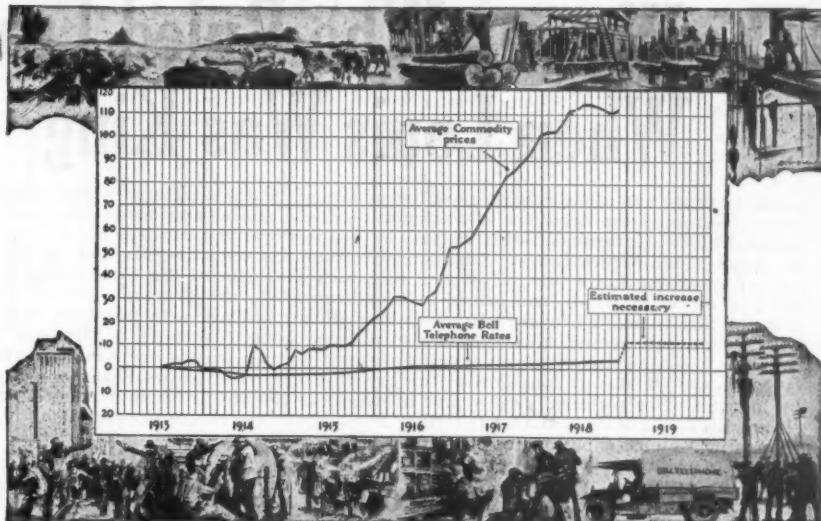
"Thank goodness," said President D. R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute, "the German government has got rid of Secretary Solf. Solf was a member of the old régime, and the old régime never told the truth except by accident. Solf and his gang remind me of Mrs. Malapropos. Mrs. Malapropos came out of the picture theater dressed in her best, the other afternoon, to find it raining cats and dogs. She had no umbrella, and, as she set off for home in the downpour, she exclaimed: 'Pshaw, how irrigating this is!'"

Tonsorial Red

While George Ade, the slang man, was spending a holiday at Palm Beach he sauntered into a barber shop and got shaved. The *Argonaut* tells the story. When he had finished the barber handed him a tag for 65 cents. Ade regarded it thoughtfully. Then, turning to the barber, he asked: "Do you happen to know the significance of that red and white-striped pole in front of your shop?" "Yes, sir," said the barber. "You see, in olden times, barbers were surgeons as well as tonsorial artists. When a man had to be bled, he came to a barber." "And we still get bled," retorted Ade as he paid the check, adding, "whatever you do, don't take down that pole."

American Chivalry

"Not all of the war was horror and bitterness," writes General Pershing, "and the spirit our boys showed reminded me very much of the standard set in our sports at home. If the Hun had met us on the same sportsmanlike basis, history would record a different story of the conflict. An incident related by one of my staff illustrates the Yankee spirit. The doughboy had captured a German and on the way to camp discovered that the prisoner had a huge roll of French money. Immediately he conjured up visions of the delectable cafés of Paris and what he could do with that bank roll, but he could not bring himself to the point where he would actually take the roll. Instead he pondered for a moment, and then, bringing the captive to attention, faced him, saluted, and asked: 'Kamerad, kanst du craps schutzen?'"



A Comparison of Costs

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"Memoirs and Secret Chronicles of the Courts of Europe"

Here is a collection of startling revelations that will take you behind the scenes in nearly every court of Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The private lives of Kings, Queens, and Members of Courts, during this period of blind tyranny and reckless vice, are disclosed in all their most intimate phases. The camouflage of pomp and royalty is torn off, and, when we see the moral standards and personal habits of the rulers, we understand why their courts are known as the most infamous and dissolute in all history. We understand, also, why the people, in desperate rage, threw over the thrones that stood, not for the benefit of nations, but for the unbridled pleasures of Kings and mistresses. This is a history—authentic, first-hand, fascinating. Shameful it may be, and out of tune with twentieth-century standards; but if we are to understand thoroughly the people and events that have made history in Europe, we must know, not only Monarchs and their power, but also men and their frailties. Here is a suggestion of the writings which, in addition to the Memoirs of Mme. du Barry, are included in the set:

Secret Memoirs of Princess Lamballe

Here is the whole pathetic story of Marie Antoinette, an artless and unsophisticated girl, taken from home and set down in a selfish and licentious court. It is told by her close friend and confidant, the Princess de Lamballe, and has won the admiration of all students of the strange inner life of the Revolution period. The mistakes and misfortunes of the young Queen, the shameful intrigues constantly going on around her, the wanton luxury of court life—all this is portrayed with the intimate familiarity of one who lived close to these things, and who, with her beloved Queen, lost her life as a result of the corruption for which she was not responsible.

Memoirs of Louis XIV.

This work, by the Duke of Saint-Simon, forms a perfect picture of the Court of Louis XIV., and of the period of the regency. The author tells, in intimate and vivid detail, this fascinating story as it was lived before his eyes. He presents Louis, not only as the Monarch, but as the man, describing his countless intrigues which played so large a part in ruining his life and his reign. Madame de Maintenon is shown as the power behind the throne. Anecdotes are given showing the real characters of the important men and women of that period. Every phase of the indecent court life of the time is portrayed to show the degeneration of Royalty which resulted in the uprising of the people.

Secret Memoirs of the Court of Berlin

by Comte de Mirabeau. This graphic work, written while the author was on a secret mission in Prussia, vividly portrays the life of Berlin during the reign of Frederick the Great and of Frederick William. When these memoirs were first published, their revelations created such consternation in Berlin, that the Parliament of Paris ordered the books to be burned. Some copies, however, escaped. Scandalous as may be the exposure of intrigues by princes and courtesans, it nevertheless is an accurate historical record and is necessary to a thorough understanding of conditions in Prussia in the eighteenth century and of the characters of the Prussian Kings.

Valuable Historical Documents

are included in this set. Letters, proclamations, etc., in the original handwriting and with the original signatures of many of the characters introduced, are given here in facsimile. These reproductions are made from the originals now in various museums.

Memoirs of Emperor Napoleon

Madame Junot, the intimate friend of Napoleon, here gives a most fascinating story of his life from his childhood to Waterloo—and the end. No phases of the Emperor's career, his boundless ambitions, his brilliant battles, his unworthy love affairs, his great triumphs, his tragic falls, escape description in this faithful narrative. We see all sacrificed to this soldier's ambition—his countrymen, his friends, his wife, himself. We are given the clearest insight into the pathetic tragedy of Josephine. We see the life of Paris under Napoleon's rule. There are introduced to us all the celebrated characters of the France of this period. This is one of the most charming and enlightening portrayals of the life and times of the First Consul.

The Diary of John Evelyn

This journal records brilliantly all the interesting details from the days of Charles I. through the Protectorate, and the Restoration, to the time of King William. It is a mirror of the taste and feeling of the seventeenth century. It describes three classes of English society: the ill-bred section devoted exclusively to festivity and sport; and the refined section plunged into the dissipations of court life; and the decorous, tells with disapproval of the scandalous actions of courtiers and royalty, showing clearly the attitude of his class. His diary is one of the finest descriptions of this period.

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